FEB. 25,
1939

Liberty

5¢

WHY
MUSSOLINI
TURNED ON
THE JEWS

•

HY NOT VAMP
THE BOSS?
A BUSINESS WOMAN'S
1939 CODE

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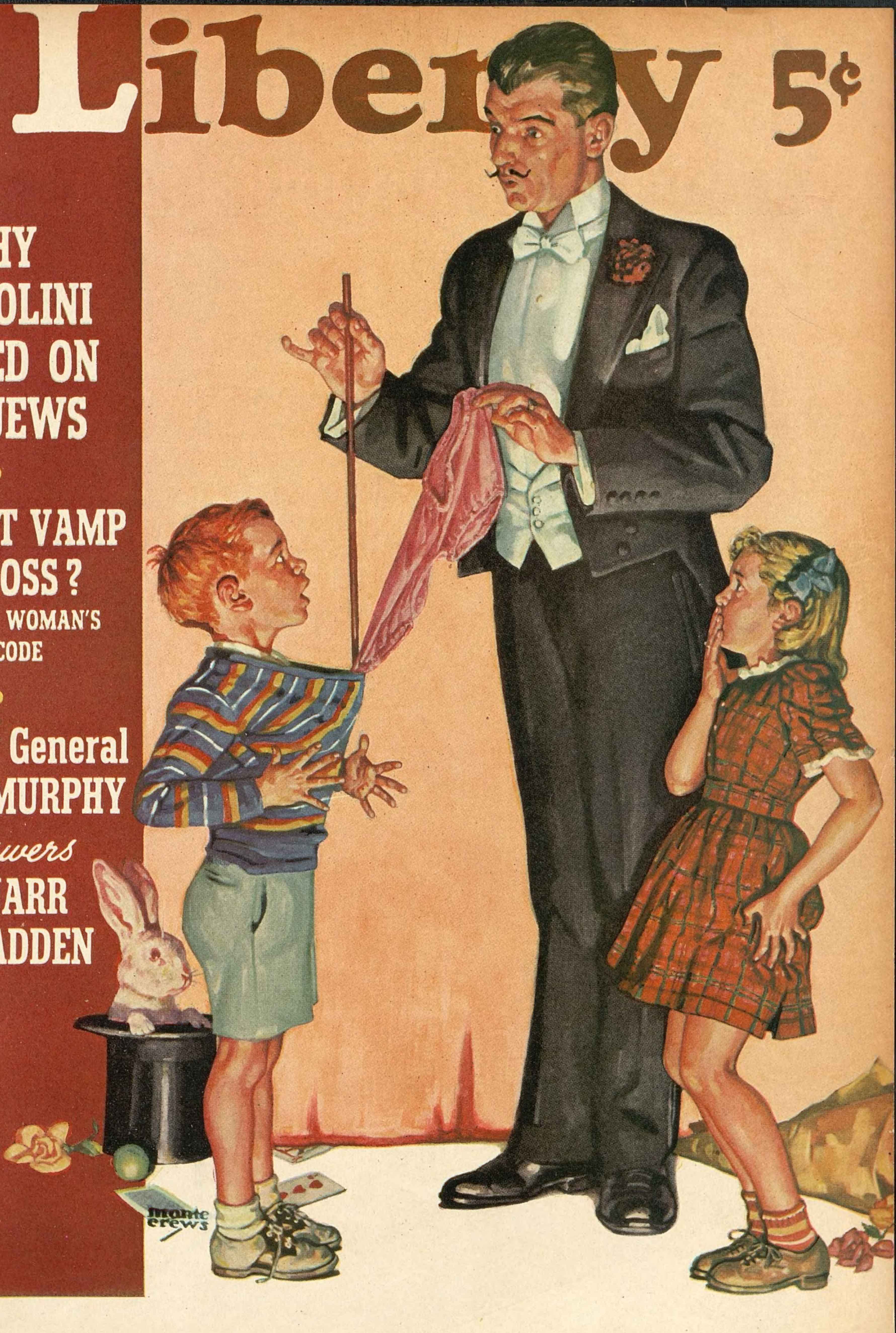
ttorney General
RANK MURPHY
Answers
BERNARR
MACFADDEN



HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

Down through the long, changing years—the glorious good taste of this noble whiskey has made Old Grand-Dad Head of the Bourbon Family.

All the smooth mellow richness of fine bourbon at its best—all the sure satisfaction that comes of wise choice—are yours when you ask for Old Grand-Dad by name.

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OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
OLD GRAND-DAD
Head of the Bourbon Family

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
Whiskey
100 PROOF

U.S. BOTTLED IN BOND

A Debutante of 1949 can't start too early to protect her smile

And already Sally knows that Ipana and Massage help keep gums firmer — smiles brighter.

LUCKY, lucky Sally! That smile, so winning now, has a mighty good chance of stampeding the stag lines in 1949. For Sally's dentist and Sally's teachers have taught her how to guard its loveliness. Already she knows the importance of *Ipana and massage* to healthy gums and sound, sparkling teeth—she knows, too, the warning and the threat of *"pink tooth brush."*

Modern gums need special care! Our modern menus—our soft and creamy foods—rob them of the natural work they need for health. Naturally they grow tender, sensitive—and all too often your tooth brush flashes that warning tinge of "pink."

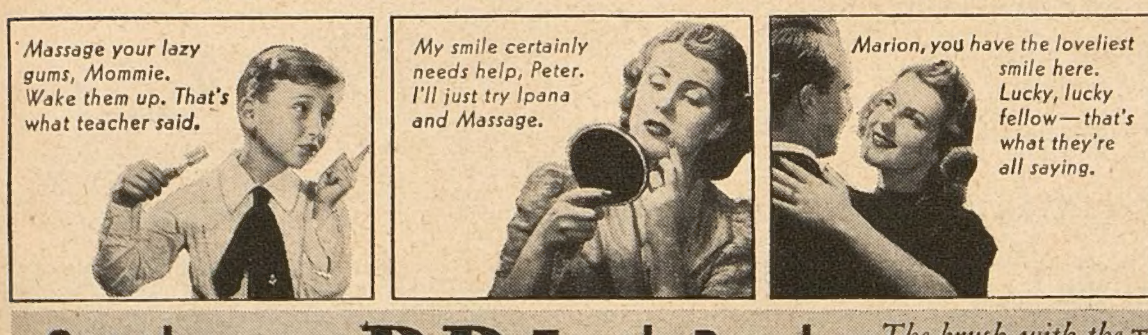
Never ignore "pink tooth brush"

Any time you see that tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist*. You may not be headed for serious trouble, but he's the one to decide. Very likely, however, he'll tell you that your gums have grown lazy from lack of vigorous chewing, that they need more work and exercise than modern soft and creamy foods provide. And as is often the case, he may suggest the "healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

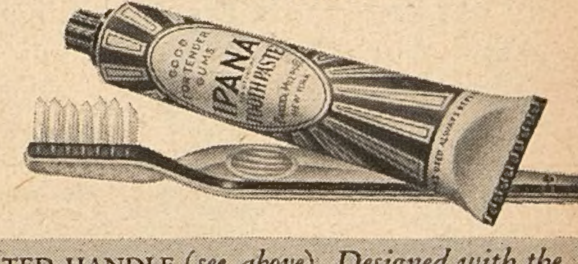
For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation quickens in the gum tissues, lazy gums awaken, tend to become firmer, healthier.

Don't risk trouble! Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at any druggist's today. Start today with Ipana and massage—one sound, modern way to help yourself toward firmer gums and brighter teeth—a lovelier, more radiant smile!

Keep your Smile Brighter with Ipana and Massage!


Massage your lazy gums, Mommie. Wake them up. That's what teacher said.
My smile certainly needs help, Peter. I'll just try Ipana and Massage.
Marion, you have the loveliest smile here.
Lucky, lucky fellow—that's what they're all saying.

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE


IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS

Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush —*The brush with the* TWISTED HANDLE *(see above). Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

FEBRUARY 25, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 8

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

AN UNPARALLELED TRAGEDY—FAILURE TO PROTECT OUR YOUTH

BERNARR MACFADDEN

For generations the English-speaking countries suffered beyond the power of tongue or pen to fittingly describe, because of the then prevailing prudery.

The prurient conception of our bodily functions gave us an obscene outlook upon life generally.

The body was vile and unholy, and we were introduced to the mysteries of life with an unclean attitude toward everything associated with our physiological functions.

Yet the Good Book tells us to "glorify God in your body"; that "Unto the pure all things are pure: but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure."

It is plain, therefore, that we are out of harmony with theological teachings in assuming such an attitude toward our bodily structure.

And what has been the disastrous result of this mystery with which we have allowed our youth to grow up to adult life? They learn little or nothing of the physiological laws of sex . . . the information they acquire is usually of a filthy nature, from companions who have an unclean idea of what should be the most divine relations of human life.

The very source of life itself is made contemptible and abominable.

Until recently, even our literature could never speak of pregnancy, and a newborn babe in a family was brought by the stork or found under a raspberry bush. Think of the vile results of such an attitude.

And it is only recently that our youth has had the faintest opportunity to learn anything about the most deadly of all diseases . . . the venereal scourge. He had to acquire the devastating disease before he could learn anything about it.

And until very recent years the treatment for this disease was worse than the disease itself. The treatment of the disease brought on paresis, locomotor ataxia, and many other complaints that made life but little more than a satanic inferno.

And when I look back at my publishing career during the period when I was solely a propagandist with one idea only—and that to help the youth of the land build up a fine physique—and recall the experience that I had in trying to warn them against syphilis and other allied complaints . . . I remember poignantly the thousands of letters that came to me, human tragedies, hundreds of them.

A number came as a last testament, damning the environments in which they grew to manhood, with the statement to the effect that they expected to get out of it all through suicide.

And with all this evidence before me, a story was written by a well known author for the one purpose of warning youth against these degenerating diseases. I was thirty-five years ahead of my time.

But my efforts at that time were rewarded with a two-year sentence in the penitentiary and a $2,000 fine.

President Taft canceled the sentence, and I am still hoping that the Congress of these United States will apologize to me and return the $2,000 fine I had to pay on that occasion.

I bow in reverent thankfulness to President Roosevelt for taking the lid off this sewer that has desecrated human life to such a tragic extent.

Although throughout the entire country there is publicity which is accomplishing untold good, there is entirely too much commercialism about it. Many people are being driven into unnecessary medical examinations; they are made unnecessarily fearful; and there is by no means the educational procedure necessary to protect our young people against this disease through antiseptic measures.

Let us hope, now that this subject has opened up, that an educational procedure will be carried on which will give every youth the information essential to guarantee protection against this fearful scourge.

Bernarr Macfadden

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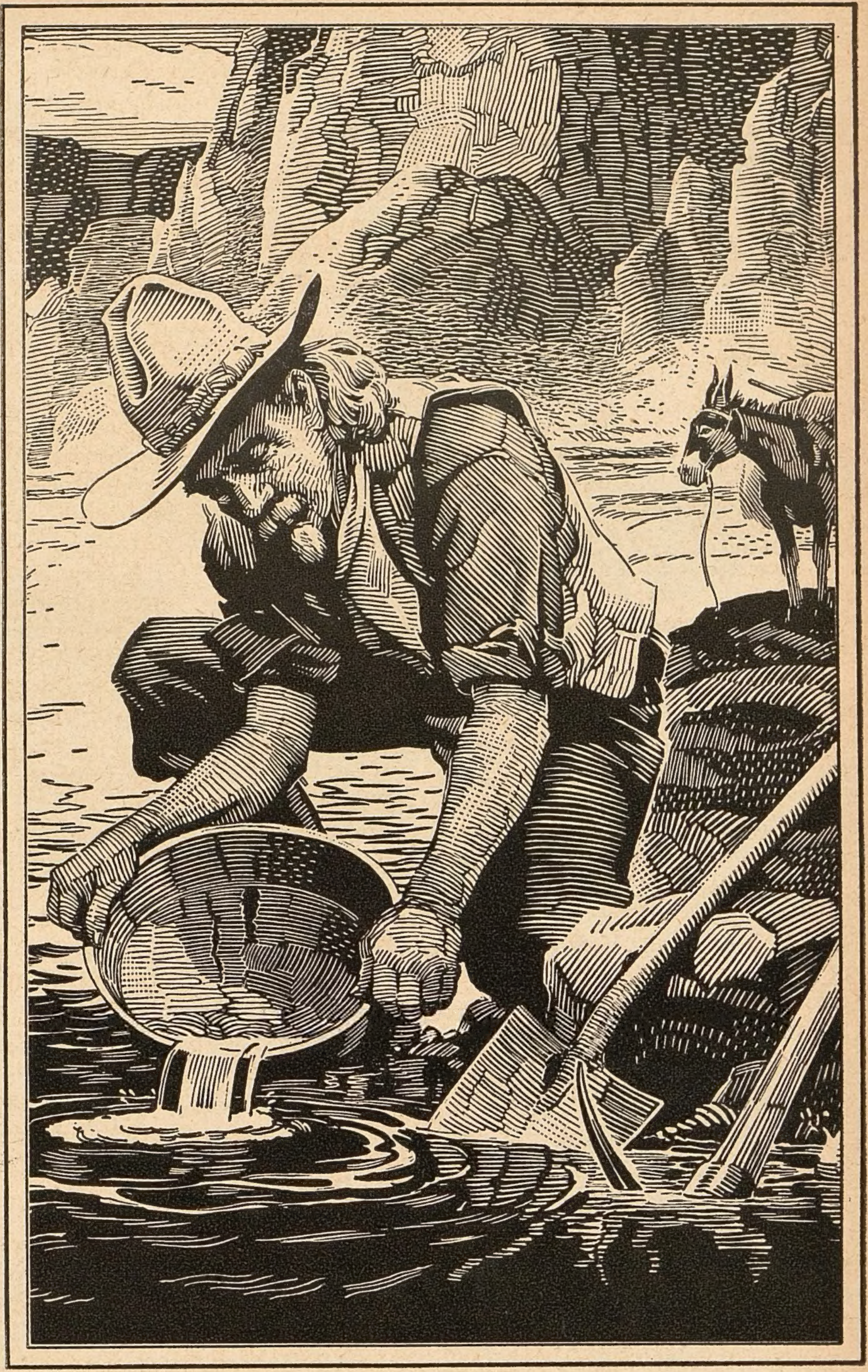
THE '49rs SET THE PACE FOR '39



To our forefathers, "panning for gold" meant daring and hard work—even at the plow... in the factory... at the old roll-top desk. They discovered that America would give generously—to those who could give and take.

Today we still have our frontiers... in commerce, industry, agriculture and science. They are stubborn. They resist... but they yield—to those who have inherited the old-fashioned courage, vision and energy of our early pioneers. Other nations listen enviously as America continues to tell us, "There is opportunity for all."

Live Life... Every golden minute of it
Enjoy Budweiser... Every golden drop of it

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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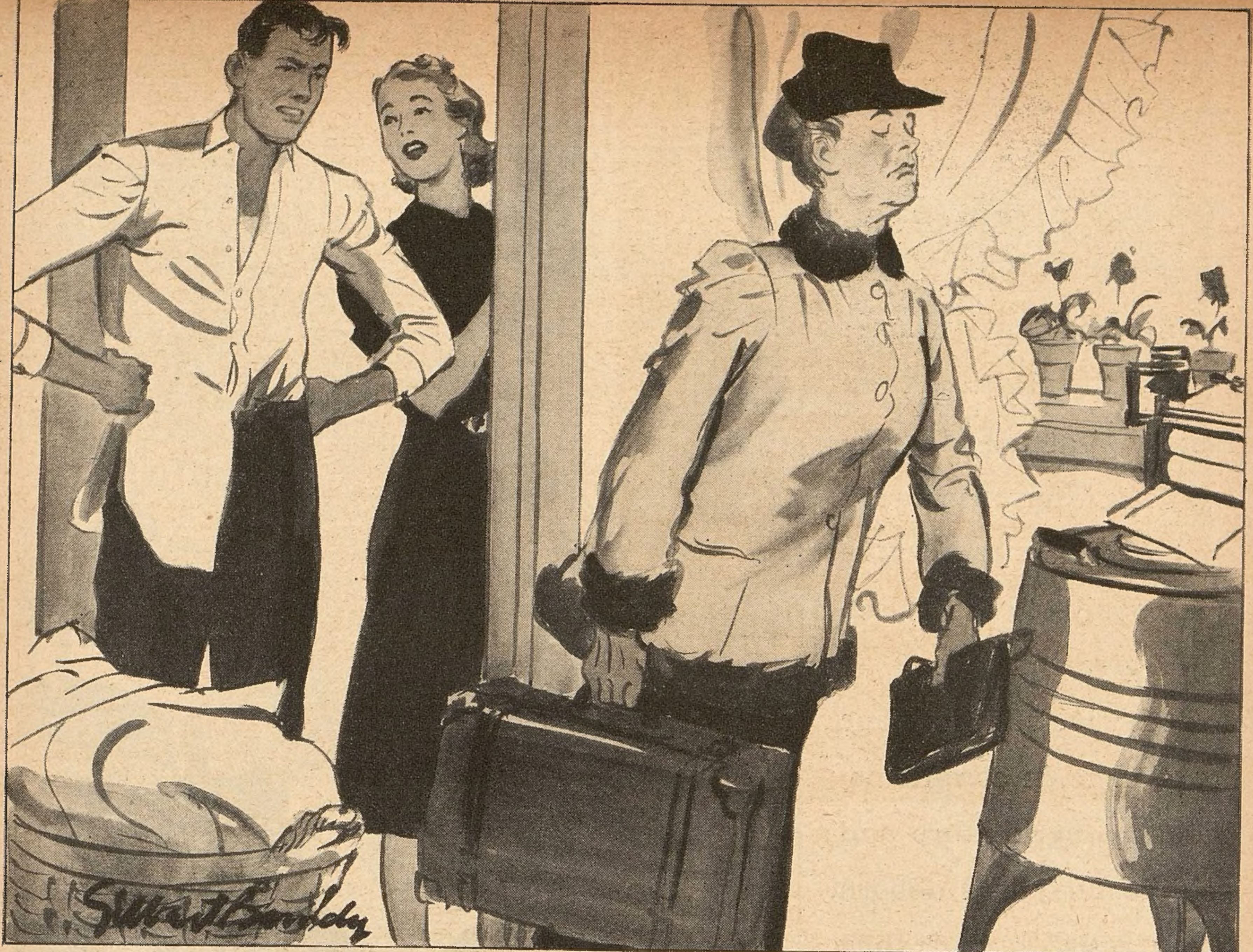


"Wild horses couldn't drag me back!"

ME a-slavin' away to do up his shirts the way he likes 'em—and what thanks do I get for it?

"Maggie!" he says. "What have you done to my shirts?" he says. "They've shrunk so they'd choke a canary!"

It riled me clear through. "Mr. Smith," I says, "when a man buys shirts without lookin' to see what it says on 'em, why he deserves to have 'em shrink," I says.

"Those shirts said 'pre-shrunk'," he hollers back. "And I don't know what you do to them."

"Dear, dear!" I says. "So they was 'pre-shrunk,' was they? Well, it's a poor innocent you are to think the words 'pre-shrunk' is any guarantee against shrinkin'!" With that, I ups and packs.

As I march off, Mrs. Smith begs and pleads with me to stay.

"Wild horses couldn't drag me back," I says. "But I'll do you a favor before I leave. If you want a shirt that will stay the same size when it's washed, get one that's Sanforized-Shrunk!"

"That's what I was telling him, Maggie," puts in Mrs. Smith. "I was reading an article in Good Housekeeping Magazine—and they say that Sanforized-Shrunk shirts can't shrink out of fit."

"How come?" says Mr. Smith, still mad.

"Sanforizing is the shrinking process that is accurate and *controlled,*" says the missus. "It's protected by 195 patents. Sanforized-Shrunk fabrics have the shrinkage taken out within a tiny 1%, *by Government test!"*

Mr. Smith turns to me.

"Is that so, Maggie?" he says.

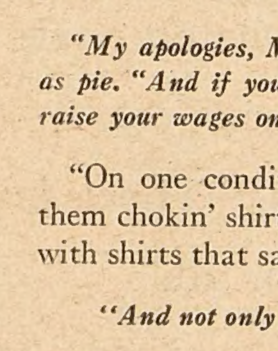
"Gospel!" I answers back prompt. "I washed enough Sanforized-Shrunk shirts to know. And you can get 'em in all prices and materials."

"My apologies, Maggie," he says, humble as pie. "And if you'll unpack your bag, I'll raise your wages on the spot."

"On one condition," I says. "Throw them chokin' shirts away and start over with shirts that say Sanforized-Shrunk."

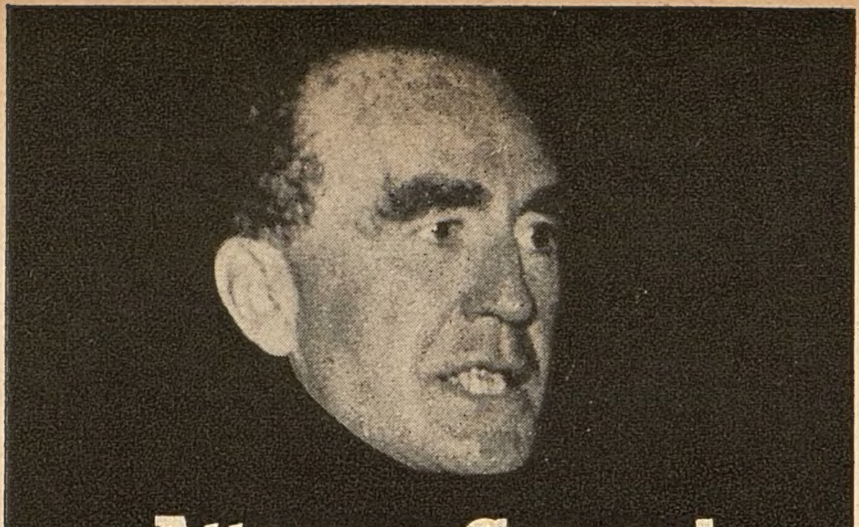
"And not only shirts, Maggie . . ."

Tell Mrs. Smith to look for the words "Sanforized-Shrunk" whenever she buys *anything* made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon.



- ***Women's Dresses***
- ***Nurses' Uniforms***
- ***Men's Shirts, Slacks***
- ***Men's Work Clothes***
- ***Men's Pyjamas, Shorts***
- ***Children's Garments***
- ***Slip-covers and Draperies***

To be sure of permanent fit... look for the words... Sanforized-Shrunk



Attorney General FRANK MURPHY ANSWERS BERNARR MACFADDEN

—on the sit-down strike and his way with a crisis . . . Liberty's way with a question is to give you both sides!

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

My dear Mr. Macfadden:

My attention has been called to an editorial in the December 17th issue of Liberty Magazine in which you made the following statement relative to the labor unrest of last year:

"It was indeed pleasing beyond expression to see Governor Murphy of Michigan given an appropriate penalty for this. Notwithstanding the binding character of his oath of office, he refused to oust the sit-down strikers. He allowed them to take possession of property in a manner that was as lawless as burglary or highway robbery. The report that he used the telephone to Washington in assuming this attitude is damning evidence of his inefficiency for such a high office."

This view of my policy toward the sit-down strikes of course is not new to me. I know that it has been expressed by other well meaning people, and I can understand how a person unfamiliar with all the facts might formulate such an opinion. But I am confident that if you were better acquainted with the actual situation which I faced, and knew my past record as judge, mayor, and Governor General of the Philippines, you would not hold this view.

The implication of your statements is that I "condoned" the sit-down strikes—that because I refused to evict the strikers I was in sympathy with and gave my support to the sit-down technique. The deduction is easy to make, but actually it is fallacious and the conclusion is far from the truth. I not only did not condone the strikes—I regret their occurrence just as deeply as you do, and I believe one of our most pressing needs today is machinery that will make possible the settlement of disputes before strikes occur. My opinion of the sit-down strike has never been in doubt. It was not in doubt during the conferences. From the beginning I insisted that the court order should and must be obeyed, and made clear beyond the possibility of question my belief that the sit-down strike is illegal. I continued to make my position clear in Lansing, in Washington, and in Detroit, and I did so both orally and in writing.

Why, then, you will ask, did I not immediately order the strikers evicted?

Because, as the chief executive, I was responsible for the security and safety of the whole people. Because—as any one familiar with the facts will tell you—I faced an unprecedented emergency of tremendous proportions. It was no ordinary case of trespass. It was a situation packed with terrible potentialities for loss of human life, destruction of property, and possibly for actual civil war. Tempers were at such white heat, so many people—literally tens of thousands—were involved, that the National Guard leaders expressed the opinion that compulsory measures could not be adopted without bloodshed. The employers were aware of the critical nature of the situation and expressed their desire to avoid violence. One of them said to me that he would prefer to lose the plants than to have one workingman lose his life. When the settlement was finally made, they frankly expressed their satisfaction with the part I played in reaching it.

(In this connection I am enclosing for your reading a newspaper advertisement containing the views expressed by some of the industrialists and others. I would particularly call your attention to the statement of the rather conservative and honest Detroit News that "we suppose there will be few who will hesitate to agree that this was better than enforcing the letter of the law against the sit-downers at the risk of bloodshed and a great deal of bad feeling.")

In view of my knowledge of the facts, I endeavored to exercise sound discretion and judgment in choosing a method to cope with an extremely dangerous situation. It was obvious that compulsory measures would lead to bloodshed and probably to something much worse than any industrial conflict this country had ever seen. I chose the method of reason. I asked both parties to come together and attempt to find through conference a basis for settlement of the dispute. I refused to resort to force as long as the possibility of a peaceful settlement remained. The strike was settled, bloodshed was averted, and not a life was lost.

I am sure it must be gratifying to you, as it was to the great industrialists concerned and to many others, that this was done—that the greatest industrial conflict in our history was ended without resort to violent measures and without the usual aftermath of rancor and hatred and sorrow. Today in the automobile industry a great program of production is under way and collective bargaining is an established method of reconciling differences. There is a growing sense of responsibility in both the workers and employers and a feeling of good will that would be impossible had I chosen to use force and violence, rather than the method of peaceful discussion.

Your statement that I "allowed" the strikers to take possession of the plants is another indication that you are not fully informed on this subject. Actually, they had already taken possession when I was inaugurated, and the problem confronting me was how to get them out without further endangering the public peace and well-being.

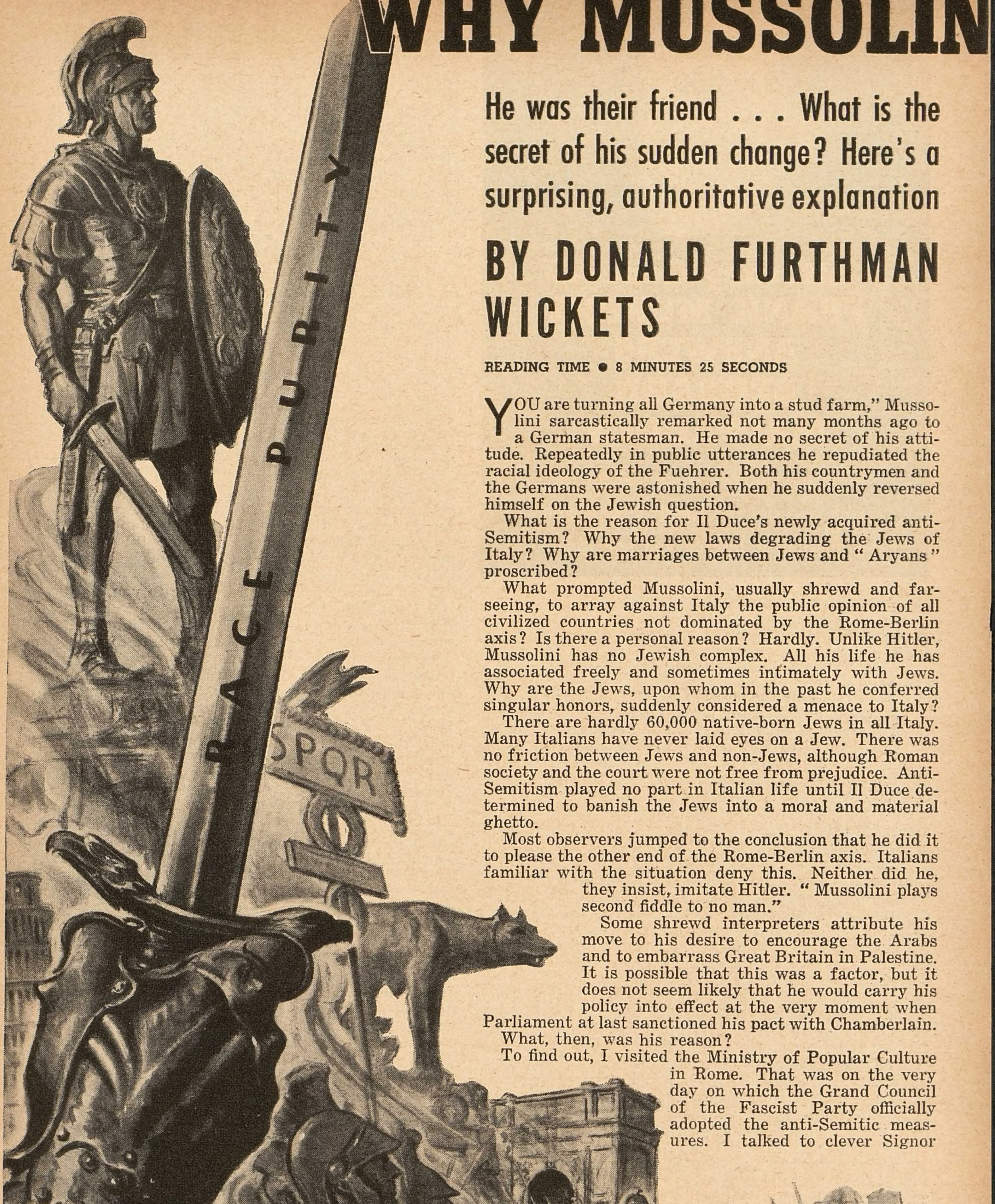
You say also that "The report that he used the telephone to Washington in assuming this attitude is damning evidence of his inefficiency for such a high office."

The question of my efficiency or inefficiency is not important. The important thing is that your suggestion that my policy was dictated by Washington is utterly without foundation. My policy was dictated to me by no one. It was determined by the situation at hand and by the conviction, which I have long held, that recourse to violence as a means of ending labor unrest is unjustifiable as long as the possibility of a peaceful settlement remains.

Please understand that I do not object to your editorial because of my own personal interests or fortunes—they are of little consequence. What I am concerned about is that the public should have, in the democratic way, a fair and complete understanding of this question which is of such tremendous significance to the whole nation. I object only to irresponsible and superficial discussion of this subject by one in a position to influence the thinking of large numbers of people. I know you will agree with me that in a democracy this is an extremely important consideration, and that you will appreciate my motives in making these observations to you.

Sincerely, FRANK MURPHY.

WHY MUSSOLIN



He was their friend . . . What is the secret of his sudden change? Here's a surprising, authoritative explanation

BY DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

YOU are turning all Germany into a stud farm," Mussolini sarcastically remarked not many months ago to a German statesman. He made no secret of his attitude. Repeatedly in public utterances he repudiated the racial ideology of the Fuehrer. Both his countrymen and the Germans were astonished when he suddenly reversed himself on the Jewish question.

What is the reason for Il Duce's newly acquired anti-Semitism? Why the new laws degrading the Jews of Italy? Why are marriages between Jews and " Aryans " proscribed?

What prompted Mussolini, usually shrewd and far-seeing, to array against Italy the public opinion of all civilized countries not dominated by the Rome-Berlin axis? Is there a personal reason? Hardly. Unlike Hitler, Mussolini has no Jewish complex. All his life he has associated freely and sometimes intimately with Jews. Why are the Jews, upon whom in the past he conferred singular honors, suddenly considered a menace to Italy?

There are hardly 60,000 native-born Jews in all Italy. Many Italians have never laid eyes on a Jew. There was no friction between Jews and non-Jews, although Roman society and the court were not free from prejudice. Anti-Semitism played no part in Italian life until Il Duce determined to banish the Jews into a moral and material ghetto.

Most observers jumped to the conclusion that he did it to please the other end of the Rome-Berlin axis. Italians familiar with the situation deny this. Neither did he, they insist, imitate Hitler. " Mussolini plays second fiddle to no man."

Some shrewd interpreters attribute his move to his desire to encourage the Arabs and to embarrass Great Britain in Palestine. It is possible that this was a factor, but it does not seem likely that he would carry his policy into effect at the very moment when Parliament at last sanctioned his pact with Chamberlain.

What, then, was his reason?

To find out, I visited the Ministry of Popular Culture in Rome. That was on the very day on which the Grand Council of the Fascist Party officially adopted the anti-Semitic measures. I talked to clever Signor

TURNED ON THE JEWS

Agostini Depretis, Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the King-Emperor, urbane Don Adolfo Caracciolo di Melito, and dynamic Professor Guido Landra, the Ministry's official chief expert on the race problem.

We spoke with the utmost candor. As a democrat and an American, I did not conceal my complete disagreement with the racial doctrine espoused by Berlin and Rome. I was immediately corrected by Professor Landra: " German and Italian anti-Semitism are not the same. German anti-Semitism is religious and philosophic; Italy's, biological and political." The information that was then vouchsafed to me may not fully explain Mussolini's change of heart, but it is the only explanation I could find in all the chancelleries of Europe, and it is the one offered, with the consent of his superiors, by the official expert.

Until Italy became an empire, I was told, there was little danger of miscegenation. When, however, Italy shipped thousands of her citizens to colonize Ethiopia, the danger loomed large. Il Duce saw the unhappy result of uncontrolled mating between different races in the Portuguese colonies and in some South American states. Though often at odds with them, he—like Hitler—admires the British. He contends that they remain masters of one fourth of the globe because they keep their racial strain undiluted. No Englishman would marry a native and beget colored children.

" But," I protested, " the Jews are not a colored race."

" That is not our contention; we merely maintain that they are not Italians. However, we were not alive to this fact until certain events opened our eyes. This happened when Mussolini issued stern decrees, intended to safeguard the purity of the Italian race in the colonies. One factor compelling immediate action was the question of hygiene. Syphilis in a virulent form is highly prevalent among the natives of Abyssinia. Mussolini resolved to combat both miscegenation and disease.

" Much to his surprise, he encountered considerable opposition in Italy. He discovered that it came primarily from Jewish sources. Investigating further, he found that, although the Jews constituted only a fraction of one per cent of our population, they held forty per cent of all cultural and educational positions—"

" That," I interrupted, " does them credit."

" Unfortunately, they abused their positions to impose their alien point of view upon the Italians. They were encouraged in this endeavor by the thousands of Jewish refugees from other countries who had sought an asylum in Italy. Looking at some neighboring states and overseas, Mussolini found Jews in the forefront of every subversive movement."

" That is a hypothesis, not a fact—"

Sweeping aside my argument, the speaker continued: " Fascism was not anti-Jewish, but most Jews were anti-Fascist. Mussolini determined to treat Jews as foreigners. No Jew may edit a newspaper, appear on the stage, or exploit his ideas on the radio or in a classroom. Jews, as in Germany, must go to schools of their own, or into ghetto divisions within the public-school system. Il Duce excepted Jews who had proved their patriotism.*

" Our race legislation is not essentially anti-Jewish. It forbids intermarriage not only with Jews but with Asiatics—with any foreigner, not excluding the Germans or the Japanese—except by special permission."

Mussolini's definition of a Jew is less stringent than Hitler's. One or even two Jewish grandmothers do not make a person a *Mischling* (the German term for " mixed breed ") unless he adopts the Jewish religion, or in certain other specified contingencies. This decision is fortunate for Italy. If Mussolini applied Hitler's test of " Aryanism " to membership in the Fascist Party, he would be compelled to dismiss Marshal Balbo, and, if rumor is right, at least one member of his cabinet. It is also reported that one member of the Grand Council, one Italian ambassador, and others even closer to him have at least a strain of non-Aryan blood.

Unlike the German law, the Italian law makes no reference to casual sex relationship; but it will not countenance marriages contracted hereafter between Jews and " Aryans." Mussolini's prohibition of such marriages, even if the Jews have become Catholics, is regarded by the Vatican as a violation of the Concordat, and may lead to serious conflicts between the Pope and Il Duce.

Italian race legislation received comparatively little criticism in the press of the world. In Germany, no girl of " Aryan " descent, under a certain age, may serve in a Jewish household. In Italy, no Jew may hire an Italian servant and no member of the Fascist Party may hire a Jewish servant. Foreign Jews residing in Italy must leave by March 12, 1939, or face a fine of 5,000 lire, three months in jail, and expulsion. Many, I am told by a friend familiar with the situation, prefer suicide to deportation.

Foreign Jews cannot establish permanent residence in Italy, in Libya, or in the Dodecanese Islands. The door of Ethiopia is left conditionally open to them.

If Mussolini's decree regarding foreign Jews is enforced, it will exile his biographer, Emil Ludwig, whose book, written in close co-operation with him, is already barred in Italy, I am informed. The decree may affect other writers who have been very close to him.

Like Hitler, Mussolini boldly and baldly proclaims that he regards the Italian Jews as " hostages " for the behavior of their co-racials in other lands. In some respects he is even more thorough than Hitler. Even Hitler did not deprive all Jews of their patents of nobility. In Berlin at this writing (barring new laws foreshadowed by Goering) 65 per cent of all real estate is still Jewish-owned. In Italy such ownership is severely restricted. Jews may not own stocks or bonds in any company connected with the national defense.

I confessed my inability to see the necessity of such measures. " And surely," I said, " the Italians are a mixed race."

" We know," the expert replied, " that the Italians, like the Germans, are a mixed race; but Italy, like Germany, has produced several clearly recognizable national types. The racial compounds achieved are stable. Mussolini does not want to jeopardize this stability."

" Such a policy," I interjected, " would be unthinkable in the United States. America owes its virility and its progress to the free commingling of many racial strains."

" Yet," one of the three men replied, " America has established a precedent for discriminatory race legislation. Many of your states do not permit marriages between the African and the white race. Mussolini well knows that when, some decades ago, your Congress established a quota for immigration, it rigidly excluded the Mongolian race; it cut down the Latin and the eastern European quota to a minimum, while throwing the doors open as wide as possible under the circumstances to immigrants from nations who most closely resemble your dominant racial type.

" You regulate the exact proportion of the various ingredients that enter your melting pot and are unwilling to change the formula materially. Italy has done no more. It can do no less. Italy cannot revive the Roman Empire without that inner stability guaranteed by a common patriotism, a common faith, and a common race."

On my return to America, I saluted the Statue of Liberty with more than usual warmth. It seemed good to be back in the free air of a country where, whatever private prejudices may exist, racial or religious intolerance is not and can never be a national policy.

Let us hope that President Roosevelt's recent appeal and the persuasive powers of Chamberlain will soften Il Duce's hard measures against the Jews, and, joined with the negotiations in Berlin of the Quakers and Mr. Rublee, will bring about some amelioration in Germany.

THE END

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* Since this conversation took place, according to cable dispatches, Mussolini has exempted from his new laws more than 3,000 families, or approximately one quarter of all Jews in Italy.

THE

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HE came home for lunch. He did nearly always. Columbia University, where Professor William Maitland lectured on psychology, was only a few blocks away from his apartment on Morningside Avenue.

He found his wife in the bedroom before the mirror, putting on her hat.

He looked at her approvingly.

"Nice!" he said.

She thumped the chocolate-brown velvet crown with a hard little fist.

"That nicer, Bill?"

"Ever so much nicer."

"Not that you'd notice the difference."

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Because you look at me too much."

"Too much?"

"I love it, darling. I'd raise an awful rumpus if you didn't. Only—well—you sort of lose your perspective . . ." She went toward the door. "I can't wait lunch. I've a raft of shopping to do." She ticked off the items on her fingers:

"Two dresses, one hat, a new hair-do . . ."

He was surprised.

"Janet," he reminded her, "we'll be in Paris a week from Saturday."

"That's just the reason. I'll have to impress your learned colleagues abroad. French—aren't they? So some of them, besides their academic whiskers, may have roving and quite unacademic eyes. And I want you to be proud of your brand-new wife. At least, practically brand-new. Seven months tomorrow, Bill."

"Eight months," he corrected her; went on after a while: "I still don't get the idea."

"About the shopping?"

"Yes. Since we're going to Paris . . ."

"New York fashions are so much more Parisian."

He laughed.

"Do me a favor?" he asked.

"Anything."

"Buy me one of those pink hickamadoodles."

"What language for a Columbia pundit! And what d'you mean by pink hickamadoodle?"

"The kind you wore the day we married."

"Are you by any chance referring to my rose charmeuse with the lamé bolero?"

"Oh—that's what it was?"

"All of that. And you dare call it a . . ." She interrupted herself. "All right. I'll see what I can do."

He caught her in his arms. He looked into her dark-blue eyes and kissed them.

"Something to tell you, Janet."

"Nice thing?"

"Very. I adore you."

"That's no news. Never has been."

"Did you know it when you walked down the aisle with Harry Bancroft?"

She gave an involuntary little shudder. Harry Bancroft had been her first husband. He had died, eighteen months earlier, in an automobile accident.

"I knew it then," was her low-voiced reply. She hesitated. "I knew it the first time we met. At the Delta Sigma dance—remember?" . . . Once more she hesitated. "You never spoke of your love. Not in so many words. Why didn't you?"

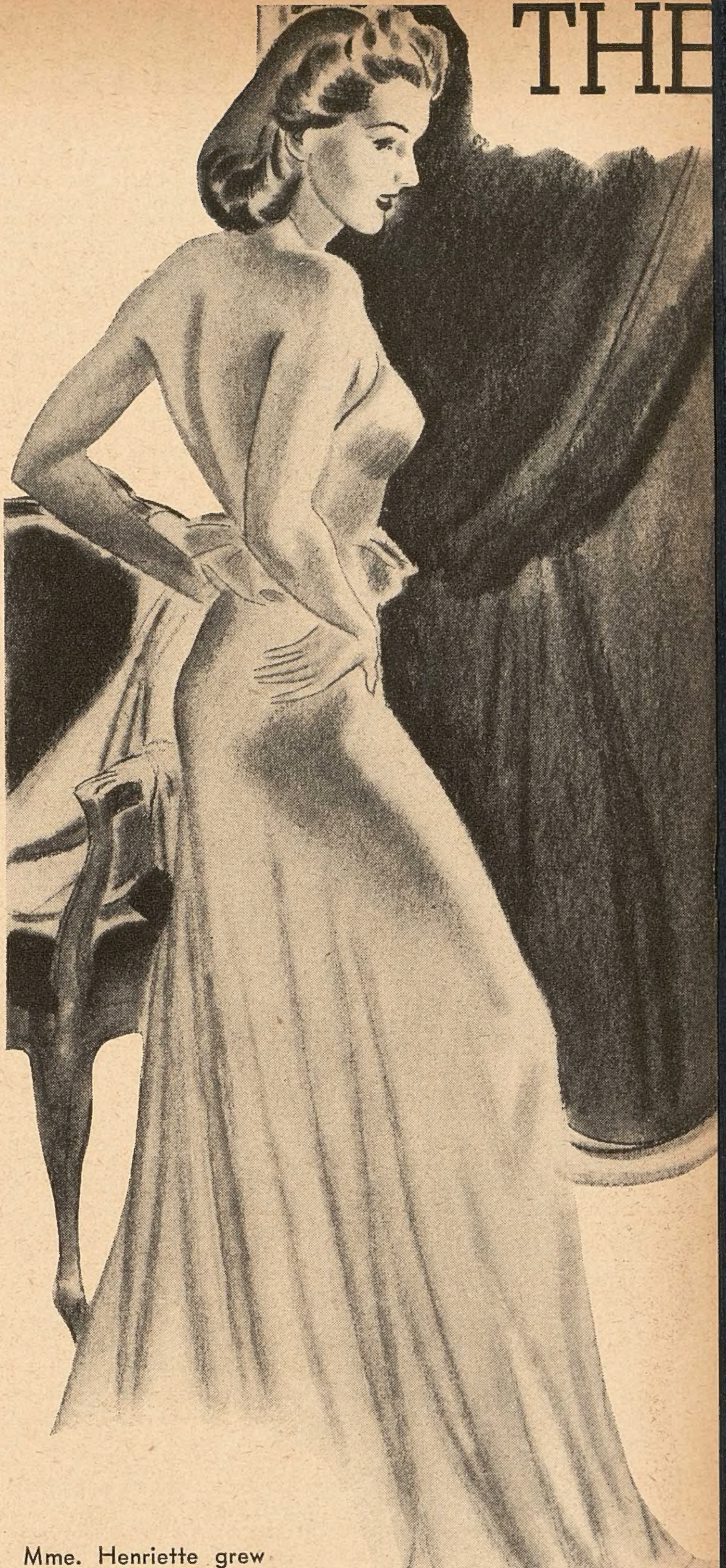
"I was afraid. What was I? A nobody—an upstate hick working my way through college."

"I too was afraid."

"Of what?"

"Afraid to say 'no' to Harry. I—you see—felt sorry for him."

"Is that why women marry—because they feel sorry?"



Mme. Henriette grew enthusiastic. "Ravissant! The price . . ." And she mentioned it. "Not too high?"

"At times, dear. If they are very young—or very old."

"Cowards, the both of us—weren't we?"

She sighed. "And lost seventeen years of happiness."

"What's seventeen years measured with the yardstick of life?" He kissed her again. "You're getting younger and lovelier every day."

"Really?"

NEW HAIR-DO

A pungent, provocative story of a woman's heart and the will-o'-the-wisp called youth

"Yes. There's something about you—something—"

"I'll tell you what it is," she said softly. "My life used to be filled with emptiness, and—oh—how emptiness can cram every last nook and cranny of existence! And now my life is filled with fullness. Sweet, glorious fullness. You know what I mean?"

"I know exactly what you mean."

"Because"—with a tremulous little laugh—"you're a professor of psychology?"

"No. Because I'm in love with you."

She went to the door. He called after her:

"I'll be here when you get back. No classes this afternoon. I've a lot of examination papers to correct . . ."

SHE left the house.

My life, she echoed in her mind, as the taxicab took her downtown, used to be filled with emptiness.

Seventeen years of emptiness.

Seventeen drab years as the wife of Harry Bancroft. An upright man, and—how could she in fairness deny it?—a good man.

Good from every angle—except her own.

He had reminded her of those mahogany-framed oil paintings of his ancestors in his library. Boston merchant princes they had been, typical of their stiff-necked breed. Shrewd men. Solid men. And precise.

So terribly precise.

Precise in their religion; their relations with their Lord God. Precise in their relations with their fellow men—and women; even in their passion.

She had tried to love him, dutifully. Had not been able to.

And he—had he loved her? . . .

She thought back.

A successful banker of forty-odd. She a young girl. Not very rich, nor very prominent socially. And—oh—the strange, haunted look in his gray eyes that evening when he had proposed to her; his faltering words:

"I cannot live without you. You—please—you must not say no."

She had seen his strong hairy hands grip the arms of his chair; had seen his lips quiver. And she had not said no.

Because of a certain childish pride in her power over this prominent middle-aged man. And, too, because—oh, yes!—she had felt sorry for him, had been profoundly moved by his clumsy, agonized helplessness, and had been in that stage of her development which confused sympathy with affection; confused, by the same token, the spiritual and the carnal, merging them into one dim magnificent idealistic and quite mendacious whole.

William Maitland? . . .

Yes, she had thought of him—even while she had walked down the aisle of St. Bartholonew's.

Puppy love! she had said to herself, dismissing it with the trite wisdom of the young—indeed, too young to comprehend that puppy love, since it demands so little, can be real love, true love.

Tender love.

Different from the love which Harry Bancroft had brought to her. A love—dear Lord! the bleak tragedy in the words—that had been almost all desire.

Nor flaming, romantic desire. But prosy, cut-and-dried, mathematical. A fact, not an inspiration. A passion which had been like autumn rain, gray, penetrating, unceasing, chilling.

Seventeen years of it. And then Harry Bancroft had died—and William Maitland, now a professor at Columbia, had come back into her life.

They had married.

And—she reflected—formerly, during her life with

Harry Bancroft, dreaming of love, enviously dreaming of it, she had pictured it as a sublime reaching and sweeping; and what she felt with Bill was not sublime at all. It was either much less—or much more. For it was the serene and absolute knowledge that he was life itself to her, as she was to him; and not merely an incident of life, a gesture vivid or faint.

He spelled—oh, peace. Complete satisfaction of the soul no less than of the senses.

All the senses. Nothing to be ashamed of. No inhibitions of . . .

"Here we are, lady!" The taxicab driver's clipped accents cut into her reverie.

SHE paid him; got out; entered the small shop just off the Avenue.

Mme. Henriette, the proprietress, a beetle-browed, eagle-faced, amazingly red-haired woman whose irreproachably broken and accented English never for a moment betrayed the fact that she had started life as Bridget O'Callahan somewhere within the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge—greeted her like an old friend. They shook hands, and Janet told her why she had come. She needed two dresses.

"Day or evening?"

"Evening."

"*Bien!* I 'ave ze very t'ing for you. I 'ad you in mind"—untruthfully—"when I designed it. An adorable little number in black Chantilly lace. Well"—with a broad and shameless wink—"not exactly Chantilly."

"More New Jersey?"

The older woman smiled.

"Perhaps," she admitted. "But *chic.*"

The gown was brought and tried on; and Mme. Henriette grew enthusiastic.

"*Ravissant!* And the price . . ." She mentioned it. "Not too high?"

"I guess I can afford it."

"And now ze ozzer dress. Let me t'ink." She was silent; then announced: "I 'ave it! An indigo-blue crepe wit' multicolored sequins and . . ."

"Wait!" interrupted Janet. "My husband would like —"

"And what 'ave 'usbands to do wit' dresses except pay for them—*hein?*"

Janet laughed.

"Remember the rose charmeuse I got from you last year? I want something on that order. The same color. I promised Professor Maitland . . ."

"I'll see what I 'ave."

Mme. Henriette left the dressing room. She returned with an exquisite silken creation flung over her arm. It was deeply décolleté; below the small tightly corseted bodice a stiff peplum jutted out like the calyx of a flower; and the material was a soft aurotone rose that shimmered like moonbeams on running water.

JANET put it on. She looked at herself in the large oval mirror and was delighted. She placed her hands on her slim hips and tautened her figure.

What had Bill told her?

"You're getting younger and lovelier every day." . . .

She turned to the proprietress.

"Exactly right. Don't you think so?"

The other stared at her with her sharp brown eyes, steadily, rather pitilessly, as she might at the points of a horse—fetlocks, withers, curve of neck—which she intended buying.

She frowned. "I do not," she replied finally.

Janet was surprised.

"You"—she stammered—"you don't like it?"

"Not on you. I would suggest a different color. Perhaps mauve. Perhaps a glowing violet."

"But I wanted rose!"

"Not rose! Out of ze question! *Absolument!* And, also, zees is too exotic in cut. And ze leg—she show too much . . ."

Janet was indignant.

"What's wrong with my legs?"

"Nozzing is wrong. But zees dress—*enfin*, it is not your style."

"Suppose you let me be the judge of that. How much is it?"

Mme. Henriette shook her head.

"I will not sell it. Not to you."

"But why . . .?"

"Because it is not right for you. I am ze artist. I will not sell what is not right."

Janet was getting more and more annoyed.

"What do you mean—not right?" she demanded.

And then, all at once, Mme. Henriette became less Mme. Henriette and more forthright Bridget O'Callahan.

"It is too young for you," she declared bluntly.

There was a short silence. Janet swallowed hard.

"You—you think I look old?"

"Did I say so?"

"You said . . . the same thing!"

"I said ze dress—it is too young for you. Not ze same t'ing at all. You see—a young dress, a too young dress, makes you look older. But an older dress makes you look younger. It is ze—*comment dire?*—ze counter-effect, ze contrast. A matter of ze designer's cleverness—not so? Zat is why I recommend the indigo-blue. . . . Permit me to show it to you, *ma chère*. You will be convinced . . ."

"Never mind!" Janet was changing into her street clothes. "And"—a little childishly—"I don't want the black Chantilly, either. I—I'll never buy another thing from you!"

Mme. Henriette shrugged capable shoulders.

"I regret to lose you as a customer. But—I repeat—I am ze artist. I will not sell what is not right."

JANET walked out of the place.

She was incensed.

Oh, she thought, the idea! An older dress—to make her look young!

Why—she did look young!

How could she help it? Didn't she *feel* young?

And how could she help feeling young? Wasn't she happy—with Bill? Wasn't she living—really, fully living—for the first time? Loving and being loved for the first time? Satisfied, physically and spiritually, for the first time?

So—again—how *could* she look old?

She wasn't a fool. Nor was she blind. She'd know!

Besides, only eight months earlier, when she had bought her trousseau, Mme. Henriette, selling her that rose charmeuse with the bolero, had exclaimed over it vociferously; had told her that it made her look positively vibrant with youth.

Only eight months earlier.

Eight months of happiness.

And now—for Mme. Henriette to say that . . .

There were other dress shops. She'd find something —in rose! Something daring, exotic—and young.

Just as young as she felt!

Not today. Today she wasn't in the mood for dresses. Instead, she attended to the hat.

She knew precisely the sort she liked. She had seen one, the other afternoon, in the window display at Wertheimer's, where she had a charge account.

RECKLESSLY disregarding the red light, she crossed the Avenue, plunged into a perilous traffic knot, was sworn at by a truck driver, emerged unscathed.

The hat was still in the window.

Not much of a hat: a quill, a feather, a dash of cherry velvet, the hazy mist of a tiny veil.

Schiaparelli plus. Plus New York: the arrogance of New York; the slangy carelessness.

She entered Wertheimer's. An elderly woman came to meet her and smiled professionally.

"How do you do, Mrs. Maitland? What can I do for you?"

"What you excel in. A hat, Miss Bamberg. Something—oh"—as defiantly as before, thinking of Mme. Henriette—"something quite frivolous."

Miss Bamberg turned toward a showcase.

"Delightful novelty we got in this morning." She slid the glass panel to one side. "Navy-blue felt. The sides rolled up on top and tied with silver-gray grosgrain ribbon . . ."

"No, no."

"Or I can have it copied in tobacco brown with a yellow ribbon. Perhaps a bunch of beige plumage . . ."

Janet was getting impatient.

"I know what I want." She pointed to the window. "The one to the left, next to the bottle of perfume."

"The one with the veil?"

"Yes."

Miss Bamberg hesitated; then said:

"Very well."

The hat was produced. Janet sat down at a kidney-shaped table and put it on.

She twisted her head—left, right, left. She smiled into the mirror.

"I like it," she declared. A moment later she caught, in the glass, a frown passing over Miss Bamberg's austere features. "Haven't I got it on right?" she asked. "So hard to tell the front from the back with these new hats."

"It isn't that. But . . ."

"Yes . . .?"

"I'm afraid you'll get tired of it very quickly."

"Why should I?"

"Well . . ."

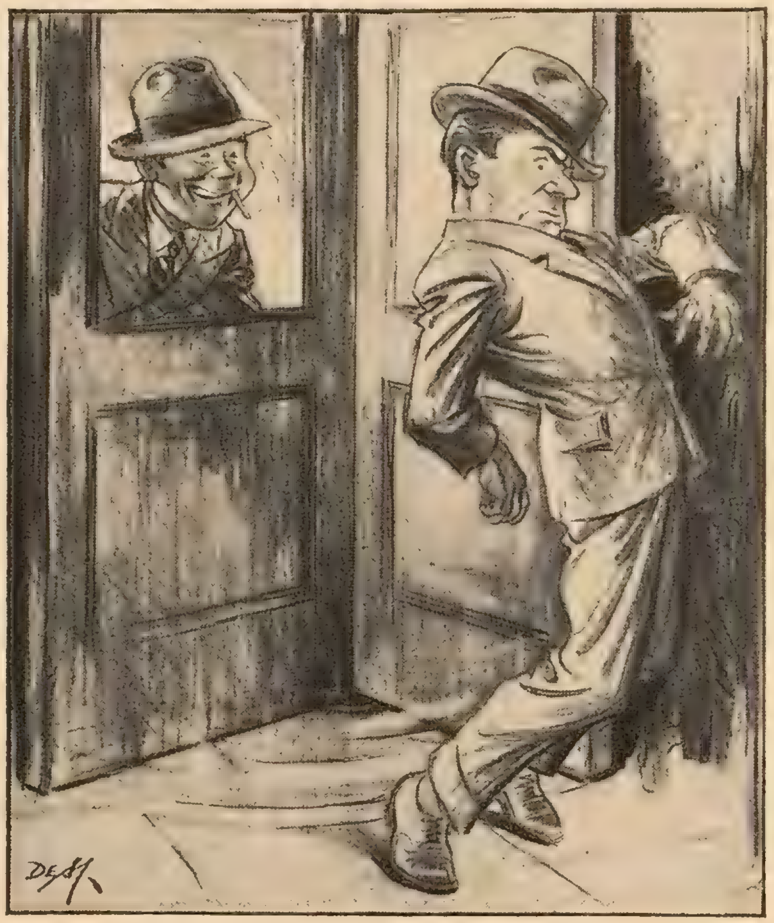
"Well . . .?"

"It's meant for"—patronizingly—"young things."

"*Young* things?"

"Very young things. Glamour girls, you know. The sort who go in for that new upswept hair-do."

And Miss Bamberg was utterly taken aback—and that evening, forgetting to broaden her *a*'s and mind her grammar, complained to the girl with whom she shared her apartment that, sure, some of them highfalutin dames oughta be ashamed of themselves, the lousy way they treat salesladies!—when Janet, without another word, walked out of the shop.



Some day when I have finished
All my other little chores,
I'll start in on the nitwit guy
That spins revolving doors.

THE sort who go in for that new upswept hair-do!" Why—that's what she had decided to have when, earlier in the day, she had telephoned Henri's to make the appointment with Miss Morris. An upswept hair-do, cutting sharply away from the forehead, with a cunning little knot on top, and the hair smooth in back and the ears showing.

And—meant for glamour girls?

Well—what of it? Didn't she have glamour, deep inside of her? The warm glamour of love and happiness and peace?

Not formerly, when she had been Harry Bancroft's wife. In those days she had felt old and drab, in spite of her youth.

But now she felt—oh, vitalized, ardent, because her life with Bill was so thoroughly satisfying from every angle; because there were no impossible things to long for. No—nothing at all to long for, since she had everything.

SHE reached the big department store where, upstairs, Henri's polite and faintly sardonic young men and women romanticized hair waves and complexions and fingernails.

On the threshold she hesitated.

She thought suddenly:

I've a headache. And having my hair pulled this way and that won't improve it.

Of course she was lying to herself; and, vaguely, she realized that she was. It wasn't a headache. It was fear of Miss Morris' suggesting, with such elaborately tactless tact—that—ah—possibly the new hair-do wouldn't suit madame . . .? So, perhaps, a long bob . . . It softened the contours of the face; would go beautifully with madame's glorious auburn curls . . .

She thought again:

I've a headache.

And she used the house telephone, canceling the appointment, and rode home.

BILL was at his desk, busy with blue pencil and typewritten sheets and smoking a strongly scented brier. He looked up and waved a hand.

"Hullo, young fellow!"

"Hullo, Bill!"

She went into the bathroom. She took ten grains of aspirin which she did not need.

She heard her husband chuckle.

"What's so funny, Bill?"

"The wisdom of children. So concise. So pompous."

She joined him. "Oh . . .?"

"Young Livingstone—he's one of my *brighter* students, mind you—has chosen for his theme—how's this for a mouthful? The Psychology of Certain Physiological Changes." Professor Maitland relit his pipe. "What interests him most is what happens to a woman—a decent average woman past her thirties—once she is happily married."

Janet gave a little start.

"Does he know anything about it?"

"Not a thing. Listen!"

And he read:

"'And so, having achieved the happiness which she desires, she loses the look of eager, youthful, buoyant expectancy which she had while waiting and hoping for this same happiness. For she has reached the zenith of her life. She cannot go farther; cannot climb higher. Thus, from this moment on, her life is no longer in the ascendancy. Therefore, invariably, she ages.'"

Professor Maitland's laughter rose.

"Don't miss the 'invariably'!" he exclaimed. "Supercilious young know-it-all!"

She walked up to him. She kissed him on the top of his head. Getting a little bald, she thought.

"Don't you agree with him, Bill?"

"I—I ought to flunk him!"

"Mustn't, Bill. Perhaps he knows some women who . . ."

"Well—he certainly never met you, darling!"

Professor Maitland reached up, in a casual husbandly way, and pulled her down on his knees without removing his pipe. "You, for one, are getting younger and lovelier every day."

"Think so?"

"Know so. By the way—did you get that pink hickamadoodle?"

"No. I didn't like what I saw. I decided on a black Chantilly lace and an indigo-blue crepe. Which reminds me"—she got up—"I must phone Mme. Henriette."

She walked to the door. He looked after her.

"Janet!" he said.

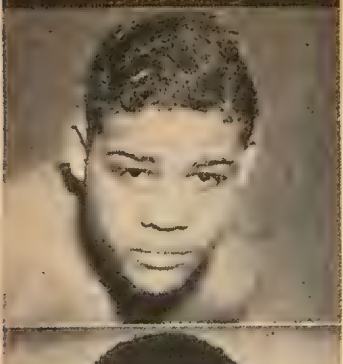
"Yes . . . ?"

"I'm crazy about your new—what-d'you-call-it?—hair-do. Terribly becoming. And so nice and young!"

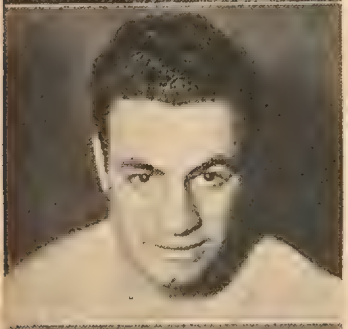
And she smiled and left the room.

THE END

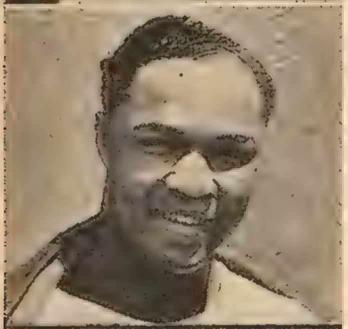
CHAMPS


Joe Louis, heavyweight

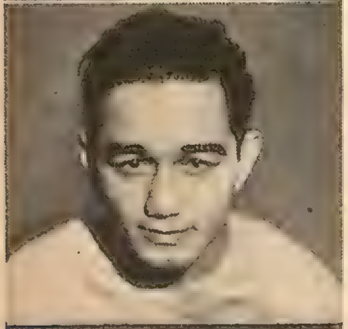
John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight


Fred Apostoli, middleweight

Solly Krieger, middleweight claimant


Henry Armstrong, welter- and lightweight

Joey Archibald, featherweight claimant


Sixto Escobar, bantamweight

Peter Kane, flyweight claimant

What the Champions

Which ones will lose their crowns? . . . The Manass
Mauler of yesteryear ventures a prize-ring prophec

BONG! The champions come swinging into a storm of fists loaded to knock them away from their titles. From Joe Louis right down to the boss flyweight, I am going to put the microscope on each champ—give you my slant on what might happen to his crown before 1940.

Louis' furious massacre of Max Schmeling in less than a round eliminates the German for all time as a threat to the heavyweight throne.

Lou Nova, the "Alameda Kid," moves into the heavyweight title picture by virtue of his recent win over Tommy Farr in the Garden. This boy, a straight stand-up boxer, who also scored a technical kayo over the Finn, Gunnar Barlund, is considered by many to be a year or two away from causing Joe Louis to worry about him.

I'll go further. Louis does not figure to be licked *at any time* by a straight stand-up fellow *unless* he is a murderous *two-fisted* hitter. Nova isn't. The things I like best about this kid are his ability to rally and the way he improves in each fight. But his style is made to order for Louis.

John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight king, who met Joe Louis in the Garden January 25, is as smart and clever a stand-up boxer as Nova will ever be and probably punches as hard. From the result of the Louis-Lewis fight you get a good line on Lou Nova's future chances with Joe. Nor would Tony Galento bother Louis.

Game, durable Tommy Farr's eight-months layoff hurt him in his joust with Nova; and Joe Louis has nothing to fear from Tommy. Those layoffs are bad. Max Baer may find that out when and if he gets in there with Louis again. Yet Baer is the only man around who has a chance to take his crown away from him this year.

John Henry Lewis as defending champion in the light-heavyweight class is a little too good for Tiger Jack Fox, colored kayo artist, who is the leading challenger. Fox's decision victory over Al Gainer, at the Coliseum in the Bronx, while not spectacular, was convincing. Gainer, waging a strictly safety-first counter battle, made the scuffle look slow. A short time previous to this, Gainer, employing this same style, lost an opportunity to lift John Henry Lewis' light-heavyweight crown when he met him at New Haven. Gainer's showing in those two battles convinces me that John Henry Lewis needn't lose any sleep over him during the year.

Melio Bettina, I think, is a pretty good fighter. But John Henry Lewis carries too many guns for him. Billy Conn, Pittsburgh flash, can't make the middleweight limit. As a light-heavy he has never proved himself against top-flight men, and, unless Joe Louis took too much out of John Henry Lewis, the latter will not lose his crown to Conn this year.

All this takes for granted that John Henry Lewis will continue to defend the crown, as he said he would prior to his defeat by Joe Louis. He can still make 175 pounds—but with difficulty.

Which brings me to the muddled middleweight situation. After his battles of the past year, there can be no doubt that Fred Apostoli, the former California bellhop, is the uncrowned champion of the 160-pounders. The more I see of this fellow, the more I'm sure that he is a *fighter*.

Solly Krieger, who blasted the young Slav Al Hostak into the hospital, and then claimed the middleweight crown, is a rough tough boy inside those ropes. But Apostoli is a little too smart and too good for him, I think. Two wins—one a technical kayo—by Apostoli over Krieger last year is the tip-off.

This kid Hostak, whose battle with Freddy Steele was billed as being for the world's middleweight title, looked like a sensation in that fight. I refereed the bout, and watched the young Slav pound Steele all over the ring and send him toppling into the resin in the first round. With sixteen or seventeen straight knockouts to his credit, but never having gone the fifteen-round route, Hostak met Solly Krieger. I know the distance must have bothered the kid, and he hurt his hands early in the fight, yet he finished on his feet. Apostoli may yet be hearing from this boy.

By licking Glenn Lee twice, Fred Apostoli proved that he has nothing to fear from him, despite the fact that Lee handed Solly Krieger a beating before Krieger took Hostak. I think you will find Apostoli sitting right on top at the end of the year.

Now I come to the welterweights and the sensational Henry Armstrong as a defending champion in *that* class. The hard-punching, fast-coming Fritzie Zivic is clamoring for a chance at Henry's welter crown. This is the same Zivic who once broke Lou Ambers' jaw, only to have the Herkimer speed ball refuse to quit and stick it out to win the decision. A good boy, Fritzie, but he wouldn't bother Henry. Nor will any other legitimate welterweight this year.

Armstrong is a little bundle of dynamite. Winning the feather-weight, lightweight, and welterweight titles is a record that speaks for itself. He surprised a lot of smart-money

Are Up Against in 1939

BY JACK DEMPSEY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

boys when he repulsed the attack of Ceferino Garcia and gave him a good licking. Ceferino has now decided to campaign as a middleweight.

The battle they are talking about now, Henry's second defense of his welterweight crown, is to be with Lou Ambers, over whom Armstrong squeezed out a close decision to grab Lou's lightweight title. Al Weill, who pilots Ambers, says they don't want to fight for the welter diadem. Why these two legitimate lightweights should be meeting for welterweight honors seems a mystery to some. But, unless I'm mistaken, the idea of the Armstrong management is that Ambers is the only one around who might beat Henry. Fair enough. And I agree. But the Armstrong management figures, I believe, that if Henry is going to lose a title to Ambers, it will be the *welter* crown, which is the toughest for a legitimate lightweight to defend.

Regardless of which bauble is at stake when they meet, I am going to look over Armstrong as defending *lightweight* champion, with Ambers battling him for that title. Off their last set-to, anything might happen. Many people thought Ambers had won or was entitled to a draw—it was that close. As the boys stood in their corners awaiting the verdict of the referee and two judges, Armstrong, face badly battered, looked like a well beaten fighter and almost unable to navigate on his shaky stems. Ambers looked ready to go five more rounds. If it had been twenty rounds, I doubt if Armstrong would have finished.

They paid off on Armstrong on aggressiveness. Yet it is Ambers' style to do a certain amount of in-close digging, punching with blinding speed, then dancing away, regardless of whether his opponent is as aggressive as Henry or not. Looking at it that way, Lou could have been declared the winner. For Ambers flits away only momentarily—then renews his attack. Taking the total number of winning rounds voted each fighter—that is, the combined vote of the three officials—Ambers received the majority of rounds won.

Off that fight, and off the surgery jobs Ambers did on three such rough tough little guys as Armstrong, Pedro Montanez, and Baby Arizmendi, I think Armstrong faces a very serious title threat when he meets Ambers.

From the Puerto Rican lightweight Pedro Montanez I don't think Armstrong has anything to fear. Montanez is a really dangerous hitter, but Ambers proved that he is not effective when a shifty man keeps on top of him. Nor will Baby Arizmendi or any other lightweight, including Chicago's Davey Day, a good puncher from the Barney Ross stable, bother perpetual-motion Henry.

Armstrong's evacuation of the featherweight throne left that class in a confused condition. The New York Athletic Commission alone recognizes Joey Archibald as the world's champion following his fifteen-round "football" battle with Mike Belloise. In my opinion, the best man at this weight right now is Leo Rodak, product of Chicago's famed C. Y. O. Rodak, when he pounded out a decisive fifteen-round win over ex-featherweight champion Freddie Miller, eliminated just about the toughest competition he will be called upon to meet this year. It would seem to indicate that Rodak is now right at his peak.

The proper thing to do, of course, is to have Leo Rodak and Joey Archibald meet. The winner unquestionably would be recognized as the world's champion.

Sixto Escobar, king of the bantamweights, a frequent loser in over-the-weight bouts, has plenty of reason to fear the loss of his title this year. Henry Hook of Indianapolis, who recently gave Sixto a plastering in Toronto, is one of the boys he has to worry about, should they meet. But the real menace to his crown is K. O. Morgan, Detroit southpaw, who has been going great.

And over in England a new little fistic sensation, Kid Tanner, has arrived; he too may be knocking at Sixto's door before the year is over. This kid, a Negro lad from British Guiana, scored something like eighteen or nineteen straight victories. A legitimate bantam, he has been cleaning up among the best featherweights as well. Fighting once or twice a week and badly in need of a rest, Tanner finally lost one decision; now he is being rested up.

Peter Kane, the English flyweight, is recognized by some as the boss of this class by virtue of his decision win over Jackie Jurich, the Californian. Benny Lynch of Glasgow, Scotland, had to relinquish this crown when he couldn't make the flyweight limit of 112 pounds in what was to be a title bout with Jurich. Coming in above 118 pounds, Lynch kayoed Jurich.

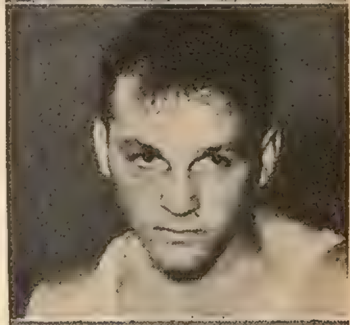
Kane's claim, based on Jurich's win over Small Montana, who lost the crown to Lynch, is no better than that of the Filipino Little Dado. Of the four, Little Dado, Kane, Jurich, and Small Montana, Dado has been coming fastest. It is my opinion that he'll be tops when the year is ended.

THE END

THREATS

Max Baer, heavyweight

Tiger Jack Fox, light-heavyweight

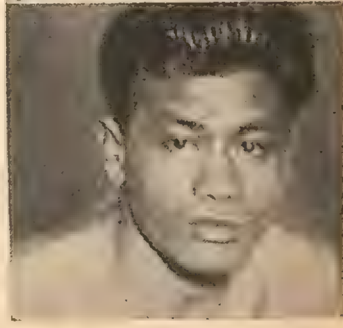

Al Hostak, middleweight

Fritzie Zivic, welterweight

Lou Ambers, welter- and lightweight

Leo Rodak, featherweight

K. O. Morgan, bantamweight

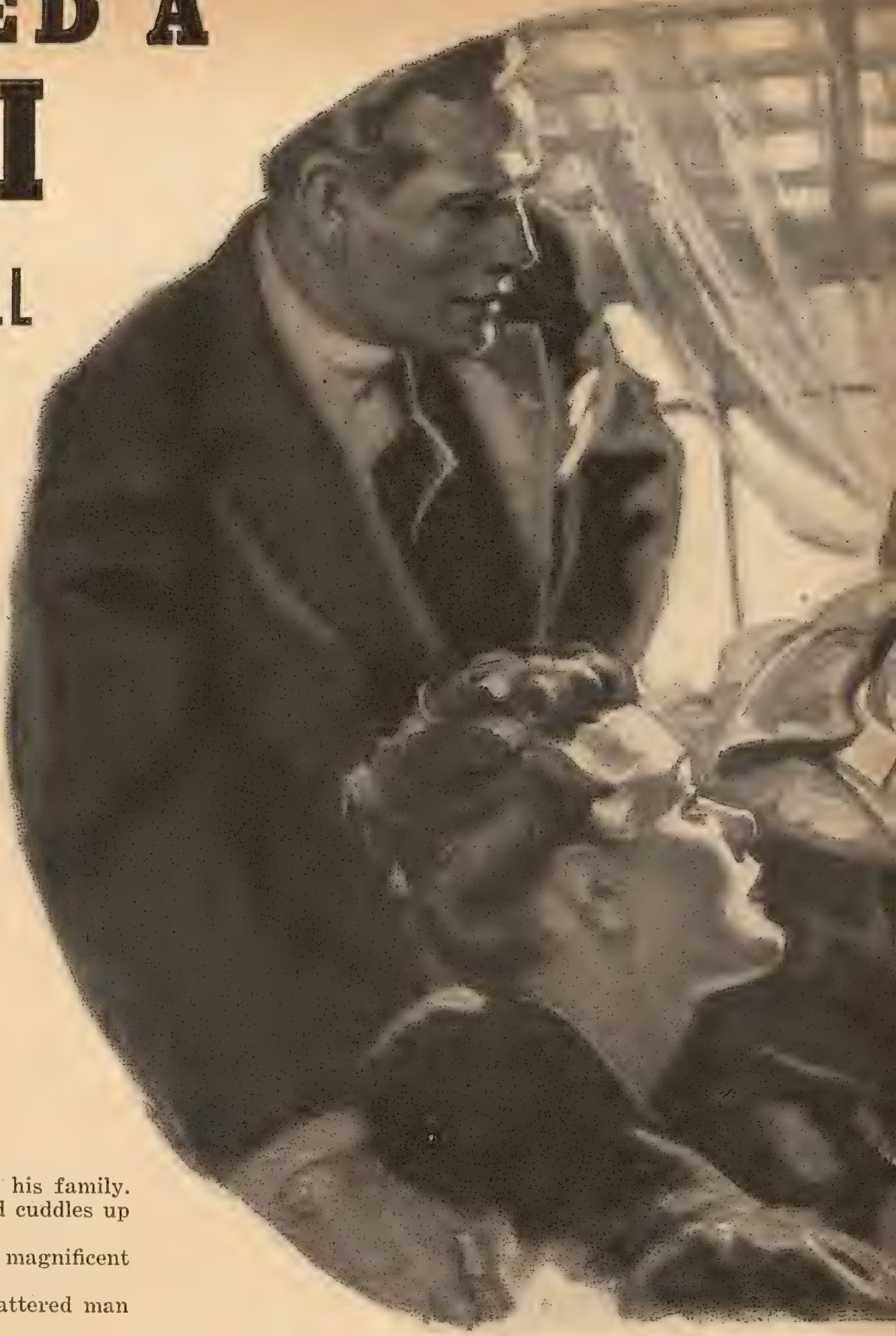

Little Dado, Filipino flyweight

I MARRIED A NAZI

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



" Gerhardt! " gasped Freda, and rose, wide-eyed

JUST before she leaves for Germany with her husband, Eric Traub, and their little son, Carol Traub, fashion editor for the American Woman, is visited by the family physician, Dr. Gerhardt. He implores her to locate his brother Hugo, a professor, who has been sent to a concentration camp. The worried doctor also gives Carol the sum of five hundred dollars for the unfortunate scholar.

Eric is greatly disturbed at this commission. He has not taken out his second citizenship papers in America, and is still " technically " a German. The Traub toy business has failed in New York, and Eric is returning temporarily to Berlin to assist at that end, his old father having become an invalid. It has been planned that Eric and Carol stay three months, from July to September, 1938.

On the train from Bremen they read a public notice that all Germans over fifteen must be fingerprinted and photographed — that would include Eric! And Carol sees with pain the evidences of Jewish persecution, and tries to shield her little boy, Ricky, from such knowledge.

At the Berlin station they are met by Eric's beautiful young stepmother, Freda, who is a fiery Nazi, unlike her elderly husband, who loves the Germany that used to be. It is the first time that Freda has met her stepson and his family. She is particularly enthusiastic about Eric, and cuddles up to him in the taxi as they drive home.

" Why did Heinrich never *tell* me I had such a magnificent son? " she whispers.

Carol is amazed to see the silly grin of a flattered man spread over Eric's face.

PART TWO—THE SHADOW OF FEAR

> " *Die Fahne hoch, die Reihen fest geschlossen,*
> *S. A. marchiert in Ruhig festem Schritt* . . ."

IN the street, just under the open window, two hundred brown-clad boys of the Hitler Youth marched by, singing in lusty chorus. The rhythm of the song and the tramp of their steps beat hard upon the stillness of the summer twilight. Carol Traub watched the parade in wonder. Healthy youngsters she saw. Cheerful. They swung their arms and legs with energy that scorned the heat. Some of them were not much older than Ricky.

He stood at her side, gaping. " Are they Boy Scouts, mother? "

" Something like it, Ricky."

She gave him a reassuring squeeze before she turned back to the others in the room. It was two hours since they had arrived at Heinrich Traub's great white house in the Grünewald. The sick man still regarded his son and his son's family like one looking upon a happy miracle.

" Eric," he said in German, " America has been good to you. Very good."

" In every way," Eric conceded, " except business. And, believe me, I tried hard enough to make a go of it."

" *Ja*, I know." His father nodded understanding. " It was not your fault."

" Now, Heinrich." Freda, arranging flowers in a vase, glanced at him mockingly. Her golden hair, piled in careful curls atop her head, was more shimmering than ever. " You're not going to tell him that nonsense about its being *our* fault."

Heinrich seemed not to hear his wife. He continued to smile upon his *Kinder aus Amerika*, as he had called them—his children from America—and the deep lines in his face softened.

It was a ravaged face. At fifty-four Heinrich Traub, tortured by months of illness, was like a man of seventy. With a robe drawn loosely over his pajamas, he sat in a deep chair near the window. He was tall—as tall as Eric—but his body was lean to the point of gauntness, and his disheveled hair was a lifeless gray. He had, thought Carol, the saddest eyes she had ever seen in any man. It was a strange kind of sadness; the melancholy of wisdom and resignation, of utter disillusionment. Since her

From life! . . . A dramatic, revealing narrative, founded on fact, about an American wife in today's Germany

Him? He—he made terrible speeches!"

first glimpse of Heinrich Traub she had liked the man.

"In a few days," he was saying to Eric, "Freda will take you to the factory. There is no hurry. She will introduce you to Mercheim and Fritz Kloster, and they will show you everything. In spite of America, I think you will find that the business is good. It has seldom been better."

Freda said, "It has *never* been better. That's why it seems such a pity to sell it."

"We can do nothing else," Heinrich replied. "I—the doctor says I must not work again. I—I am finished. And there is nobody to take my place."

There was a moment's hush. Now that the children in the street had passed, the stillness of Grünewald reasserted itself. It was a heavy stillness. . . . Finally Eric, shifting his bulk in his chair, muttered:

"You see, Freda, it isn't as if I could stay."

"No, no," agreed Heinrich. "I would not want that. Carol and the little Ricky—you must take them back to America."

"I can't see," began Freda, a hand patting her curls, "that it would be such a terrible thing if they—"

"*No!*" The old man's word was decisive. He frowned at Carol. He frowned at Ricky, still gazing out of the window at birds in the trees. "No," he repeated. "They must go back."

Freda shrugged. Her wry expression and the helpless smile she sent to Eric seemed to say, "There's no use arguing with him when he's like this."

"It will take you a few weeks to study the books and to take inventory of the stock," Heinrich said. "After that, Eric, you will do what is best. You will find no difficulty in selling. There are, as I wrote you, three firms ready to negotiate." He turned to Carol and a slow smile once more softened his countenance. "While he is busy, you and Ricky will have time to see Berlin. Freda will show you everything there is to see."

Eric put in, trying to be jocular, "Oh, Carol's got work of her own to do."

"Work?" Heinrich was puzzled.

"She's going to write a couple of articles. And she's promised to hunt up an ambassador and some man in a concentration camp."

That startled Freda Traub. "Who is the man in the camp?" she demanded.

"Some Professor Hugo Gerhardt. He used to be at the university."

"Gerhardt!" gasped Freda, and rose, wide-eyed. "*Him?*"

A stab of premonition came to Carol. Eric asked in quick alarm, "Why? What's wrong?"

"The papers were full of that one! He—he made terrible speeches!"

Old Heinrich Traub sighed. "Not terrible, *liebchen*, not terrible. Only indiscreet."

"The professor was a fool!" Freda declared. "With all his brilliance, he was still a fool."

Heinrich nodded. "Yes, Freda, you are right. Sometimes a man is a fool to say what he thinks."

"These are no days for individual opinions," she insisted. "When a whole people stands behind a Fuehrer, when all Germany is fighting to rise to its proper place in the world, obstructionists like Professor Gerhardt cannot be tolerated. They should know enough to hold their tongues. If they can't help us, they can at least avoid hindering us." She spoke with passion and conviction. "All Germany has gathered solidly behind one man—a man who lives only to lead us to greater achievements. We cannot allow creatures like Hugo Gerhardt to stand in the way. We cannot allow any one or anything to stand in the way!"

She was really splendid. Her eyes blazed and her voice rang. There was no doubting Freda's sincerity. Here, Carol told herself, fascinated, was the new Germany.

The new Germany. . . .

Carol glanced at the old. Heinrich Traub had turned his head and was gazing sadly through the window. There hung on his lips a smile of infinite wisdom.

Eric asked in uneasy tones: "Listen, Freda. Do you think it's in any way *dangerous* for Carol to get in touch with this Professor Gerhardt? She wants to deliver money to him, you know—to him or to his family."

"It isn't a question of danger. It's a matter of common sense. In this country you stand either on the side of the government or with the enemies of the government. There is no middle ground. If Carol proposes to help a family like the Gerhardts, what can you expect? She will be questioned. She may even be watched. It won't be a pleasant thing to have happen to us. My advice "—she looked at Carol—" is to forget the professor."

"His brother in America," Carol replied quietly, "is a friend of ours. I promised him to do my best."

"Write him it's impossible. Remember, you intend to remain in Germany three months. It will not be agreeable, Carol, to feel yourself always watched." She paused and added significantly, "It may not be the best thing for Eric, either."

So this, Carol reflected, was the price of the new glory—fear. . . . She shook her head.

"I'm sorry, Freda," she said, "but I'll have to try. Frankly, I'm curious to meet Professor Gerhardt, if I can. He seems to have a few American ideas."

At that Heinrich's face brightened. He started to say something. But, as he parted his lips, his nurse entered with his dinner on a tray—a stern-lipped woman with the physique, Carol had decided, of a female wrestler. Heinrich, seeing her, slumped deeper into his chair, and sighed and was silent.

ERIC rose while his father ate. He went to stand beside Ricky at the window. He semed worried, preoccupied. Presently, however, his eyes focused on the gray house beyond the garden; and remembering something, Eric started.

"Say," he asked with quick eagerness, "does Dr. Rappaport still live next door?"

Heinrich slowly lowered a fork. It rattled a little.

"Yes, Eric. Dr. Rappaport is still there."

"How is he?"

"I—I believe he is in good health."

"And Gustav?"

"Gustav married some years ago. He and his wife—and their little daughter—live with the doctor now."

"Well, that's fine!" Eric grinned at Carol and explained in English, "I went to school with Gustav Rappaport. We used to be a sort of Damon-and-Pythias combination. It'll be good to see him again." He asked his father, "What does Gus do?"

"I'm not sure, Eric. He—he doesn't seem to be around often."

"And does the good *Herr Doktor* still come in for his weekly game of chess?"

"No-o. No, that has stopped. He hasn't been here in—two years."

Eric stared, incredulous. His voice dropped. "But you two—why, you were such close friends—"

"Yes, we were friends. . . . But that is over. The government has said it is over."

"Rappaport," Freda explained simply, "is a Jew."

The words did something strange to the room. Killed something in it. Nobody said anything, but Eric stood dismayed. . . .

When Heinrich had finished his meager meal, Fräulein Uberholtz, the nurse, told them they would have to leave; Herr Traub had sat up long enough for one day and must be put to bed. Later, if they liked, they could come up again.

So they descended to the stiffly formal living room with its gilded furnishings, and Freda cheerily announced that a special ice-cream cake had been prepared as dessert for this night of their arrival. It was waiting at a *Konditorei* a few streets away. She proposed to go for it herself. "And if you care to see your old neighborhood again, Eric," she said merrily, "come along."

The suggestion delighted him.

"Come on," he urged Carol; "let's go."

She said, "No; I think I'd better start unpacking Ricky's things."

"Then you won't mind if I leave you a few minutes, will you?" His eyes were eager. "It'll be fun to poke through the streets where I used to run around as a kid."

"Of course, dear." Carol smiled. "Ricky and I will get acquainted with the house."

Eric picked Ricky up then, held him high. "You're going to sleep," he announced, "in the same room that was daddy's when I was as big as you!"

And then Freda was ready and they went out together. They didn't take her car. Carol stood in the door, smiling thoughtfully as she watched them. Freda's gay laughter floated back through the dusk like a song. She slipped her arm under Eric's and they walked together jauntily.

IN a small upper-floor office of the American Embassy, Kenneth Delane chuckled over his mother's letter. He was coatless and his shirt sleeves were rolled to the elbows. He lounged far back in a swivel chair, a pipe jutting from his wide mouth, long legs crossed on the desk. A tall man of thirty, almost angular, he pushed back errant dark hair and shook an appreciative head. His mother's letters never failed to be amusing, even when, as he had written her, they became faintly D. A. R. in tone.

To this one she had added: "By the time you receive this, a friend of mine will probably have arrived in Berlin. Carol Traub. She's off to Germany with her husband and their youngster. I've asked her to look you up. I don't know the husband, but Mrs. Traub—she's fashion editor of the American Woman—is a grand person. Much as I dislike rousing you out of the lethargy of your job, I do wish you'd be nice to them, Ken. They're visiting Mr. Traub's father. You might try giving them a ring . . ."

The office door opened and a red-haired man in white grinned down at Kenneth Delane.

"Got any dates?" he demanded.

Kenneth, pulling the pipe from his mouth, studied his visitor suspiciously. "What have you lined up this time?"

"Nothing. So help me, nothing! Today I'm the bearer of news. If you've got any dates for tonight, break them. The staff is meeting with the ambassador at eight. Emergency."

Kenneth Delane immediately withdrew his feet from the desk. "What's up?"

"How should I know? I just work here."

"Sound like trouble?"

"All I heard is, the ambassador's flying to Prague tomorrow. A friendly visit to Minister Wilbur J. Carr in Czechoslovakia." Philip Harrow leaned against the door and his smile became cryptic. "You know. Just two Americans getting together for a handshake."

Kenneth thoughtfully put aside his mother's letter. "This Czech argument," he muttered, "is certainly beginning to crackle. Like a fuse."

He glanced at his wrist watch, then rolled down his sleeves over forearms that still retained the hard muscles which had served Harvard's crew. "If we're to present ourselves at eight, I'd better grab a bite of dinner while I can. Join me, Phil?"

"As one diplomat to another, my friend, don't mind if I do. All afternoon I've been hunting for somebody to stake me."

They walked as far as a small café near Friedrichstrasse. They sat at a sidewalk table where the waiter greeted them with a bow and a formal "Heil Hitler."

IT was on their third morning in Berlin—a day of unexpected rain—that Eric announced he was going to the factory.

"It's high time I got busy," he said, stooping to adjust his tie before the mirror. "Freda's running me over in the car. You'll be all right, won't you?"

Carol still lay in bed, hands clasped under disarrayed chestnut hair. The previous night they had sat late in the Café Wien, listening to the stringed orchestra and meeting a few of Freda's gay friends. They had danced a little, and the rhythm of Vienna waltzes still thrummed through her mind. She stretched her long body luxuriously, smiled at Eric.

"Don't worry about me. I've been hoping for a chance to be alone with father."

"Well," Eric said cheerfully, "you'll have him to yourself all day."

"Unless that nurse spoils it."

"The nurse won't be in your way."

Carol's brows contracted in a troubled frown. "Not in my way—no. In his."

She spoke seriously. Eric turned to regard her in astonishment. "What are you talking about, Carol?"

"It's hard to explain." Her frown deepened. "I've had the queer feeling that every time Fräulein Uberholtz is around him, father kind of—closes up. Withdraws into himself."

Eric scoffed at the idea. "You're imagining things."

"Possibly."

"Why on earth should he be afraid of Fräulein Uberholtz?"

"I haven't the faintest notion. It's just an impression I got, watching him."

An instant he stood thoughtful, but threw off his doubts with a laugh. "Nonsense! Spend the day with him. I'm sure you'll find you're wrong."

With a kiss he was gone, and Carol lay still, studying the ceiling.

During the past two days she had found scant time for herself; certainly no opportunity to launch the search for Professor Hugo Gerhardt. Eric had insisted that before all else she see Berlin. They had raced about in Freda's yellow car, Freda herself driving in a rollicking mood. Eric, with Ricky on his lap, had seemed to find as much delight in pointing out familiar sights to his son and to Carol as in seeing them himself.

There were quick raps at the door. "May I come in?" Freda called, her voice a madrigal.

"Of course." Carol sat up, shook back her hair.

"Good *morning!*" In a green slicker with a tiny beret to match, Freda looked younger than ever. And more vivid. "I have news. An American gentleman telephoned you last night while we were out. A Herr Delane."

"Delane!" Consternation seized Carol. "Oh, we should have got in touch with him! But we've been running around so much—"

"Heinrich spoke to him," Freda said reassuringly. "He asked him to come to tea."

"Today?"

"Yes. I'll try to be back in time. But if I'm not, don't worry. I've told the girl what to serve." Freda blew a kiss from the threshold. "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

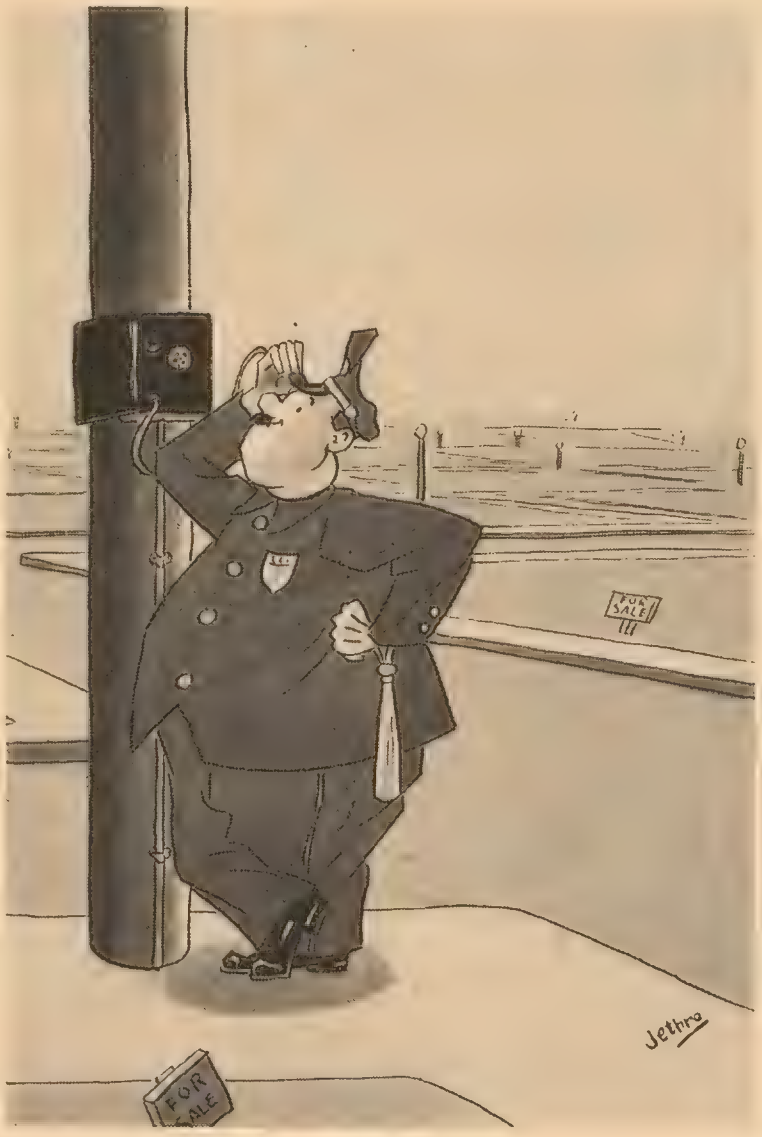
Carol got up then, wondering a little about the etiquette of entertaining an embassy attaché at tea. . . .

The rain continued throughout the morning, and she at last had her hours with Heinrich. Eric's father did not get up; he preferred lying quietly and smiling at his daughter-in-law or at Ricky playing on the floor. And he said little. The longer she sat with him the more convinced Carol became that her suspicions regarding Fräulein Uberholtz were correct.

The Amazonian nurse seldom left the room. When she wasn't puttering about, she sat reading in a corner. Heinrich frequently glanced at her. He turned back, with a sigh, to ask Carol questions about herself, about her family, about her plans for Ricky.

Toward noon, however, Fräulein Uberholtz went down to get his lunch. And then it was different.

"So they have been showing you Berlin," Heinrich whispered. "Tell me, how do you like it?"



"Callahan reporting. Everything under control."

Carol frowned at the rain. "If you mean the streets, the buildings, the monuments—I think they're beautiful."

"Yes. Beautiful. . . . But all that is *old* Germany, Carol."

"I'm not so sure about the new," she admitted. "I—can't understand people who publicly advertise their hate."

"With those signs on the streets, you mean? *Ja*, Carol, *jahwohl*, I know." He shut his eyes and a pained groove appeared between them. "You should not look at those signs too much. They are not our country. They are the—the rash on a sick man. They will go away. Germany will remain—the real Germany."

Carol looked at him curiously, with that inexplicable sense of pity.

"Tell me," he pressed, eyes still closed, "what they have done to Berlin now. I have not been out to see for so long . . ."

She considered him awhile, then decided to be frank. "One would think Germany has no other reason for existence save to exterminate the Jews," she said grimly. "Every Jewish shop is marked. Placards shout at you, 'Don't buy from Jews!' At Wannsee, on a bathhouse, I saw a sign that actually made me want to groan—it was so horribly cruel, so unfair."

She could visualize it now:

vor
JUDEN
und
Taschendieben
wird Gewarnt!

"Beware of Jews and pickpockets! . . . Oh, father, *can* they be so frightful, these Jews of Germany?"

He shook his gray head in the pillow. "No, my dear," he murmured. "They are not frightful. It is not they who are frightful."

"Then why does it go on?"

"Because there is no one to stop it. Some of us, Carol—we are ashamed . . . ashamed. We hang our heads. We know we are being degraded." He paused. "It is not only the Jews. They are only a symbol. Some day the people will be tired of the Jews. There will be too few left to be bothered about. Then it will be others. Catholics. Even the Lutherans. It is part of our *Weltanschauung*—our philosophy. For this is the battle between the new Germany and God. This is the war of the swastika against the cross. They have said it themselves. Their Faith Movement has said it: '*The cross must fail if Germany is to live.*' They must lose. They may defeat the Jews. They may defeat the Catholics. They may defeat Czechoslovakia and France and England. But they cannot defeat God."

She looked at him in wonder. "Are there many, father, who feel as you do?" she asked hushedly.

"Many." His voice trembled. "And some try to speak. Some day—"

Fräulein Uberholtz' steps creaked on the stairs as she came up with Heinrich's lunch. He heard her, and his lips at once tightened in a grim line. Carol wanted him to go on; this was only the beginning of the things she yearned to hear from Heinrich Traub. She bent impulsively and caught his hand. But he lifted heavy-lidded eyes to hers and smiled, as if confident she would understand his reticence. "Tell me more," he urged as Fräulein Uberholtz entered. "Tell me about your people in America. Do your mother and father come to see Ricky often? . . ."

WHEN Kenneth Delane arrived, shortly before four, Carol welcomed him with a handshake whose cheerful warmth at once established the quality of their friendship. "Meeting an honest-to-goodness American," she laughed, "makes you feel like waving the Stars and Stripes."

"Don't tell me you're homesick so soon!" he reproved.

"Not homesick, no. Just acutely aware of being away from something that looks pretty grand from here."

She liked this tall man with the humorous gray eyes.

"You've come to Berlin at a perfect time for excitement," he assured her. "That is, if you like Berlin's particular brand of excitement."

"You mean this Sudeten agitation?"

"And a hundred other agitations. In a couple of weeks, for instance, you're going to see the most magnificent parade you've ever set eyes on. Take my word for it, nothing like it ever happens at home."

"I'm thrilled," she declared. "What's the occasion?"

He stirred the tea in his cup. For an instant she thought the lines of his face hardened; but perhaps it was an illusion, for his tone didn't change. "They're going to entertain his Serene Highness, Admiral Nicholas Horthy de Nagybánya, Regent of Hungary. And, if my information is correct, they're going to make the admiral's eyes pop. Nobody can beat them at that sort of thing. You'll still be here, of course?"

"Oh, yes. We're staying almost three months."

"Then I'll have to see to it that you get a good spot from which to watch." He smiled. "Better practice the Nazi salute if you don't like to be conspicuous in crowds —or tapped on the shoulder by a Blackshirt."

Somehow she found herself telling Kenneth Delane about her mission to find Professor Gerhardt; asking him how to go about the quest.

"Why, that's easy." He put aside his cup. "We could find out where he is in ten minutes." He looked at his watch. "In fact, if you care to, we can do it now. I've got a car outside."

She stared at him, incredulous. What Eric and Freda had magnified until it seemed a formidable undertaking, this man tossed off as if it were a simple matter.

"How?" she asked, bewildered. "What do we do?"

"We get into my car and drive over to *Schutzstaffel* headquarters and just ask. I've done it for scores of Americans who wanted information about missing German relatives. In fact, I've become quite friendly with some of the officials."

"And—and you really won't mind driving me over now?" Carol exclaimed.

"Not at all. The rain's stopped. It's delightfully cool out. . . . Of course," he added, "I'd like to meet your husband. But we can be back in less than an hour."

Carol abruptly rose.

"If you'll give me a minute to get a hat and tell my father-in-law," she said, "I'll be ready."

But Heinrich Traub was asleep, and Fräulein Uberholtz shook her head at the door. So Carol left her message with the nurse—visibly jolting the woman—and ran down. She found that Ricky, who had been playing in an improvised game room, was now perched on Kenneth Delane's knee. Talking excitedly, Ricky was making the most of some one who could understand his language.

She left then to give the maid in the kitchen instructions for watching Ricky. When she returned, Kenneth Delane rose.

"Sorry to leave you, youngster," he laughed. "But I'll see you again sometime—soon, I hope—and we'll talk over the whole situation."

As they drove along Kurfürstendamm, Carol became conscious of increasing strain within herself. Going to *Schutzstaffel* headquarters was, in a sense, rebellion against Freda. Her teeth pressed into her lip. She began to wonder how wise she had been to follow this impulse.

"Look," she said suddenly. "Is there any chance of my causing trouble for any one home by doing this?"

"No," he said, "unless you take it into your head to haul off and sock the official who receives us."

"Then it's quite safe? Just routine?"

"Like inquiring about the next train to Dresden. Except that they'll ask a few questions. They'll want to know why you're interested in Professor Gerhardt."

"I can explain that easily enough." She paused. "How about the fact that I'm bringing money to his family?"

"Anybody who brings American money into Germany," said Kenneth Delane, "is a loyal friend of the Reich. They need it."

"So there's nothing to worry about."

"Nothing more serious than the possibility of our getting a flat tire on the way."

She looked at him curiously. It was good to talk to a man like him. His hatbrim dipped over amused eyes.

"Tell me," she asked in a lighter tone. "How long have you been in Berlin?"

"Two years come St. Swithin's Day."

"Two years," she repeated thoughtfully. "In two years I suppose you become so used to things you no longer notice them. Things, I mean, that shock the newcomer."

He hesitated. "Do I have to answer as a diplomat? Or may I take off the wig and speak as Mrs. Delane's boy Kenneth?"

"I haven't the faintest idea of how to act with a diplomat," she said. "Be Kenneth."

"In that case, I don't mind saying there's only one thing I've really become accustomed to here. That's the *Sauerbraten.*"

Carol stretched her legs out comfortably. "You make me feel among friends," she said.

"Of course there's this difference: After a couple of years you begin to realize there's nothing much you can do about things that rankle. So you try to forget them, and dream about home. I'm going home, by the way, the first of the year."

"Really? For good?"

"I hope so. I've had six years in foreign capitals—Lima, Rome, Budapest, and Berlin. They're giving me a job in Washington—something in the Department of State. Every time I think about it I want to run out and get drunk. . . . I kind of like Americans."

"Why," mocked Carol, "haven't you heard they're rough and uncouth and uncultured?"

"I like 'em."

"Their country is full of racketeers and corrupt politicians."

"I'm crazy about them."

HE swung into a street in which black-shirted guards stood at every door. Carol straightened, startled. Her smile faded. To stare at these black-clad men, their uniforms relieved only by scarlet arm bands on which swastikas blazed, gave her a sudden sense of seeing the heart of Germany.

"This is it," said Kenneth Delane casually. "Columbia Haus. *Schutzstaffel* headquarters."

As they left the car to enter the building, Carol felt a queer constriction of nerves. On all sides the black-uniformed men watched her. Kenneth, ignoring them, led her to a desk, spoke to an attendant, and five minutes later they were climbing stairs to interview an official.

"Herr Deckart is an old friend of mine," Kenneth assured her. "He's been with the N. S. D. A. P. since its beginning."

"The N. S. D. A. P.?"

"The official name of the party. *Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei.* They discovered it's lots easier to say Nazi." Following an attendant, they reached the upper floor. Here Kenneth took her arm and whispered against her ear, "Get ready to see how Germany works. And remember that from now on everything you say goes down on paper . . . to be used when and if necessary."

How will Germany "work" on this American girl's mission to find an enemy of the Reich flung into a concentration camp? Is Carol putting her head in the lion's mouth? Will it affect her freedom, and Eric's? Next week's Liberty will lead you down dark, strange trails.

A heart-gripping true tale of dark adventure and an amazing colleen from the U. S. A.

TORNADO IN SKIRTS

BY KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

I FIRST met Peggy Brandon when she reached Harar, Ethiopia, after driving—all alone—through miles of country that was still infested with bloodthirsty tribesmen. A bunch of us war correspondents met her. She was a slender blue-eyed blonde, pretty as a picture despite the dust, and feminine as the Rue de la Paix. Her rifle showed signs of recent firing, and she told us she'd had to use it on a hyena. I grinned, for it was early afternoon, and hyenas don't wander around in the daylight. She smiled understandingly. The ice was broken, although she would tell me nothing more.

Later on, I got out of her the story of one of her previous adventures, in the West Indies. Here it is in her own words.

ONE night in Santo Domingo I took my pearl-handled pistol to a house party and left it lying on a table. This was just outside of Monte Cristi in the Dominican Republic, close to the Haitian frontier. Both countries were full of bandits. The whites went nowhere unarmed.

Stella Day, an old schoolmate, had invited me to Monte Cristi. Her husband, Frank, was a customs official. Most of the Guardia—Dominican Constabulary—officers were also from the States. I hadn't been there long before I fell head over heels in love with Lieutenant Barry Jackson, a big smiling chap from Montana.

He lived with another Guardia officer named Dave Rogers. Both of them saw a lot of Ralph Dennison. Ralph, also an officer in the Guardia, had just rented a new house. It was outside of town, and in a district where a bandit named Gonzales had recently butchered two families. Ralph pooh-poohed apprehensions and invited everybody to his housewarming.

It was a nice house. It sat in a big garden on the side of a little hill, with a beautiful view.

"But you'll get knifed some night," said Barry.

Ralph said, "Nonsense! Why, one of my outposts is right here, up the back trail. Watch." He walked out the back door and yelled, "Orderly!" In a few minutes a scowling black soldier came into the yard and saluted. His name was Sebastion. He said he was to be on post until twelve. Ralph dismissed him, and told us he'd had a lot of trouble with him.

The servants had been sent home. Dave was mixing rum cocktails. The last of the invited guests came in—two sugar planters named Fry and Mantoni. Then a captain in the Guardia showed up, an unpopular man named Smithers.

We started the phonograph and Ralph asked me to dance. I was hurt because Barry hadn't asked me first. After the dance, Barry avoided me! Then Stella drew me aside.

"This Smithers person has been talking dirt about you. Did you go riding with Ralph Dennison last week?"

"I did not. I met him by accident, just outside town, when I was coming back from a ride and he was returning from a patrol. We rode up the street together."

"Well, Smithers says you both looked disheveled."

It was getting late and the party was getting hilarious. Barry was playing leapfrog with Ralph on the front porch. They tumbled off into a big thorny bush.

Just then the telephone rang. It was Guardia headquarters. Gonzales and his band had been seen not five miles away.

"You're not going home tonight," said Ralph. "The girls can have my bed; I've got plenty of cots and mosquito nets."

"Got any iodine?" asked Dave. "Ralph's arms are bad enough, but that scratch on Barry's face is deep."

Ralph went and yelled, "Orderly!" When Sebastion appeared, he sent

A bunch of us correspondents met her. She was a slender blonde, pretty as a picture.

him for iodine. Smithers said he wanted to turn in. Ralph set up the cots in the living room. Barry dragged his out on the porch.

Then somebody started a dumb argument about who had the best gun. They set up a target against the wall out in front. For ten minutes there was a bedlam of shots.

The house finally quieted down. I hadn't undressed yet when I heard a door open. Then I heard somebody moaning out back. I stepped out there. A man in pajamas was sitting doubled up. It was Ralph Dennison.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Are you sick?"

He groaned, "That langouste salad! I need soda—"

Before I could move to get it there was a flash of flame from a hedge. Ralph was shot—right through the heart! I screamed, "Barry!" and ran into the house.

Nobody answered. I raced the length of the living room and screamed again. *And I ran past the table where my pistol had been lying all evening.*

In two more seconds everybody was up. Smithers, as the ranking officer, took charge. "Barry, you phone headquarters. Everybody turn their guns over to me—"

"You fool," said Fry, "*all* the guns have been fired! Have you forgotten about that target shooting?"

"Not all of them," said Smithers, giving me a dirty look. "Let's see Miss Brandon's gun."

Then I recalled that I'd been practicing with my pistol that afternoon and hadn't cleaned it yet. But I hadn't removed it from the table since my arrival. I said so.

"We'll let the commandant decide that," said Smithers. "When I saw you just now you were past the table."

It was nearly daylight when the commandant arrived. The bullet that killed Ralph couldn't be found. The only witness not a guest was Sebastion.

"The captain and Lieutenant Jackson had been fighting," he said. "They sent me for iodine for their wounds."

"They were fooling!" I cried. "You all know that!"

But they didn't. I had been the only one out there.

Nobody was put under arrest. The only thing the doctors could find out was that the bullet had been fired from a pistol at close range or from a rifle at a longer range.

All Santo Domingo was ablaze with nasty rumors. Some people thought I was the murderer; but the common belief was that Barry had killed Ralph out of jealousy.

"But how could Barry have killed him?" I demanded. "If Barry had come through the house, I'd have seen him. So would Smithers, the first man up."

That brought the commandant out again. He found that to jump out of Barry's bed and off the porch, run around outside the house, fire a shot, and get back to the bed took only twelve seconds. So Barry could have done it.

I still knew he hadn't. I wanted to tell him so. He wouldn't discuss it with me!

SOMETHING occurred to me. I said to Dave, "Do you remember Ralph telling us he'd had trouble with Sebastion? Just what did he mean by that?"

"I don't know," said Dave, "but I'll sure find out."

He did. Ralph had knocked Sebastion down. To a native, a blow is a mortal insult—and Sebastion had sworn to avenge it. The iodine had given him the idea: If he killed Ralph, the murder would be pinned on Barry. He skulked in the bushes until Ralph gave him his opportunity. Then we gave him every chance to escape.

The commandant ordered the arrest of Sebastion—too late. He had deserted—left an insolent message with one of his cronies that he was "glad he had killed the American pig," and fled into the mountains.

At least Barry was vindicated! I told Dave to ask him to please come and see me. Dave returned two hours later.

"Can't find him," he said. "He's gone. He left a signed resignation from the Guardia. The boys along the water front say a white man in civilian clothes bought a fishing sloop and started out alone—"

"Headed for where?" I gasped.

Dave shrugged. "Porto Rico or some place like that. Don't worry; he'll get over it and come back."

The revolutionists raided a town east of us. Smithers was already there; Dave went with his detachment. Frank was away on business, and that left Stella and me alone. Naturally, when I went to bed that night I put my pistol under my pillow.

Sometime in the night I heard a noise. Somebody was in the living room. The door from my bedroom was open but I couldn't see a thing. It was too dark, and my bed was covered with a mosquito net.

Something scratched—and my hair stood on end. It was a match; its light showed me—

A tall, murderous-looking black man standing beside the living-room table.

I raised my pistol and fired right through the net. He howled with pain and dropped the match. After what seemed like ages I got up enough nerve to flash my electric torch into the living room. I didn't see a body; but he might be in a corner.

Well, I had my gun. I went in there. He *was* gone—leaving a trail of blood through the open window. He proved to have been not a bandit but a burglar.

I was so disconsolate over not hearing from Barry that Dave took pity on me. Whenever his work took him to places he considered safe for a woman, he allowed me to ride along. One day we were riding up a trail that intersected a sugar railway. "Hello," he said. "What's this?" It was an engine, with steam up. We found the engineer and fireman—their skulls *split.*

"That's Gonzales' work," growled Dave. "Or Sebastion's. . . . Hey! Off your horse and into the cab!"

WE jumped—just in time. Bandits came running from both sides of the track. Dave dropped the first with a bullet; I winged a second. The rest hesitated. Dave started pushing levers around. The engine started—backward. We backed it all the way into the next town.

"Did that chap you winged look familiar to you?"

"Yes," I said. "It was Sebastion."

"I thought so. I know where his girl lives, and I'm going to have her house watched."

There was so much revolution in the air that "government prestige" was sunk. When Stella docked the pay of her houseman for deliberately breaking dishes, he knocked her unconscious. It happened that I rode up to the door just then with Fry, the sugar planter. The native was jailed, and the case became an issue. If a houseman might attack his employer, we would all be murdered in our sleep. But the commandant found that the only sentence he could give him was thirty days.

Something drastic had to be done. The boys drew lots, I heard, and Smithers got stuck with the ugly job. The authorities released the native. Smithers met him at the jail door with a gun and piled him into a car. His body was found in the sea a few days later. The atmosphere *was* more peaceful after that.

"In fact," said Dave, "if I can catch Sebastion, Gonzales may quit. How brave are you, Peggy? My men tell me he's in his sweetheart's house now. If he hears I'm just riding out that way with a girl, he won't bolt."

We rode ten miles out of town to a thatch-roofed hut. Dave said, "Your cinch is loose," and casually climbed off his own horse—to dash into the hut, pistol in hand.

Two shots. Then silence. Then Dave's voice:

"Quit stalling, Sebastion. Get up and walk."

Carrying Sebastion's rifle, he marched the bandit out ahead of him. A rifle bullet had punctured his hatbrim. He unloaded the Springfield and handed it to me.

"You'd better watch your prisoner," I said. "I'll never be able to use my pistol while I'm carrying this."

"Stop worrying," he said loudly. "Look! I'll bet you I can put every shot out of *my* pistol into the knot in that tree." And he started firing.

Sebastion must have counted the shots. Dave had fired one in the hut; he fired six more now. A service Colt holds only seven cartridges, and at the seventh explosion Sebastion darted toward the bushes. It happened that Dave's pistol was a Spanish automatic, holding eight. He plunked the eighth bullet into Sebastion's heart.

That night I discovered that Stella had been withholding from me something she had known for weeks. The body of a white man had been found washed up on the beach, a hundred miles down the coast. It was impossible to identify definitely—but it could only be Barry's. . . .

So I went to Europe. With a war going on, I thought Europe ought to be a big improvement!

THE END

A LITTLE WIDOW IS A *Dangerous Thing*

BY RUTH WATERBURY

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THERE are more than five million widows in this country today, adding together both real and Reno. There are 4,734,207 genuine widows, plus 573,148 manufactured by divorce. In fact, if all the widows in this country were laid end to end—but then, they never are.

That's just the trouble. A couple of seasons ago Reginald Forsythe turned out a tune called Serenade to a Wealthy Widow, and years back Lehar tossed off The Merry Widow, but otherwise we are practically forgotten women. Yet here we are, many of us with money, some of us with wisdom, and all of us yearning to get back into double harness again. For the no man's land in which widows find themselves is not of their own devising. Every woman knows that once you have been married you acquire a taste for husbands, and that, with all their faults, even a bad husband is better than none.

But is there any hope for five million of us getting rewed? I actually think there is—if we stand together. So—widows of the world—unite! Think what we could do if operating in one bloc—or block, for that matter! Only, merely as woman to woman, girls, you might as well know what you are up against before you start getting back into circulation. It's plenty.

I know whereof I speak, for I am a widow myself. I am even a widow twice removed, once by death and once by divorce. Currently, I live alone, but I don't like it.

The reason is simple. I like men. Like many women, I know how to adjust my life around a man's to make us both happy. What I have had to learn since widowhood, however, is to adjust my life around other women's, and the way I don't care for that could be cut up in slices and sold by the pound.

I married first when I was twenty. The boy was twenty, too. Our romance was one of those mad, impetuous things. Young, ignorant, uncertain regarding our future, my husband took up drinking and I took up crying, and we ended it as swiftly and dramatically as we had begun it, in a divorce court, after two melodramatic years.

The four years that passed until I remarried went by very quickly, and there always seemed to be plenty of men around. My second marriage was founded on a very real love, and I believe we could have been living happily together to this day had not the plane in which Bill was hurrying to keep a business engagement smashed up against a mountaintop.

Like happy wives since time immemorable, I thought only in terms of "us" and "ours." Now I had to go back and think in terms of "me" again. How I was going to go through the remainder of my life I didn't dare forecast.

In common with most widows, I thought that if I could get through the first few months the worst would be over. But that is not true. Your tragedy has created drama about you, and that same drama brings you an audience. Your friends flock around you, perfect angels, and your life in those first few trying days and weeks is immensely warmed by their great tenderness and kindness toward you. But sooner or later your drama becomes an old story. Your friends stop playing audience and relax into being their own natural self-centered selves, just as you would if the situation were reversed. It is then that the going gets tough for you. For the first time, you must face the fact that you are alone. You are in a spot—and a gloomy little spot it is, too.

Your initial impulse then is to kid yourself. You suddenly have the most violent yen toward rejuvenation. You listen, acquiescently, to the siren whisper of Miss Yvette that this light rinse isn't a dye, madame, but it will restore the natural color of your hair. You go in for bubble baths, rowing machines, and skin foods. You let yourself be alternately slapped and

Men, beware! Who knows what may come of this high challenge to those who live alone and don't like it?

smoothed. You wiggle your way into tighter girdles and giddier clothes. Then you bedeck yourself in your new toggery, and realize that you are all dressed up and have no place to go.

That is, unless you want to make an abandoned fool of yourself, for which you are now getting lots of opportunities. For your second shock of widowhood is to discover yourself in an entirely new classification with both male and female. Your best girl friends, all those cute kids with whom you went to school, have suddenly become "the wives" on you. Divorces being as easily come by as they are, and men liking to stray so well, even while you grind your frustrated teeth you realize why the girls are lined up in a solid phalanx against you, armed with their beaux and arrows. You have now become that social nuisance, "an extra woman."

But they are only the half of it. Their men, your men, present you with the dandy Hobson's choice of deciding whether you are going to be a rich victim (if you were left money enough): a certain hazard, or a complaisant tramp. If you have income enough, you most certainly can remarry; but otherwise are you going to be what is politely known as old-fashioned, or what is even more politely known as modern?

You suddenly begin getting calls from several husbands whom you had never before realized were even semi-detached. If you live in a small town, they propose automobile rides, among other things; and if you live in a big city, where anonymity is easy, they turn up at your apartment at the most improbable hour bearing slight gifts (a bottle of champagne is supposed to be the killer-diller) and wearing That Look. Then, if you tactfully determine against giving what your mother would have called Your All, he begins muttering as to what do you think you are anyway? After all, you have been married, and after all—

You let him go, knowing that the next time his wife asks you for dinner it will be an awkward evening, and after a bit you won't get invited there any more. For, in times like yours, one word to the wife from the husband is more sufficient than the whole five-foot bookshelf.

IF you have been left a goodly sum of money your danger is greater. I had an acquaintance who had married at eighteen and whose husband died when she was forty-eight. In other words, she had never had much girlhood; and as her husband was one of those business tycoons, she had never seen very much of him, either. When she was left with two million dollars, she knew about as much about living as an Easter bunny.

She decided upon a world cruise as a way of forgetting her grief, and one night, just after the boat had first reached tropic waters, she met the loveliest boy. He came up to her on deck—a very distinguished slim figure in his evening clothes—and with the most charming shyness asked her if she would dance with him. She said, Oh, he didn't want to dance with an old lady like her, did he? Whereupon he said that he hated those thin young girls, and besides, he didn't consider the thirties old. They had four dances after that, and finished off with five cocktails in the bar afterward, and she stumbled into bed at two in the morning, less tired and more happy than she had ever been in her life before.

Before they had got to the Mediterranean she knew all about him—or thought she did. She knew how he had thrown his cap over the moon by coming on this expensive trip. He couldn't afford it. When it was over he would have to return to New York and get a job as a shipping clerk or something. But meanwhile he didn't care. Even if he couldn't be a poet on paper, he said, he meant to be a poet of life.

One of the things in him for which she adored him was his respectability. He said he believed in marriage. That was one of the big reasons that he quarreled with most of the girls of his generation. They weren't virtuous. They didn't want to wait for marriage. But he couldn't do otherwise. And so saying, he'd jump up and pace the deck a bit, and then return to her side, seemingly disturbed but fiercely under control.

The evening that they returned from their journey down into the Valley of the Kings to see the royal tombs, he asked her to be his wife. She was so touched she had to tell him the truth. She said that she had two sons who were somewhat older than he was. He said, well, he simply didn't believe it, no matter what she said, and what of it? Love had happened to them, and who were they to question miracles?

As they were heading east toward San Francisco, he suggested they be married on shipboard. It would be such fun. She threw an enormous party and held her head high so as not to notice the questioning glances of the jealous women passengers. The captain read the service, and everybody had a wonderful time. She was in such a glow that she hardly noticed when he asked her to sign a paper he had drawn up giving him an income from her estate for life. He said he knew she would understand. Since she did have adult children, they might get difficult. They might try to separate them and take her money away from her, and then where would he be? Because she was herself a bit afraid of how her boys would act when she told them about her marriage, she signed the paper. It seemed a simple thing to do to make her new husband happy.

Just outside San Francisco, he proposed that they disembark and go overland to New York. Accordingly, they left the ship and went to a hotel to rest between trains, while he went out to buy their railroad tickets. That was the last his wife ever saw of him. But she heard from him, through her lawyers. The document she had signed was foolproof. It said she was to give him $10,000 a year, and so far she has had to live up to that.

This is an extreme case, of course, brought on by the tempting amount of money involved; but it does go to show that nothing so clouds a woman's vision as the wish for love—and widows should proceed slowly accordingly.

YET, just because of these too wise and too foolish men who seek you out for various reasons, you mustn't react too far to the right and begin consorting with those dull discouraged manless women who infest tearooms. So right here is where you have to begin adjusting yourself to the lucky woman's world. Shift into a new technique, the reverse of the one you learned almost instinctively of making yourself necessary to men. Now you must make yourself necessary to women—but married women with homes.

Right here is where widows need to unite on a program. Don't go into that exclusive "extra woman" class, which chiefly is composed of the women who haven't had sufficient female attractiveness. Right here you have to plot your stratagems, and the most important of them is to court hostesses as you never courted any man in your life. You have to work from ambush, of course; but you're used to doing that with men, anyhow. Don't enter any girl's home looking more seductive than she does. Listen, with dripping sympathy, to the awful trials of getting the correct chops from the butcher and the ultimate in governesses for little Betty. Don't even whisper your own troubles, but get a load of dirt on everybody else and retail that for all you're worth. Nothing aces you in so much with the girls as a good firm hate on some other female.

Gradually this will get you invited right into their homes, and once there, don't just sit back and take things. Be a worker. Plump pillows, plan menus, weed gardens—it doesn't so much matter what you do, so long as you do something helpful. The method isn't infallible, but the chances are excellent that the hostess' husband will eventually bring a free white man home with him, a nice man, that occasional widower or one of those too rare single men. They do exist, you know. In fact, there still are two and a half million widowers in this country. There are also three million more men who have never married than women who have never married. And if you add them all together you get five and a half million possible husbands, or more than enough to marry all us widows.

Hence this notion, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that if we widows stand together we probably can snare most of them. We widows should stand together, even though we privately reserve the right to fall separately when the right man comes along.

THE END

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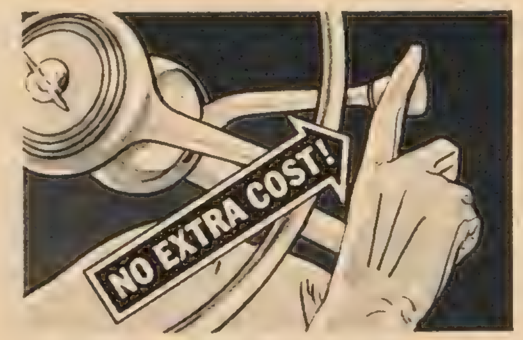
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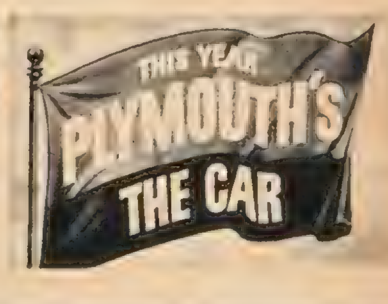


Romance in the circus! A thrill-a-minute tale of laughter and peril and love

GORILLAS

BY ROGER GARIS

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IT was utterly impossible that Anson McHarckle should fall in love with Rita King, for Anson was a tall, rather gangling young scientist, an expert on anthropoid apes, and Rita was a trainer of big cats in a circus. Yet he did. He was quite shocked when it happened.

Anson had been hired by the Clark and Rich Combined Shows to do publicity on Goliath, the gorilla. He took the job because he needed the money to carry on his researches. Clark realized the value of having Goliath introduced to the public by a more or less distinguished scientist—Anson was the author of Anthropoid Apes and Their Relation to Man, which had been read by at least three hundred persons—and his perspicacity was rewarded by page one newspaper stories when the circus opened in New York. Within a month there were Goliath razor blades, Goliath suspenders for manly men, Goliath cocktails.

To Anson the circus and circus people were entirely alien. He didn't know how much audience appreciation means to a trouper. He didn't know the heartsickness that can come from failure. And he certainly did not know Rita King as the others in the troupe knew her—a kid that had had a pretty tough time of things, and now, at twenty-two, had almost reached the top in her profession.

He was watching the gorilla behind the glass of the air-conditioned cage when Rita approached him after the show. His attention still on Goliath, he said: "Hello, Miss King. Did your act go well tonight?"

"Oh, it went splendidly," Rita answered. She gave a short laugh. "I hope your friend enjoys good health this summer evening?"

"He doesn't," Anson replied in a worried tone. "I'm afraid he's contracted a cold. Anthropoid apes are particularly susceptible to respiratory infection, you know. I must caution Carl to wear a gauze mask when he feeds Goliath. He sneezed yesterday."

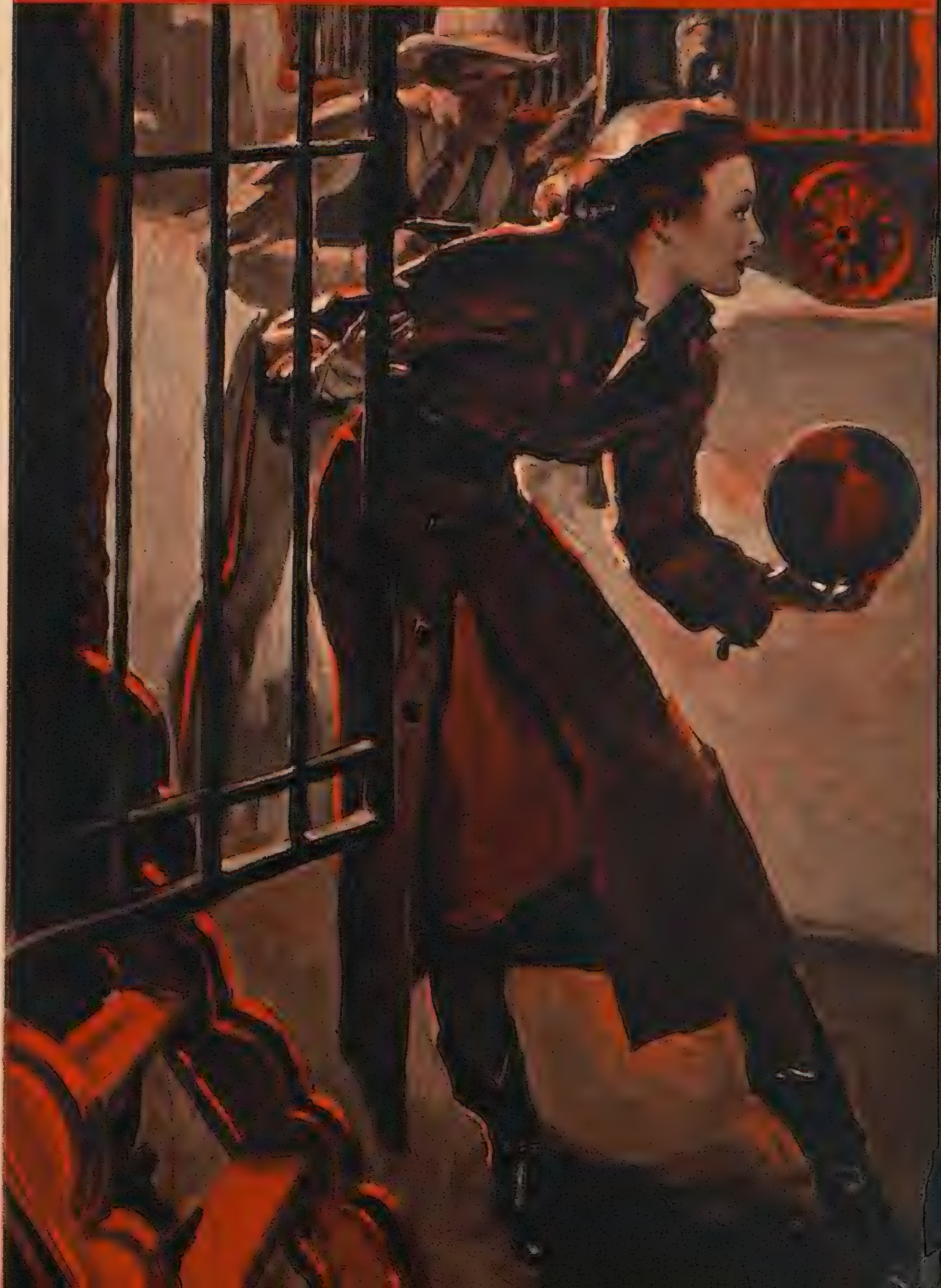
"Do tell," Rita said, and bit her lip. "It would be awful if the little fellow caught a respiratory infection. Would you give him hot lemonade and a mustard foot bath, and perhaps read him to sleep?"

Anson laughed. But when he turned and saw Rita's face—and many men before him had turned for that same reason—he cut the laugh short. Her brown eyes were blazing and her lips were pressed together.

Anson said slowly: "You don't like Goliath, do you, Miss King? Would you mind telling me why?"

"Like him? I think he's wonderful. He's marvelous!" Her voice rose. "Listen. Do you realize what your gorilla publicity has done to my act? Did you hear the hand I got tonight? As though every one had on mittens. They want me to finish up and get out of the arena so they can see Goliath. I am the only girl who can work lions and tigers together . . . and I'm given the go-by for a gorilla! A sweet spot to be in, isn't it, Mr. Anson McHarckle?"

Anson stiffened. "I don't see why you should take that attitude, Miss King. After all, Goliath is an unusual exhibition. This is the first time any circus has presented



ILLUSTRATED BY

CARL GODWIN

to the public the animal which, next to man, is highest in the scale of evolution. By observing Goliath closely we may be able to learn—"

"And my act is just a curtain raiser?"

"Your act is sensational, but not educational," Anson said dignifiedly. "It is based on trickery and fear. You have convinced the beasts that you are stronger than they are, which is not so. You rule them because of an illusion on the part of the animals."

"I see," Rita said, nodding her head. "It doesn't matter that I spent years learning how to handle the cats. I've got some neat little souvenirs in the small of my back where an illusioned tiger dug his teeth in. It doesn't matter that I risk my life every time I go into the big cage. Comes the gorilla—and I take a place with the midgets and the chariot race. Oh, I have a lot to thank you for, Mr. McHarckle. But do you mind if I save it?"

She stood there with her flushed face uptilted and her dark hair in little tangles and damp from perspiration where it touched her forehead. Anson's heart began to act very peculiarly.

"Miss King," he muttered—"why, Miss King, I had no idea that—that you'd be jealous of a gorilla—"

"Jealous of a gorilla! Jealous of—" She stared at Anson as though he were something the tent men had left behind when they pulled stakes. Then she swung about, and walked away fast.

Anson watched her go, feeling more and more peculiar. Then his legs were moving, carrying him along.

I'm following her! he thought wildly. My heaven, I'm following her! He stopped short.

Rita, he told himself, was not only not the type for him—her parents having been circus people and Rita never having known any other life—but she was vain, illogical, and entirely too domineering. They belonged to different worlds. When he finished this season he would be able to go back to his own.

He began to lose weight and sleep. A desperate, haunted look was growing in his eyes. He seemed headed for a first-class nervous breakdown.

Then, at Kansas City, it happened.

The audience was applauding Rita's act for the first time in many weeks. Anson, watching from the side—he had been doing that every performance since Des Moines—felt a thrill of happiness. Perhaps, he thought, she'll be different after tonight.

The climax had been reached. Bertha, a tigress, and Maximilian, a lion, were to fake a fight, and Rita was to leap between them and quell them by the power of her glance.

Clark had never liked this part of the act. Too dangerous. But it was a crowd pleaser, and Rita had insisted on it, especially since the advent of the gorilla.

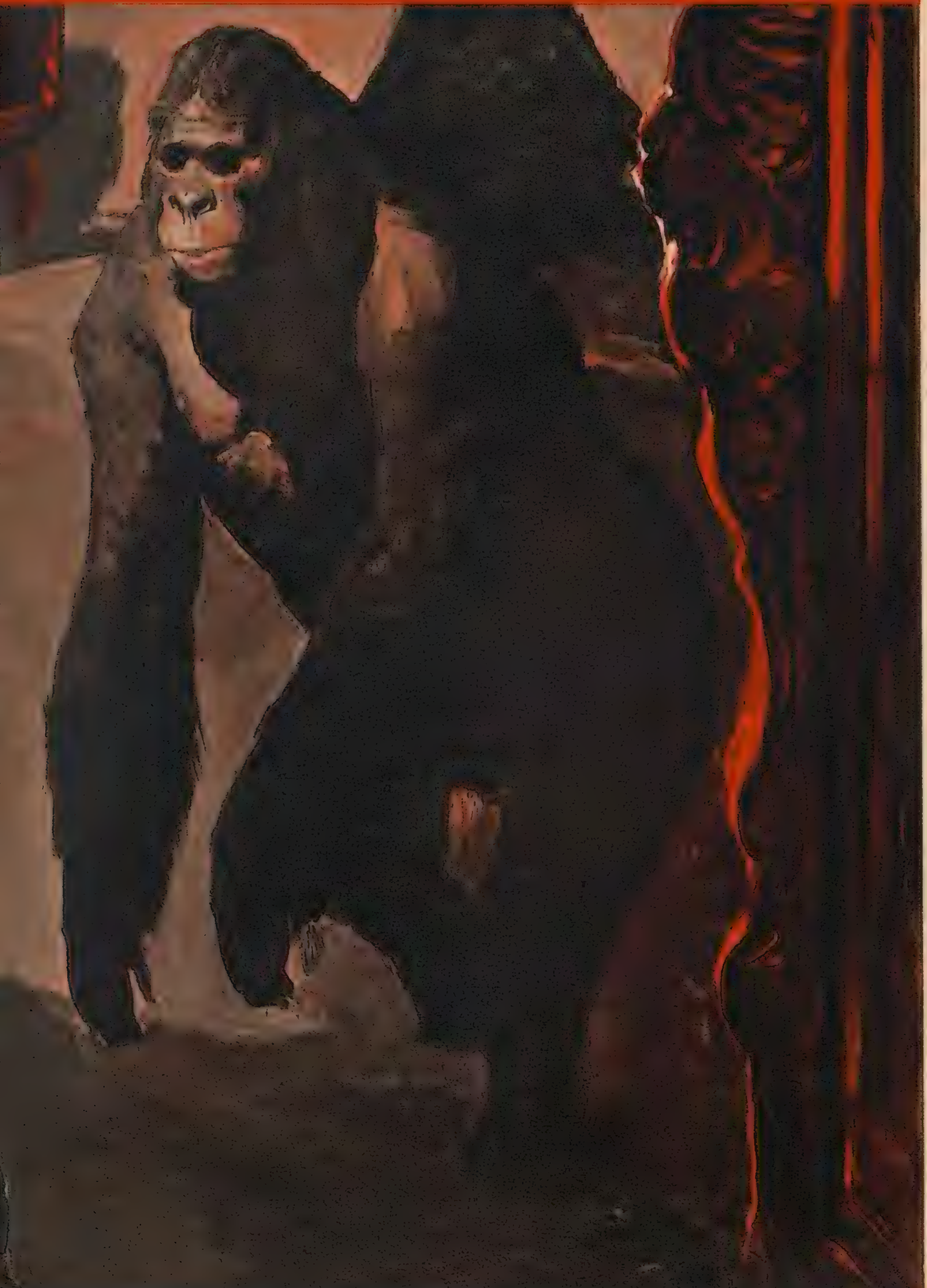
Bertha and Maximilian were to go into their scuffle as Rita turned to fire a blank at Pinkie, who was supposed to be slow in getting on his pedestal. That was their cue—the revolver shot.

Everything went smoothly until Maximilian growled at Bertha. That was Bertha's signal to take a cut at the lion, and Rita's cue to leap between them. From her position Bertha couldn't quite reach Max with her claws, but she was supposed to try.

Tonight her paw lashed out as Max growled. Then, instead of remaining on the pedestal, she leaped. Her body struck Max's platform, tumbling him to the ground.

The animal men grabbed their pikes. Anson ran toward the cage. The audience began that throbbing murmur which is the forerunner of panic. Rita shouted: "Keep quiet!" and instantly was between the animals, waiting until Max turned so she could give him a few blanks in the nose, where the powder would sting most. Bertha stood quietly, her tail switching.

aren't People



Rita took the ball, offered it toward Goliath. The gorilla blinked—but did not come for it. "Catch!" Rita said. "Catch!"

"I'm Not Alone in This" *said the midnight muncher*

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Max's scramble brought him facing Rita before she had a chance to level the gun. He edged toward her, and she stepped back, and brought the gun up. Max halted near her, and then she fired. The lunge of his paw may have been an involuntary reaction, but it spun the gun to the ground and drew five bright red lines neatly along the back of Rita's hand.

Anson and the others were pressing against the bars of the cage. Anson cried: "Rita—Rita!"

She said evenly, "Don't talk. I'll take care of this. Get back from the cage."

The rest of the animals on their pedestals were moving uneasily and growling. Bertha, behind Rita, was crouched with her belly against the sawdust, waiting. Max was not entirely out of control, but Rita's next move would determine his action.

CASUALLY Rita inserted her injured hand inside her gold-and-scarlet coat. "Max," she said sharply—"Max, what's the matter with you?"

At the sound of her voice the lion growled warningly. Rita did not move. There was a second gun on a table, but it was out of her reach. A few feet away was a chair, and on the ground, near this, a whip.

"Max," Rita said again, "back on your stand! Back!"

The audience began to applaud. They thought this was part of the act. Max growled and Anson saw the girl whiten.

"I'm coming in," he said loudly.

"No—they'll kill you! Stay out—"

Max was moving forward. His tail switched angrily.

Anson said, "I'm coming in." He grasped the latch of the steel-barred door, stepped into the safety section, and then into the cage itself. Max turned his head slowly, shaken from his purpose. Bertha, still hugging the sawdust, gave a little snort of displeasure. The applause had ceased now. There was a thick, restless silence.

"Max," Anson said softly. "Good old Max."

A challenge sounded deep in the lion's throat. He looked again toward Rita. She swayed slightly. Scarlet was spreading over her coat from her injured hand.

"Step behind me," Anson said tensely. "Quick!"

"I can handle him! This is my act! Max won't—"

Anson saw the hindquarter of the lion lower, the front paws spread ever so little. With one hand Anson yanked Rita toward him as Max leaped, landing on the spot where she had been. With his free hand Anson opened the door of the safety compartment and thrust Rita in ahead of him. The door clanged shut between them and the animals.

The audience broke into applause and yells. The attendants rushed forward. The animals were milling about, but not fighting. One of the men opened the slide leading to the enclosed runway. Bertha was first to go into the tunnel. The rest followed, snarling, Max last.

Anson was standing a bit apart from Rita. His eyes were fixed on the darkening scarlet of her coat. "Rita!" he gasped. "Rita—your hand—it's—"

Clark reached them. He was shaking. "They told me—"

Rita took a quick breath and steadied herself. She glared at Anson.

"This fool," she said savagely, "spoiled my act."

Anson started. He gazed at her in amazement. "I thought I was—"

"You thought!" Rita cut in. Her voice was taut. "You broke up my act just when I was getting the audience. I could have handled Max. It was you coming into the cage that made him jump on me. In another minute I would have had him back on his pedestal, and the people would have forgotten all about your pet ape! They'd have given me such a big hand that—that—"

"Rita!" Clark muttered, shocked. "No arguments! Not here! Come inside! You're hurt. . . ."

"Never mind that," Rita said fiercely. "I want you to tell this—this stupid gorilla fancier—"

Anson said slowly: "There is no need for that. You're right, Miss King. I have been a fool. In your language, a crackbrained nitwit. I couldn't believe the truth—that you were really as selfish, as childishly dependent on applause, as stupidly conceited as you seemed to be. I thought it was a pose—to conceal the person you really were. Yes, I've been a fool all right!" He stepped toward her. "There's just one more thing I'd like to say to you—"

Rita stared at him defiantly. "What?"

"Thanks," Anson said, and turned from her. The group opened to let him through. He did not see Rita stumble toward Clark, then slump to the sawdust.

ANSON did not go to see Rita while she was in the hospital. He asked Clark how she was getting on, and when the man said there was no infection, Anson simply nodded and walked off.

His interest in Goliath's publicity took a sudden spurt. He arranged for one of the heavyweight boxing contenders—known as the Galway Terror—to pose in fighting stance close to the glass of Goliath's cage, and had the press photographer shoot the picture. When the bars of the cage were painted out, it appeared that the man and the ape were squared off. The picture made the sporting pages of almost every paper in the country.

Rita read the story the day after she left the hospital, while they were on the train on the way to Dallas. Her hand was still bandaged and her face lacked its usual color and vivacity. Anson happened to be walking through the car as Rita looked up from the paper, and their eyes met. A tinge of red crept into Rita's cheeks.

She said: "Clever idea, Mr. McHarckle. Congratulations." Her voice was not quite steady.

"You mean the story?" Anson asked lightly. "Yes, I thought it was a pretty good idea myself."

Rita looked at him. Suddenly: "I want to apologize for what I said—outside the cage the other night. I was upset, I guess—"

Anson's laugh sounded entirely free, unforced. "I'd forgotten all about that. Funny, how things matter for a time, and then suddenly they don't matter any more."

Rita tried again. "I just wanted to tell you—"

"You told me," Anson declared. "In fact I've never been told quite like that before. It was rather refreshing, Miss King, after the first shock."

He was grinning as he went on down the aisle of the train to a seat in the rear. He stretched his legs and drew out a cigarette. He lit it, blew forth a great cloud of smoke, gazed out the window, and started to whistle softly.

THEY had bad luck at Dallas. A heavy rain transformed the circus grounds into a sea of mud. Much as he hated to lose a performance—which had not occurred in two years—Clark was forced to cancel. Dallas was a two-day stand, so the troupe prepared to spend the night in the train.

But animal trainers are restless when the animals are restless, and it was some time after nine o'clock that Rita, garbed in a man's slicker much too large for her, left the train and took a bus to the circus grounds. She fought through the storm across the lot to the menagerie tent. The animals were roaring petulantly. Inside, she removed her dripping hat and shook the water from it. It was then that she saw Anson. He was leaning against the cages, scraping mud from his shoes with a stick. They were alone, except for Carl Renner, who was at the far end of the tent making his tour of inspection.

Anson glanced up, muttered: "Hello," and bent again to his task. Rita said: "Hello," and, after a moment: "I suppose you came to see how Goliath is standing the storm?"

"Yes." Anson gazed directly at Rita. "I'm not keeping you from whatever *you* came for, am I, Miss King?"

Rita colored. "All right, if you're going to be that way—" she began, then stopped. "Excuse me," she murmured. "I've no right to be angry with you, have I? No matter what you say. Look, Mr. McHarckle. While I was in the hospital I did a lot of thinking—you know, lying there with nothing to do but think—"

She waited. Anson glanced away from her. Rita went on, a note almost of desperation creeping into her voice: "The nights were terribly long. I've been in the hospital before, but the nights weren't so long the other times. Why, do you suppose?"

"Maybe it was because you were

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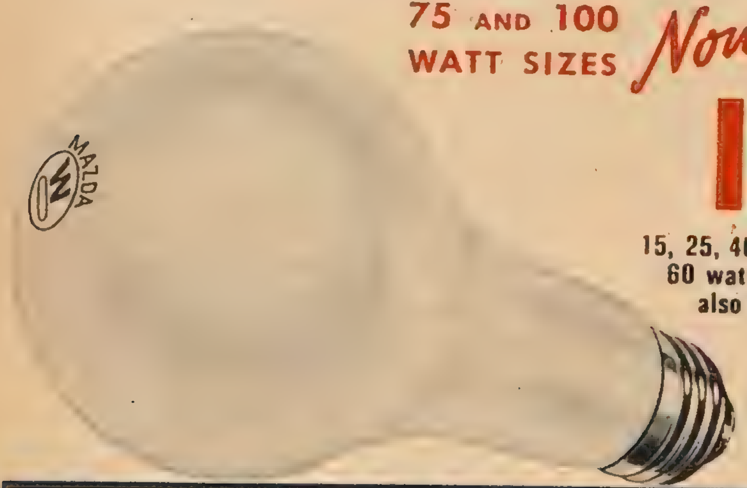

Westinghouse MAZDA W LAMPS

getting good press notices then," Anson said clearly. "Now, if you'll pardon me, Miss King, I'll pay my visit to Goliath." He started past her.

"I have to visit my cats, too," Rita said too loudly. "I'll probably have to get acquainted with Max all over again."

"He got disillusioned for a few minutes, didn't he?" Anson flung over his shoulder. "But I imagine you'll put him in his place again soon enough. You're pretty good at that sort of thing."

Rita had taken a few steps after Anson. Now she halted. "If you want it that way, I'm satisfied!" she exclaimed. "I wanted to be friends with you. I tried to tell you I was sorry for the way I acted, but I guess you don't care. I'm only a circus trouper. You're a scientist all right. Let's leave it at that. Only you did like me for a while, didn't you? In spite of yourself. And I—" Her voice broke. She leaned against one of the cages. She whispered, as though to herself: "What difference does it make? What difference does anything make?"

Anson did not hear the last. But he sensed her sudden weakness from the way her voice died out, and swung about sharply.

"Rita!" he said, and started toward her. "What is it? What's the matter?"

There was a sudden commotion in the rear of the tent. Carl, his arms churning wildly as he ran, was shouting: "Out! He's out! The gorilla is out! *Gott im Himmel,* Goliath, he is out of his cage! He rip the bars loose—he smash the glass—"

Anson grabbed at the man's arm. "Goliath isn't out of his cage. He can't be. It's impossible."

"So?" Carl glared at him. "I tell you he is out. He pry loose the bars from the bottom—it must be that he has been working on them for days, the storm scared him, and he—"

Rita had come running. Her face was flushed, her weakness seemed to have disappeared. She asked quickly: "How long has he been gone, Carl?"

"Not long—fifteen, twenty minutes. He is all right when I go around before. . . ." He wiped the sweat from his forehead. "*Gott,* this is terrible—a gorilla loose! People will go crazy if they find out."

ANSON began to speak, but Rita cut him short. Her voice was strong. "He may be still near here—animals do that, sometimes—stay near the cage, because of fright. We've got to try to find him. If we get him I'll take a chance on coaxing him into that empty tiger cage at the back. That'll hold him until we can reinforce it." She thrust her bandaged hand swiftly within her coat, as she had done in the big cage. "You two go the other way," she said. "If you see him, call to me. But don't frighten him."

"But he's really savage!" Anson cried. "It wasn't all publicity!"

"Suppose he is? So are my cats savage. We've got to do something. If we give the alarm, they'll know of it in the city, and people will be imagining gorillas are in every room! That's one thing your publicity has done, Mr. McHarckle!"

She ran from them.

When she came back into the tent, rain dripping from her hair, coat wrapped tightly about her slim figure, she was walking backward carefully, and the ape was lumbering after her, arms swinging loosely as the knuckles of his great hands pressed into the ground. She was saying softly: "All right, sonny. Come along, come along, sonny. You're all right. You're all right. You're out of the storm. Nice and dry in here, isn't it? All right, sonny—"

"*Gott!*" Carl gasped. "He is tame. She haf him tamed. No, I do not belief it. I—"

"Shut up!" Anson whispered fiercely. He seized Carl's arm. "If she can lead him to the cage—if nothing frightens him—"

Goliath's deep-set eyes were fixed on Rita as she coaxed him along, now and then halting momentarily and putting out a hand to him, as she might to a child. It was a strange spectacle. Goliath, five hundred and fifty pounds, "the most terrifying brute in captivity," following a slender girl. Frequently he would nod his head, as if agreeing with her. And once he sneezed.

"Poor boy," Rita said softly, keeping the even flow of her voice going. "Has he got a cold? Mr. McHarckle told me about gorillas getting colds. . . ."

They were almost at the empty cage now. Anson had opened the door. Rita called to him in the same low, even tones: "Get me something to throw to him. A ball—anything."

Anson looked around frantically. But it was Carl who discovered one of the balls used by the seals.

"Here—" he muttered. "What you want—"

"Hand it to me," Rita said, not daring to turn.

Carl obeyed. Rita took the ball, offered it toward Goliath. The gorilla blinked—but did not come for it.

"Catch!" Rita said. "Goliath, catch!"

And she threw it inside the door of the cage.

With a grunt of pleasure, the huge beast leaped after it. Rita, springing forward, clanged the door of the cage shut. But this precaution was unnecessary. Goliath was content. He sat upon the floor of the cage fondling the ball—and sneezing.

Rita almost fell against Carl, who had rushed to her. She looked at Anson, standing there staring at her.

"There's your gorilla," she said. "Safe and sound. Only he's got a cold—"

"Rita," Anson said—"Rita, you might have been killed. He might have torn you to pieces."

The girl began to laugh, a high-pitched, strained laugh. "You mean he might have gotten disillusioned? Like you. Just like you, Mr. McHarckle. You got disillusioned, didn't you?"

Carl, his arm partly about the girl, half supporting her, exclaimed: "Miss King—you are shaking! I think you are sick, Miss King! I think you should not haf left the hospital! I think it was too much for you, what you haf just done, after Max clawed you—"

Anson saw the girl's shoulders tremble. "Oh, I never get sick—I'm tough, didn't you know that? All cat trainers are tough. Anybody who falls in love with a cat trainer is crazy, isn't he, Mr. McHarckle? Because it's all based on an illusion—"

Her head fell forward slightly. Carl gasped: "Miss King!"

Anson stepped toward them quickly. "Get out, Carl," he said. "I'll take care of her."

He was close to her then. She was leaning against him, her body quivering as with a chill. One arm was around her shoulders. She was hugging her bandaged hand to her.

"I'm sorry—" she chattered. "Maybe I caught a cold— You don't have to take care of me, Mr. McHarckle. I can—take care of myself—I always have."

Anson looked down at her. "There's a limit," he said, "to everything. Listen to me, Rita King. I love you. Do you understand that?"

She raised her head. "Do you?" she whispered. "Even after—"

"Yes," Anson said firmly. "Even after. So it's all right for me to take care of you. Isn't it?"

Rita nodded. "Yes," she murmured.

"I'm going to get a car and take you to a doctor. I think you are suffering from reaction to severe mental strain, and from shock following your injury, and very possibly from exposure. That's why you are trembling. But that isn't why you thought so much in the hospital—that isn't why you said those things tonight, and on the train, about being sorry—is it, Rita?"

"No," she said, low. "That isn't why, Anson."

She was not trembling now. She rested against him quietly. Then suddenly she jerked away.

"Here," Anson said, handing her his handkerchief.

Rita took it, and sneezed. Goliath from behind the bars of the cage, glanced up inquiringly.

"Gorillas," Rita said, "aren't people. They've got more sense. He liked me being kind to him. I fought kindness. I wasn't used to it, Anson—"

His arms went around her.

Goliath sneezed again.

THE END

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

FASHION changes in hymn singing as in almost everything we women have to do with. No more do we lean heaviest on *Rock of Ages* or *Nearer, My God, to Thee.* Our preference now inclines toward hymns that convey a broader social message—hymns of brotherhood, they are called. Twelve thousand clergymen from churches of every Protestant denomination throughout the United States have picked the following as the three hymns most in demand today. First choice: *Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.* Second choice: *O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee.* Third choice: *O Love that Will Not Let Me Go.* . . . My information comes from a powwow I had with the Rev. Dr. William L. Stidger, who conducted the hymn survey along with his daily broadcast of inspirational talks and hymns—Getting the Most Out of Life—over NBC's Blue Network. . . . "Ninety-five per cent of our requests for hymn numbers," Dr. Stidger told me, "are sent in by women. They write us letters, saying our program has fetched a wayward daughter home, or cured a husband of excessive drinking, then ask us to sing a hymn of their selection. Youngsters ask oftenest for *Challenge—Are Ye Able?* Older people, particularly those who live in remote country towns, appear to cling to old hymns, such as *Bringing in the Sheaves* and *I Once Was Lost but Now Am Found.*" . . . One day each week Dr. Stidger presents a new hymn made up of his own verses set to music by Dr. James R. Houghton and Frank R. White. Sixteen thousand radio listeners have written in for free copies of the Stidger-Houghton-White hymn hit, *Judean Hills.* . . . At a rehearsal not long ago, Dr. Houghton jokingly told Dr. Stidger how some Iowa choirboys used to sing a certain hymn. Dr. Stidger laughed and forgot—or thought he had. You know how treacherously a play on words can remain in a person's mind.

Hours later, at the microphone, with thousands of people listening, Dr. Stidger horrified himself by announcing the hymn: *O for a SHIRT that Will Not Shrink!* . . . Do you know how he *should* have announced it?

☆ I think this true story from Florida will be appreciated by any woman who knows the despair of not having large enough clothes closets.

Last month a rich hospitable lady rented a Florida house for the season. Guests arrived with trunks full of gay apparel, and the hostess was soon obliged to crowd her own wardrobe into mere cubbyholes. In exasperation she cried, "For once in my life I'm going to have all the closet room I need!" Whereupon she phoned her real-estate agent and hired a second house near by—a whole separate house which she is using for no other purpose but to hang clothes in! Shamefully extravagant, no doubt, but oh, how satisfying it must be!

☆ When Carole Lombard sends flowers to friends, she always sends growing plants that can be set out in her friends' gardens. Her pleasing custom, although facilitated greatly by California climate, may nevertheless be followed almost anywhere as soon as spring arrives—which won't be long now.

☆ Swedish restaurants win more and more favor in America, and with their popularity comes a growing interest in recipes from Sweden. For a good hearty inexpensive dinner try this *Stockholm Brisket Roast:* . . . Buy 4 pounds brisket of beef. Have butcher saw through the bone in three or four places. Arrange brisket in pot with just enough water to cover. Boil up and skim. Add 1 onion, 1 bay leaf, 5 peppercorns, 1 carrot, 1 slice turnip. Cover the pot and simmer very slowly for 3½ hours. Take out the meat. Drain it and cool it, then brush it all over with melted butter in which 1 raw egg has been mixed.

Now dredge the brisket with dry bread crumbs seasoned with salt, pepper, and a pinch of thyme. Brown 30 minutes in hot oven. Serve with a thick sauce made from the beef stock and sautéed mushrooms. White navy beans, plain boiled, are the best accompaniment.

☆ To ladies who cultivate culture and art and all our most exquisite perceptions, I recommend Claude Bragdon's illuminating new book, The Beautiful Necessity. (Published by Alfred A. Knopf.)

☆ Three unimportant items of feminine news may entertain you in a casual sort of way. . . .

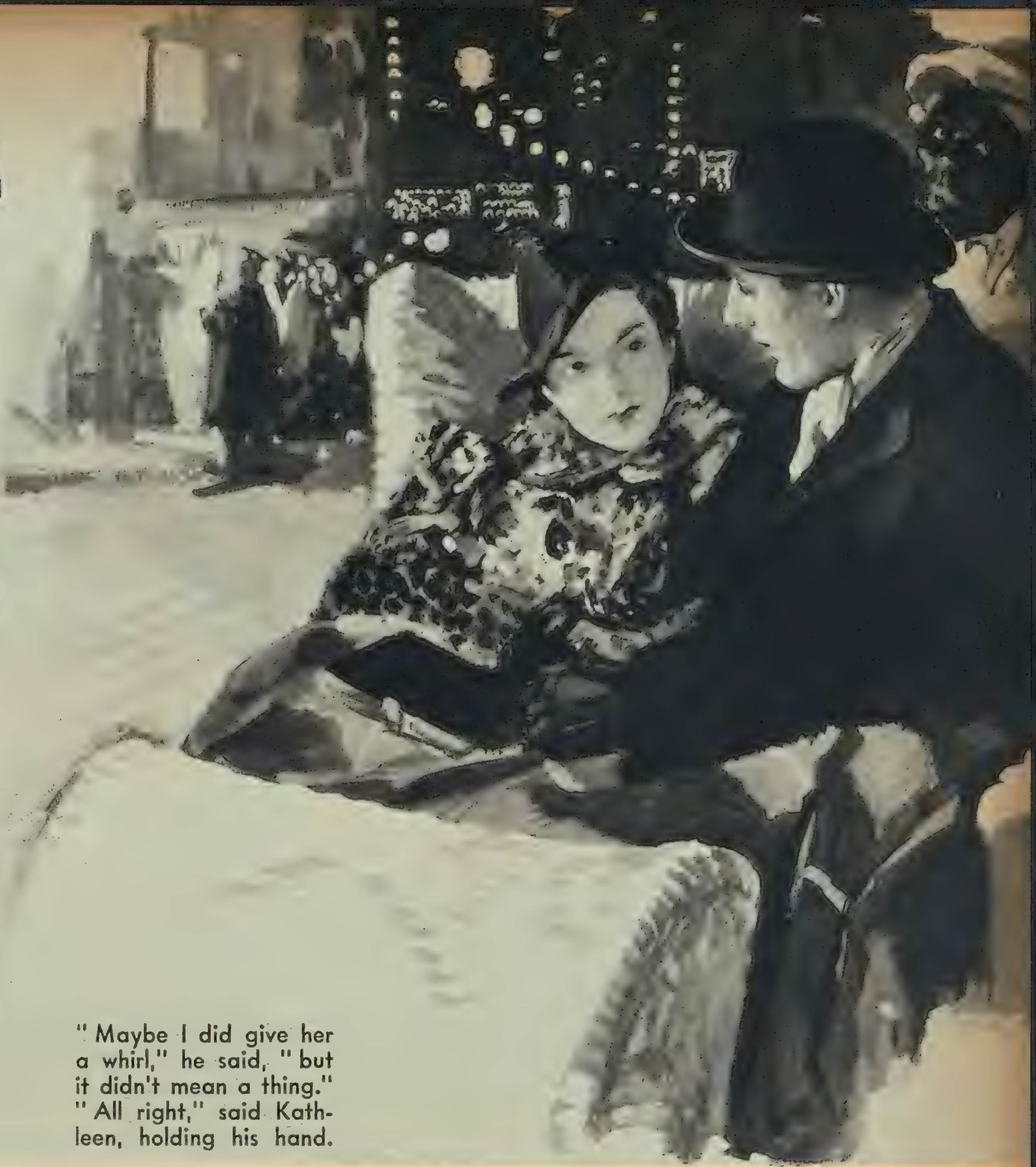
At a recent beauty contest all the girls wore gas masks. (Figure *that* out!) . . . A baby girl named Christina was born recently to a young wife whose widowed mother had just married her son-in-law's widower father. Little Christina is therefore her own papa's niece. (Now figure *that* out!) . . . Susan Kinnersley, another baby girl born some weeks ago, is the first female child *her* father's family has produced for five hundred years. (Imagine what a pampering Sue is going to have!)

"One mud pack coming up!"

REHEARSAL FOR *Love*

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER



"Maybe I did give her a whirl," he said, "but it didn't mean a thing." "All right," said Kathleen, holding his hand.

The past steps in . . . Are these two hearts suddenly heading for disaster?

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN Patrick Bell, a handsome, wealthy young contractor, becomes engaged to Kathleen Roberts, his personal secretary, he begs her to marry him at once. She refuses because her parents are away on a cruise. Molly Bell, Pat's blunt, round-faced Irish mother, backs her up. Pat, however, used to having his own way, does not give up hope of stampeding her into changing her mind.

Hannah Arnold, a dress designer for Eloise, Inc.—a fashionable shop run by a mother and son, Rosa and Sammy Davenport—is disappointed that the wedding is not to take place at once. She and Kathleen are sharing an apartment, and Paul McClure, a playwright and an ex-beau of Hannah, is a frequent visitor. Paul has fallen in love with Kathleen, and Hannah believes that only when her friend is safely married to Pat will she have a chance to win him back.

Kathleen knows little of Pat's life outside his office, and is even in the dark about much of his business, since she handles only routine matters, while Jim Haines, a gloomy, silent man, whose wife is in an insane asylum, is his confidential assistant.

On New Year's Eve, Pat and Kathleen go to the Jungle, a popular night club, to celebrate. Sandra, a blonde young singer, is the star performer. After her number she sees Pat and waves to him, and later comes over to his table.

"So this is the new girl friend," she murmurs, then turns to Kathleen and says, "Wish you joy of him. If you ask me, he's pretty much of a heel. And I should know."

PART SIX—CRUMBLING DREAMS

THERE was a brief, uncomfortable silence. Kathleen looked after the girl. She was very young. Eighteen? Nineteen? But her full mouth was harder than a nineteen-year-old mouth had any right to be, and the hair—so fair that it was almost white—had been skillfully touched up. Youth remained, however, piteous and touching, in the curve of the cheek, the tender nape of the neck from which the blonde curls had been brushed upward, and in the lines of the figure which would one day be a little plump, if Sandra did not watch her calories and deny herself champagne.

Kathleen turned her sober regard to Pat. He was smiling, but a slow color crept up under his eyes. He said jauntily, "Skip it—"

Excellent advice. Kathleen found herself remembering with astonishment how short a time she had known him and how little she knew of him. For her knowledge extended only as far as what she herself had seen and heard, and what her heart told her. The rest of his life, his existence prior to their first encounter, was utterly unknown to her, a sealed book except for those few chapters which every one might know. She shook her head as if to clear her eyes. She said quietly, hoping to heaven that she did not sound jealous or suspicious, and knowing with a sickening certainty that she was both:

"Tell me about her."

"There's nothing to tell," said Pat.

"But you know her?"

"Well, naturally."

"Well," she repeated slowly, "and naturally. I see. Of course, you know her—well."

He said, irritated, "Don't pick me up like that, honey. Nothing to it. I met her a year or more ago. She was in the chorus then, out of the Middle West, corn tassels in her hair. A cute little trick. I took her out a couple of times . . . three, four, maybe. After I met you I hadn't . . . time," he said, smiling, "or inclination. So that's that. And she's sore. You know how these kids are, always on the make for a free meal, a pair of stockings, what have you. It isn't personal at all except as far as her vanity is concerned."

Her eyes were the gray of a stormy sea. They regarded him steadily for a moment. He was leaning forward, earnest, anxious to hold her attention and her credulity. His heavy voice was pitched low and his blue eyes were anxious. He was as open as daylight, she thought, and as honest. She smiled suddenly and put her hand across the table and touched his. She said gently:

"Darling. I'm sorry."

His face lighted at once and he looked at her with pleasure and relief. He said, "It was that way—of course it looked pretty fishy . . ."

"No, it didn't, not really. Only"—she laughed—"Hannah would feel at home in such a situation, but I suppose I haven't been around much. Awful confession, isn't it?"

He said, grinning, "You were jealous!"

"I was," she admitted, "terribly. Just for a moment."

He said, "I love your being jealous."

His eyes were intimate and caressing. Kathleen flushed a little.

"I didn't like it," she said frankly. . . . She looked across the room and saw Rosa Davenport and her son in the doorway. She called and waved to them and, as they came over, "They're Eloise, Pat. . . ."

"Eloise?" repeated Pat blankly, looking at the approaching couple—Rosa, superbly gowned; Sammy drifting along in her wake.

WE'LL ask them to join us," said Kathleen. She was disappointed, but not sharply, that her evening with Pat was to be interrupted. Not as sharply as she might have been had not Sandra entered the picture. She felt ashamed of herself, let down. And although she tried to assure herself that she had something of which to be ashamed, she was not wholly certain.

Kathleen accomplished the introductions and invited Rosa and Sammy to sit down.

Rosa sank into a chair. She said, sighing, "I'm half dead. Sam has the oddest ideas of celebrating a New Year. Odd to me, at least. My idea of a real festivity is to go to bed with a book, a glass of milk, a carton of cigarettes, some very red apples, and a box of cream peppermints!"

Sammy waved his hands, which were, Pat saw to his horror, really beautiful. He cried:

"But we have to relax!"

"Mitzi relaxed," said his mother with a chuckle. "She relaxed all over the place. There were a million people in her dressing room. We shooed them away. She and Galbraith were coming here with us. But no, she had to go home first. To powder her nose, to change her frock, to telephone her mother in California. Heaven knows what. And all the people who had been in the dressing room turned up, too. It was awful."

"Mitzi?" asked Pat, looking from one to the other.

"Mitzi Lamvert," explained Sam carelessly. He turned to Kathleen. "I assure you," he said dramatically, "that if she puts on another pound I'll be forced to make her an entirely new wardrobe. Her present clothes were not designed for extra poundage. In the last act—you've seen it, haven't you?—in that white chiffon she looked like the neck of an ostrich which is eating oranges—whole!"

Rosa laughed. "Well, if she does gain, it's good for business." She regarded Pat with interest. "I've heard a good deal about you," she began.

Sam said, "Don't bother, darling. He's a bachelor. No wife to dress."

Pat looked at Kathleen and laughed. He said, "You can never tell when my status will change." He was gradually realizing who the Davenports were.

Sam looked at Kathleen, too. He knew who Pat Bell was, he made it his business to know who every one was. Besides, Hannah had been talking. He said:

"If I do say it as shouldn't, you look next door to divine in that little number. . . . By the way, after we left Mitzi's we went around to the Bubble and Squeak."

"What in the world—" began Kathleen.

"The new place," answered Sam patiently. "Very smart. Give it another month and it will be on top. Cecily Jane is singing there. British music-hall stuff. You see a good many people there . . . Hannah, for instance, tonight, ravishing in our Cherry Pie frock—and of course Paul McClure. They're probably still there. Why not join them?"

He had drunk a glass of Pat's champagne. No more. He was an abstemious young man.

Kathleen objected quickly. "But it's all hours!"

"Lord," said Sam, staring at her, "you don't intend to go home before breakfast, do you? Tell her it isn't done, Bell."

Pat had his second wind. The episode with Sandra had passed off very well. Damn Sandra anyway. She had threatened to make trouble for him if she could. But how could she? She hadn't a thing—not a bill, not a check, not a voucher, not, of course, a letter. She couldn't prove a thing. . . .

He felt vital and alive and ready for another four hours of merriment and clamor. He said, "How about it, Kathleen? Personally, I'm all for it."

SO they went to the Bubble and Squeak and found it almost full, despite the hour. McClure and Hannah were there, but not alone. Hannah, in her striped white-and-cherry-colored frock, wore a paper cap rakishly on her dark head. She looked pretty enough to eat. Paul was having a good time too. He had a rattle and was making plenty of noise.

Pat fixed the captain with his eye.

"A lot of tables," said Pat.

"I beg your pardon?"

"You heard me. A lot of tables. . . ."

Hannah was standing up, calling to them. In a very few minutes there were tables pushed together, and Pat found himself host to McClure and Hannah and their friends. "I can't introduce them," said Hannah confidentially, "as they seem to have joined us incognito. One is a duke or a housebreaker, I'm not sure which. The dark one's an ex-bootlegger. Very respectable."

Champagne. Caviar in blocks of ice. Something hot under glass. More champagne.

Sam and Rosa drifted away first.

"I can't take it," sighed Rosa. She looked at Hannah and said, "You shouldn't."

"Speaks the employer," said Hannah merrily.

She was a little drunk and enjoying it. She could forget when she was a little drunk how pleasant and friendly Paul had been all evening. She didn't want him to be pleasant and friendly, not to her. That wasn't his way when he was in love . . . not this kind of pleasant, smiling and amiable. . . .

Sammy went, and Rosa, but Hannah and Paul stayed on, and the incognito others who were having, they assured Pat earnestly, the time of their lives. . . . After a while the dark man whom Hannah had designated as an ex-bootlegger fixed Pat with a wavering bloodshot stare. He asked, "Haven't I seen you before, somewhere?"

"Two other fellows," Pat responded inevitably. "Well, why not? I get around."

"Somewhere special . . ." The wavering regard became meditative and glassy. He said, "I know you. You're Pat—Pat Bell. Big sewer-and-ditch guy. I met you at a free-for-all at Sandra's a year or so ago. How is Sandra?"

"Fine," said Pat evenly. "She's dancing at the Jungle."

"Good li'l' Sandra," said the other man sentimentally, "sweet li'l' girl. Crazy about her, myself. Didn't have a look-in with you around, you old so-and-so." He dug a sharp elbow into Pat's ribs.

Pat regarded him coolly. He said, "I haven't seen Sandra in some time until tonight."

"Tha's right," said the dark man, remembering. "I heard about it. . . . Been away South America. Came back here last week and ran into a dear old friend at a bar. Pal of mine, closer than brother. Can't think of the mug's name. Doesn't matter. . . . Anyway, I says to him, 'How's Sandra, pretty li'l' blonde girl, wouldn't give me a tumble?' And he says, 'Oh, Sandra's all right. She was pretty sore when her sweetie gave her the air. Wanted to drink iodine. But we said, "Don't drink iodine, nasty taste; have a Martini instead."'"

Pat was white around the mouth, and Kathleen looked sick. Paul, who had been listening intently, spoke. He said pleasantly, "Old man, I have a message for you."

The ex-bootlegger, or whatever he was, looked up, distracted. . . . "Poor li'l' Sandra," he murmured. "Like to punch your nose for you— What's your name again anyway?" he demanded, turning on Pat.

"Listen," said Paul clearly. "Some one wants to see you outside."

Hannah was talking to the alleged duke. Now she stopped and listened. The duke—who was a hardware salesman from Columbus—was listening too.

"Who—me?" said the dark man. "Lady?"

"Pretty lady," said Paul soothingly, "little and dark." He made curved gestures with his hands. . . .

"Like 'em pretty," said Sandra's friend, and staggered to his feet. Paul rose and took his arm and guided him with extreme skill from the room.

"Well!" said Hannah. She turned to her ducal companion. "Who in the world is he?" she asked.

That gentleman shook his head. He said, "I haven't any idea. I never saw him before tonight. We teamed up here and after a while found ourselves with you."

Pat said shortly, "He didn't know what he was talking about. Drunker than a coot!"

Hannah looked from one to the other. She asked curiously, "Am I speaking out of turn if I ask whether this Sandra is a person or a figment of alcoholic imagination?"

"She's a person," said Kathleen evenly. "An old friend of Pat. We met her just now in the Jungle. . . ."

Paul came back. He was smiling. Kathleen watched him make his easy way toward them. If he had been doing much drinking all evening, he didn't show it; he could carry his liquor as well as Pat. He was taller than most men and his lean fair-skinned face was singularly distinguished.

"It's all right," he said, smiling, reseating himself. "I found out where he's staying. I even discovered his name. He had business cards. Togs for Tots. Hannah . . . your bootlegger dream is over. Anyway I dumped him in a cab and sent him off to his hotel."

Kathleen said, low, "Thank you, Paul. . . ."

"A pleasure," he said cheerfully.

Pat was talking to the hardware salesman, and Paul said quietly, "I haven't wished you a happy New Year, Kate."

"Thank you," she said again. "It seems a long time since midnight." She looked very white and tired, and his heart ached over her and his fingers itched to—to—

But what was the use? If he wrung Pat Bell's neck or slapped his handsome face, where would it get him? He looked at Hannah.

"How about a little spot of home-going, Cherry Pie?" he inquired.

A little later they had said good-by to the hardware duke and Pat had paid the check. Then he was driving them over to the East Side. Kathleen sat in front with him. She did not speak.

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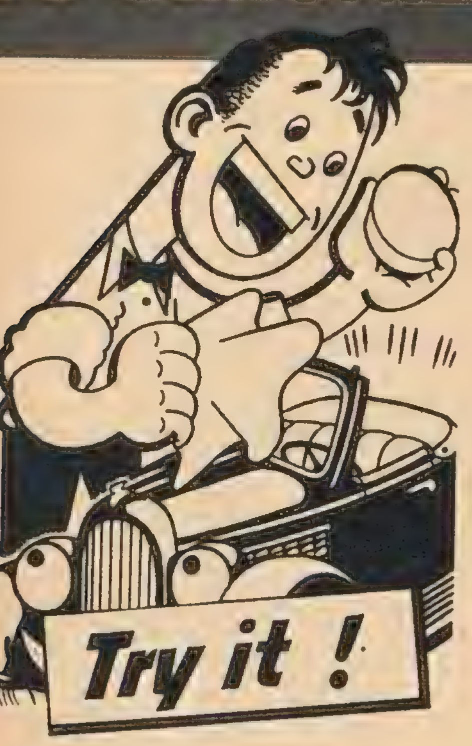

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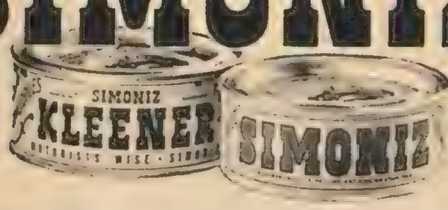

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a moment on the sidewalk in the gray light of early dawn. His eyes were anxious. He said, "You didn't really believe all that drunken—"

"I don't know what to believe, Pat," she said unhappily.

He said, "Listen—"

"It's late," she told him. "I'm so tired, Pat. . . ."

"I'll see you tomorrow," he said.

Tomorrow . . . was today. Friday. They were going off for the week-end with Carmela and Molly Bell. Driving to Atlantic City. . . .

She was in bed but not asleep when Hannah knocked at her door.

"May I come in?"

"Of course. . . ."

Hannah came. She curled up on the foot of the bed and pulled a comforter around her.

"I've stayed up past sleeping," she said, and lit a cigarette. "What time are you leaving tomorrow?"

"Oh, about two."

"Then you can sleep till one. Kate, what was it all about tonight?" She spoke gravely. "Is anything wrong—"

KATHLEEN said after a minute, "I don't know whether it is or not. Probably I'm being a fool." She told Hannah briefly of their meeting with Sandra at the Jungle. And of the explanation Pat had made. She said, "I was jealous, of course—she's awfully pretty, really, Hannah. . . . And the way she looked at him! . . . But I tried to believe him and succeeded, I think. And then, of all things, that garrulous drunk turning up at the other place. . . ."

"I didn't hear everything," said Hannah. "Begin at the beginning."

Kathleen told her as best she could. There was a little silence. Hannah said, "I wouldn't take Tots Toggery too seriously."

"But he knows her," said Kathleen; "he knew Pat—he remembered him."

"What of it? Look here, Kate, you love Pat, don't you?"

"You know I do—"

"Then what's all the shootin' for? You're over twenty-one. You can't think seriously that Pat suffered no entanglements before he fell in love with you?"

"Of course not."

"Then what of it? Suppose he did know her, better than he admits? Suppose, even, that Totty was correct in his implications. It's over, it's done with. Honestly, Kate, you don't mean to lie there and tell me that it would make any difference? I mean, if you demand a Galahad these days—or any day for that matter—you're going to be left on the mourners' bench," Hannah said, putting her cigarette in an ash tray.

"It isn't that," said Kathleen slowly. "I haven't thought much about the women Pat must have known before he met me. Naturally I realize he's had affairs. But if you had seen her eyes. And the way she said—"

"Forget it," said Hannah briskly. "She had lost out. A girl of that type will say anything. You needn't cheapen yourself by believing her."

Kathleen said, "Maybe you wouldn't understand. What I love most about Pat is his straightforwardness, his honesty, his simplicity. There's nothing complicated about him. He's just Pat. Lots of faults, lots of virtues, all honest. He loves people and good times. He's—I don't know how to say this, Hannah, it sounds awful and yet it isn't. He's a snob, in the most honest sort of way. I mean, he's impressed with the things he hasn't—an old name, an inherited fortune. He likes society with a capital S, as a kid who adores dressing up in uniforms and watching parades. He's utterly open about it, and I love it in him. I have told myself a million times if this is what he wants, I'll help him get it. He deserves it. He works very hard. He's good and generous and kind. And he hasn't grown up. This girl doesn't matter to me in the way you think. If he loved her, all right. He's out of love with her now and in love with me. But if he did love her, I don't want him to deny it. And I want to feel that when they split up, Hannah, they did it cleanly and decently and honestly. Can't you understand?"

She waited for Hannah's reply. But there was none. Curled up in the comforter, Hannah was breathing as quietly as a child. The cigarette still burned, a thin wisp of smoke in the ash tray beside her.

Kathleen shook her friend gently. "Wake up and go back to bed," she said.

Hannah woke and yawned. . . .

"Where—how— Oh, golly!" said Hannah in distress. "I ran out on you, didn't I? Did I miss much?"

"Not a thing," said Kathleen, laughing. "Go to bed, idiot."

Hannah unwound herself from the quilt and put her feet on the floor. She staggered across the room drowsily, her mules slapping. She said, "I drank too much. Well, another time we'll have a heart-to-heart. I just wanted to set you straight."

"I've set myself straight," said Kathleen, relieved. She felt better for her confession. Just as much so as if Hannah had listened. "Good night," she said. "I'll be all right."

PAT turned up at two the next day, and Kathleen was waiting, packed and ready to leave. He came upstairs to fetch her, and when she let him in—for Hannah had gone to friends on Long Island, and Amelia was off—she put her arms around his neck and kissed him sweetly.

"That's for the New Year," she said.

He had come in some trepidation. Now his face cleared like that of a child who has dreaded a scolding and finds that he has been let off. He lifted her clear off the floor in a vast embrace. Setting her down, he kissed her, not once but many times, holding her close.

They went downstairs and out to the car. Carmela was there, and Molly Bell. Kathleen kissed them both and got in front with Pat. The drive to Atlantic City was uneventful. They had charming rooms with great windows opening on the wide blue water. There was a big living room, filled with flowers, for them all to share.

It was a singularly happy week-end. Afterward Kathleen was to look back on it as one of the happiest times she had ever spent. A school friend of Carmela was at the same hotel with her family, including a good-looking brother. So they saw very little of Carmela. And Mrs. Bell discovered an acquaintance from the old days, bundled up in rugs, riding in a wheel chair. So they rode together, and Pat and Kathleen had a good deal of time to themselves.

They walked for miles. They bought each other silly souvenirs. They went to the Steel Pier and to the movies. They saw a hockey match. They rode in wheel chairs together, holding hands under the rug. The weather was perfect, serene and sunny with a snap in the air and the blue water creaming in.

THEY did not speak of what had occurred on New Year's Eve except on the very first night, when riding back to the hotel in the chair, he said, "Look here, darling. About Sandra . . ."

"Let's not talk about it now, if you don't mind, Pat. I—I do believe you," Kathleen told him.

But he said eagerly, "There was nothing. I swear it."

"It wouldn't matter," she answered, "if there had been anything. As long as you didn't lie to me. I couldn't bear that, Pat."

He saw the pitfall too late. He had lied. If he hadn't, she would have forgiven him and understood. Now he had to go on lying—or half lying. . . .

"A few drinks and some parties. Maybe I did give her a whirl," he said, "but it didn't mean a thing."

"All right," said Kathleen, holding his hand. "Look at those silly gulls, asleep on the waves. Greedy and noisy, aren't they?"

They had a little while alone together evenings when Carmela and Molly had said good night and they were left by themselves in the living room. She could lie in his arms then and feel their strength around her, and return his kisses.

"Why do you keep me waiting, darling?"

"Because I must. . . ."

He was always urging her, imploring. . . . "Your people will understand. . . ."

"Probably. But I can't let them down."

"Stay up a little longer, stay here with me. . . ."

"No, Pat. Good night, darling, good night."

Better that way, better that their engagement should be conducted, so to speak, at the office, in restaurants and theaters and night clubs . . . better that they shouldn't be too much alone together. Better for them both.

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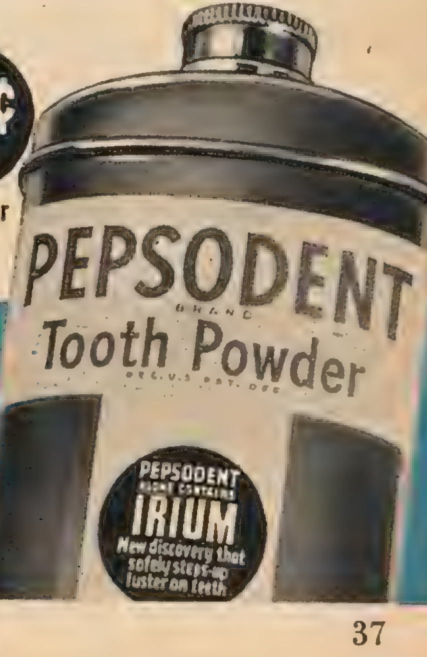

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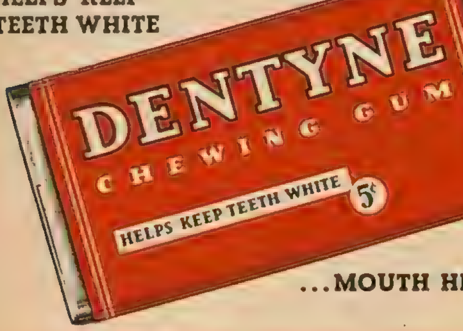

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They drove home after dinner on Sunday night, and on Monday she was back in the office and glad of it. Sadie said, when they lunched together, "I hear you were at Atlantic City."

"Now, where did you hear that?"

"It was in the paper of course. Social item!"

Kathleen laughed. She said, "I had an awfully good time. The air was marvelous. . . ."

"It's an open secret, really," said Sadie calmly.

"What is?"

"You and the chief. . . ."

"Sadie," said Kathleen, "look at me. If it's a secret, you'll keep it, won't you?"

"Sure. But people are talking. Haines is sore as a boil."

"Why should he be?" asked Kathleen indignantly.

OH, he hasn't minded the—" Sadie caught herself, flushing. "I mean," she went on, "he hasn't minded when the boss ran around a bit . . . this girl, that girl. You know how it is. But he knows this is serious."

"How does he know it?" asked Kathleen, smiling.

"He knows you, doesn't he?" asked Sadie in honest astonishment. "It would have to be serious."

"I think you mean that for a compliment," said Kathleen. "Thanks."

"You're welcome," said the dark girl. "Jim's a queer duck. You know why. He's wrapped up in the boss. Thinks the sun rises and sets in him."

"I felt he wasn't liking me much lately," said Kathleen seriously. "It's jealousy, then?"

"In a way," said Sadie. "I suppose Jim thinks you'll wean Pat away from all his cronies."

"Why should I?" asked Kathleen, astonished.

"You're different," said Sadie, "and the people you know. They'll be the people he'll know, see?"

"I see. Well, it can't make any difference. I am going to marry him, Sadie. But I don't want it announced before my parents return from Europe. Understand?"

"Of course," said Sadie. "Every one's pulling for you, Kathleen. They all like you."

Except Jim Haines, thought Kathleen.

She saw him the next day on her way out at noon. She stopped him, a hand on his arm, and he swung around, a tall overthin man with a pale twitching face.

She asked, smiling, "Got a lunch date?"

"No," he said, "but—"

"Take me, then? Fifty-fifty. I want to ask you something."

It wasn't the first time. When she had first come to work she and Haines had lunched together quite often, and she had taken her new problems of office routine to him and he had solved them for her.

"All right," he said ungraciously. When they were served:

"Jim," she said, leaning forward, "you've been very nice to me. You've helped me so much. . . ."

She had never before called him by his Christian name. He looked at her suspiciously under heavy eyebrows. He answered, "It wasn't to my advantage not to help you, Miss Roberts."

"I understand. But you've seemed hostile toward me recently." She looked at him with level eyes. "It is because of Mr. Bell, isn't it?"

He became very busy with his sandwich. He said, after a minute, "What makes you think so?"

"Let's not fence," said Kathleen. "I know the entire office has been speculating. I told Sadie the truth yesterday, and now I'll tell you. We're going to be married, but not until my mother and father come home. I can't have it made public before then. If they were to know I was engaged they would come home, and they mustn't."

"I see," said Haines. He looked a little gray and drawn. "Thanks for telling me."

"You're Pat's good friend," said Kathleen, smiling, "and so you should know. But I swore Pat to secrecy. It was my fault that he hasn't told you."

Haines' face was more friendly, and his small eyes, dark and sorrowful as a monkey's, lighted. He said, "I wish you both all the luck."

"I know you do. I want you to feel that—I don't interfere . . . that I won't. I'd never interfere in Pat's friendships. They mean a lot to him. He'll have them all his life. They're worth everything, his old associations and loyalty like yours. . . ."

He said, relieved, "Well, I don't know. . . . He deserves the best, of course, and you're that. But you're different from most of the—girls he's known."

PERHAPS Haines knew about Sandra. She kept her face very still. "Not different, really," she said. Then she managed to smile. "Just myself. I'll try to make him happy, Jim."

He looked at her a moment. He said, "Gee, it's too bad you have to wait. This big job coming off and all. . . . You ought to get married and celebrate."

"Job? Oh, the subway. But that isn't settled yet, is it?"

"It's in the bag. . . ."

"But the bids . . ."

"Next week. We can't miss. What do you suppose he's had Dan McClaren round so much for?"

Dan McClaren. City politician. Of course things were handled that way, she supposed, on jobs like these. Inevitable if distasteful. She knew very little about it. "Tell me about it, Jim," she urged him.

A new city subway. A big job, a long one. He added, "We'll underbid all right. If we didn't, it wouldn't matter. They read off the figures aloud, see? They can read what they please."

"But, Jim!"

He looked at her and his face became a mask. He said smoothly, "It isn't quite like it sounds."

But it was like it sounded perhaps. And he added hastily, "They won't have to, this time. We'll get the bid by a big margin."

"But how can we afford—"

He shrugged. "Lots of ways," he said.

There was only one way in which it would be easy, she thought. After all, she wasn't entirely stupid about the contracting business. Scamped materials . . . you had to make your profit, so you bid low and scamped on materials. She drew a deep breath. No, Pat couldn't. It wasn't in him to do such a thing. He could use political pull; every one did; there was nothing disgraceful in that. But he wouldn't endanger men's lives. Besides, there were inspectors . . . he couldn't get around them.

She said after a moment, "Jim, I don't know how to say this . . . you may be very angry at me. Believe me when I say I'm not prying or curious. I just want to be of use if I can. . . . If there is anything I could do for Mrs. Haines, to make things easier for her? Books, perhaps . . . does she read much? Or magazines . . ."

His face worked. He said huskily, "No, she doesn't read . . . I— Would you go see her some day with me? She likes to see people and she hasn't many friends who remember. . . . But I shouldn't ask you; it isn't very pleasant. Sometimes she doesn't seem to want me; she cries because I come alone."

"I'll go with you next time," she said gently, terribly sorry for him.

SHE forgot the subway job entirely, immersed in this personal and human problem. And went on forgetting it until two things happened. She picked up her telephone to place a call one morning. It was an extension of one of Pat's wires. She listened only a second and then set the instrument down carefully, her lips tight. She had heard something. Not much, for Pat was cautious. But enough—almost enough.

And the next day the wrong letter came to her desk and she opened it.

She was dining with Pat that night, quietly, at a place they both liked. He was in high spirits. Tomorrow the bids would go in. He said, raising his glass, "Here's to profit! What do you want out of it—a mink coat, a diamond bracelet?"

"What do you want, Pat?" she asked him.

She had been quiet all evening, but he had not seemed to notice. He answered, smiling:

"A nice long honeymoon with you, darling. Europe, Honolulu, anywhere you wish."

"Pat?"

"Yes, dear—wait a minute. . . . Did I tell you how lovely you are this evening? But sober. I miss that funny little dimple at the corner of your mouth. . . ."

"Listen, Pat. . . . This is seri-

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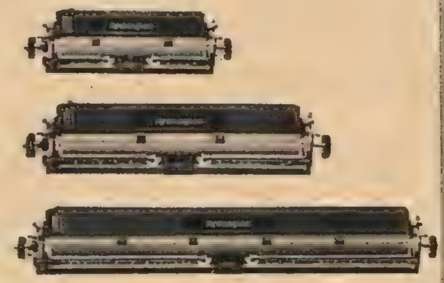

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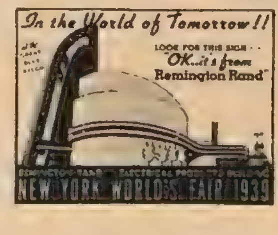
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Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making "you feel like yourself again."

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S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones.

ous" . . . she stirred her coffee, lifted the cup to her lips, set it down untasted . . . "serious and important. That city bid . . ."

He was quiet now, too quiet. His eyes narrowed a little. He asked, "What about it?"

"Lots of things. Things I don't like. McClaren . . ."

He laughed easily, with genuine amusement.

"Poor old Dan . . . he's a nice guy when you get to know him. Eye for the ladies. Has he been hanging around your desk?" he asked.

"No, of course not."

"Why of course? If he annoys you, tell me; I'll handle him. But, if you love me, be nice to him. Not too nice, you understand. . . ."

"I understand perfectly," she replied. "But I don't mean McClaren personally. Just the whole set-up. The bids. You underbid—naturally."

"I hope so," he said with caution.

She struck her hand on the table with sudden force. A glass jumped, silver clattered. Some one dining near by looked around curiously. She said:

"You *know*." Haines' phrase came to her. "It's in the bag," she said, "and how could it be if you're honest? I don't know much about your business, Pat. I wasn't hired to know anything about it. But from what I have seen and heard . . . you'll have to cut your costs, shave them to the bone to make any profit. Cheap materials. Getting by when you can."

He was angry; she saw his eyes and shrank mentally. His eyes frightened her. But his voice was steady, it was even amused.

"Hey," he demanded, "who's been talking?"

"No one."

He frowned. He said presently, "You and Jim had lunch together—"

"That's so. He's been rather—less friendly to me lately. I thought I knew why. I didn't want to make any trouble between you, even unconsciously. He adores you, he is loyal. So I set him straight. . . ."

"What did he say to you?"

"Nothing that you'd mind his saying," she said instantly; "we talked mostly about his wife. . . ."

"He mentioned her?" asked Pat, incredulous.

"No, I did. I offered to go see her. . . ."

Pat smiled at her. "That's like you," he murmured. "You're a sweet kid, Kathleen"—he dropped his voice—"and mine," he added.

"Not yet," Kathleen reminded him. She sat very straight and spoke swiftly. It had to be that way or not at all.

"I heard you talking," she told him, "to a man named Janisch. Over the telephone, by mistake. I had picked up mine and the wire was open. I hung up—but I heard something. . . . He's an inspector, isn't he?"

Pat's jaw was set. He nodded briefly. "Go on," he said.

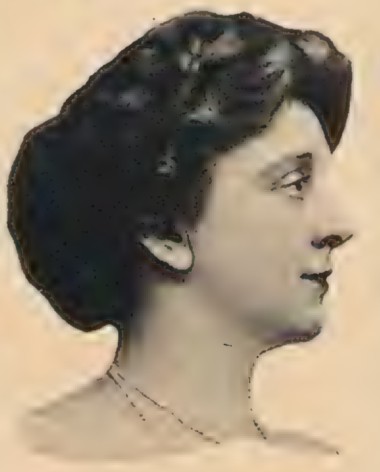
"I saw a letter—it was in my desk basket. Another mistake. To a man named Cameron."

"Well?"

"Just this. If you go through with this job the way you have planned it, Pat, I won't marry you. And that's final."

First a woman, and now suspicion of dishonesty? Kathleen is finding out more and more about the man she loves. Next week still another shock awaits her—a shattering discovery that rocks her world and strikes at the very foundations of her happiness.

20 QUESTIONS



1—At right is an early photo of the woman who organized the first free kindergarten in the West. Her second husband was George C. Riggs. And she authored a famous novel which had Shirley Temple for heroine when it was last rewritten for the screen. Who?

2—Does an actuary work in a theater, an insurance-company home office, or in an aquarium?

3—How many eyes are on a U. S. dollar bill?

4—Who discovered the law of gravity?

5—What does a gemsbok drink?

6—In which city do the Mayo brothers operate?

7—The U. S. Secret Service is a division of which Department?

8—Who in the Bible was proud of his large handwriting?

9—Lambeth Walk is to be found in what city?

10—What is the longest and largest bone in the human body?

11—If eleven men play on a football team, how many are on each side in a game of cricket?

12—About how many persons will a fifteen-pound turkey serve?

13—Which is safer for hot beverages, a thin glass or a thick one?

14—How much is a U. S. senator paid?

15—Into how many parts is all Gaul divided?

16—Who wrote Lead, kindly Light?

17—Chang and Eng were collectively better known by what name?

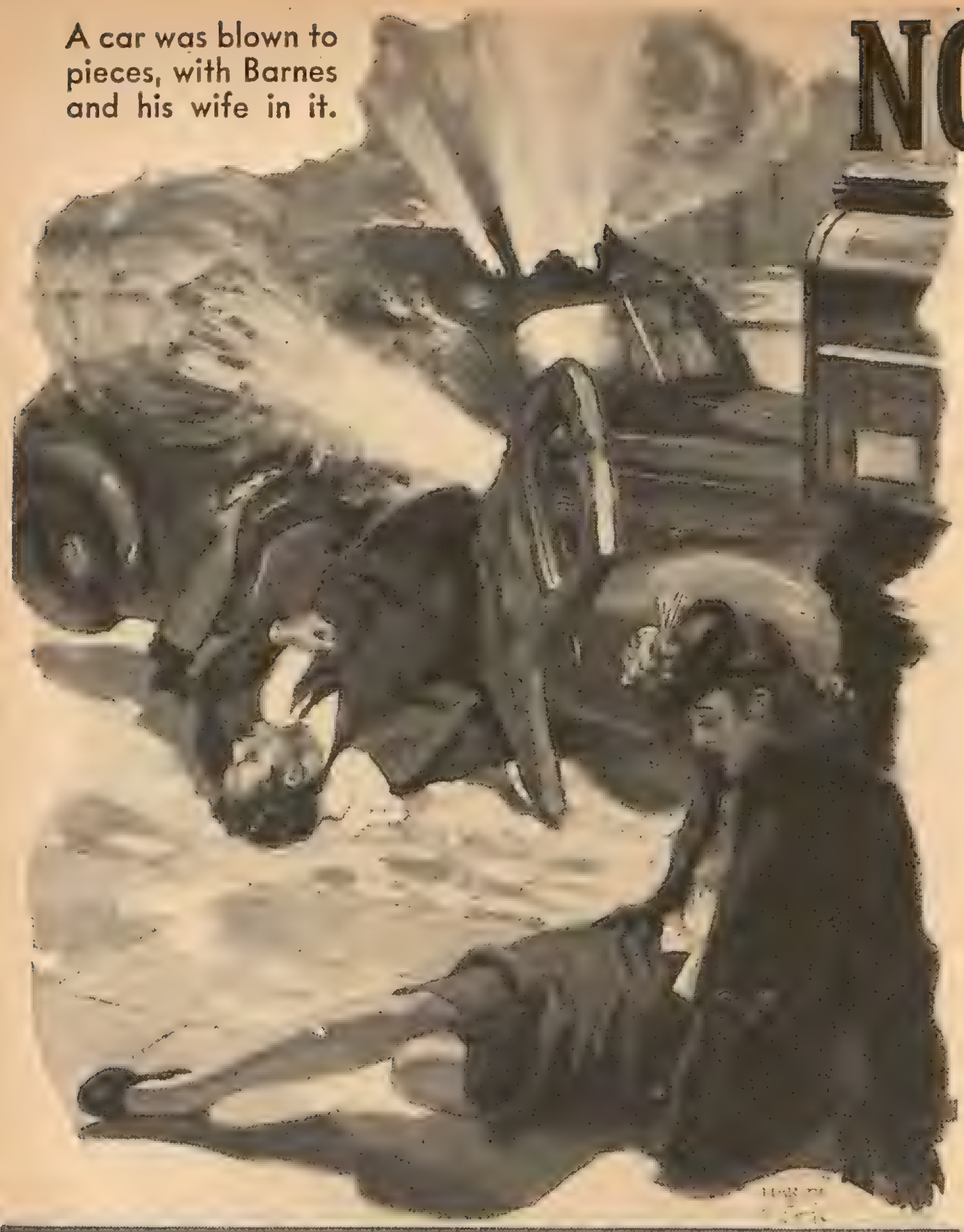
18—Is ravioli baked, fried, broiled, or boiled?

19—Which line precedes, "An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain, for promis'd joy"?

20—Who was the wife of Louis XVI?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

NOT Afraid to Die



A car was blown to pieces, with Barnes and his wife in it.

The true story of the farmer who licked the gangsters—Does he merit Liberty's Valor in Citizenship award?

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

AT four thirty one grim November morning in 1936, Ernest Nicholas Michel, as usual, got up and went out to feed his hens.

Swiss by birth, this gentle-spoken forty-three-year-old Colorado tenant farmer had to work long hours to provide for his devoted wife and three small children.

As he picked his way through the semidarkness, carrying buckets of water and feed, a shadowy figure hit him over the head from behind with the butt of a gun.

In that dark moment Michel was by way of becoming a leading candidate for Liberty's Valor in Citizenship award. Not being a fool, he obeyed when ordered:

" Drop them buckets and throw up your hands! "

As he peered through the dim light, his heart sank, for two more men—who, like the first, had handkerchiefs over their noses, mouths, and chins—had appeared.

" Is Leo home? "

The questioner jerked his head toward a big house a few hundred yards away. Leo Barnes, as Michel knew, had rented that house a few weeks before from the same Mrs. Blake who owned Michel's home plot. Barnes, all Denver knew, was operating the old Blake place as a fashionable gambling resort. About that part, Michel knew nothing. But these gunmen wouldn't believe he didn't.

" Don't try to lie," they said," or we'll let you have it."

" If Leo is home," he managed to say, " his car is in the garage. If his car is gone, he is gone."

They marched him ahead of them toward the driveway which served both the poultry farm and the Cottonwood Club, or Ranch, as the gambling house was called.

Four more men, likewise masked, now loomed up. Michel could hear their voices, none of which he recognized. They were planning to steal the club safe, which would now contain a rich week-end take; but they weren't going to try it until two armed night watchmen had gone home. One man asked Michel when that would be, and, not satisfied with his answer, slugged him on the chin.

They kept him in one of his own hen houses until at last they heard the watchmen's car leaving. Then—

" Come on! You got to get that guy out of the cellar! "

The " guy " was Gerald King, the Negro club porter, who slept in the cellar, and to whom Michel's voice would be familiar. With guns' muzzles against his ribs, Michel had no choice but to open the cellar door and shout.

" What do you want? " King answered sleepily.

" Tell him to come up," whispered one of the men.

Michel did, and King stumbled up the stairs. Two men opened fire. With a shriek of pain, he pitched backward into the darkness below. That done, the gangsters marched Michel into the club's main office.

" Give us a hand with this safe."

Again he had to obey. But the safe took a lot of handling. Struggling with it, four of the seven men dropped their masks. He got a good look at their faces.

Eventually they landed the safe in one of two cars that had appeared out in front. Then they themselves piled in, and the cars roared away. Michel hurried to King, who was wounded in the leg. Next he called up Barnes in his Denver apartment. Then he went back to his hen-feeding and waited for the police to come.

He waited a long time, growing uneasy. It had never occurred to him that gentry in Barnes' line of business didn't call in the police much. The gang was still at large, and there was no knowing when some of its members might return to wipe out evidence—meaning him.

Days passed, then weeks. Finally Detectives Chuven and Cole from Denver came. There had been an underworld tip. Michel could have played safe, denied all knowledge of the robbery. Instead, he told the whole story and went to Denver to look at rogues' gallery pictures. He soon identified the man who had first attacked him and the man who had slugged him on the chin.

Chuven and Cole exchanged nods. His identification had confirmed their suspicions. But he himself was still in the dark when driven home to his poultry farm.

The next development was an explosion that rocked the fashionable section of Denver known as Capitol Hill.

As Michel read of this in the papers, he began to suspect that he had been caught in a gang war, which might yet destroy both him and his family. When he saw the pictures and read the records of two of the four men who were arrested as suspects, he was sure of it.

An automobile belonging to Barnes had been blown to pieces, at about seven in the evening, with Barnes and his wife in it. A charge of dynamite had been placed under the driver's seat, so wired that it would explode when the ignition key was turned. Mrs. Barnes was blown out of the car, but escaped with slight injuries. Barnes had his pelvis broken and a hip torn open. He was not expected to recover.

" We 'suspicioned' who was responsible," Chief of Police George Marland told me afterward, " but because of the nature of the gang feud, every one was reluctant to give information and agree to testify."

Barnes' statement to the police disclosed the background of the gambling war. Previous to the opening of the Cottonwood Club he had worked in various capacities for Ova Elijah (Charley) Stephens, reputed Colo-

"TO SHAVE FAST, WITH COMFORT—

DO AS BARBERS DO...

USE COLGATE LATHER"

2 OUT OF 3 BARBERS USE COLGATE LATHER... THE FAST FRIENDLY SHAVE!

Signed Robert Hefter
Head Barber, Hotel Pierre, New York City

1. QUICK because you don't have to prepare your beard before using Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.
2. SMOOTH because its rich, small-bubble lather melts the beard soft at the base, so your razor cuts clean.
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BARBERS KNOW from long experience that lather gives a smooth, easy shave, because it wilts whiskers soft and fast. And 2 out of 3 barbers use Colgate lather. For shaving at home, use Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream. It whisks up into rich moist creamy lather . . . loosens the film of oil on each hair of your beard . . . soaks it soft and limp, easy to cut off smooth and clean. Buy Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream today. Large size 25c. Giant size holding twice as much, only 40c. And you get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube.

COLGATE
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

rado gambling czar. Barnes named several swanky hot spots, one of them the Blakeland Inn, only a quarter of a mile from the Cottonwood Ranch.

Michel knew the place. It also belonged to Mrs. Blake. He knew Stephens, too, by sight and reputation.

Now, Michel, it should be remembered, was just an honest, sincere immigrant who happened to be trying to make a living in that part of the country. After the trouble, he admitted that he had heard that people bet money in these places on a horse-race wire. "But I didn't know," he said, "what a horse-race wire was." Obviously, he was not a hanger-on of either club, and took no part in the doings of either.

To get back to Barnes' story as he told it in the ambulance. In the spring of 1936 the authorities had finally closed up Stephens' place. In the fall Barnes had opened his own place—without Stephens and without giving Stephens a "cut." The resulting feud, according to Barnes, had reached the life-threatening stage at a fateful interview, a few days before the bombing, in Stephens' hotel suite.

After the belated news of the robbery had got about, the county authorities had closed Barnes up. By the first week in December he had been ready to reopen. But Stephens, he said, had told him: "If you open without me, you won't live a week." He had offered 20 per cent. Stephens, he said, had demanded thirty, and then more. They had parted without reaching a decision.

That was Friday. On Monday, the day before the bomb explosion, Barnes said he had received a mysterious brief phone message: "You're going to get it."

Detectives went straight from the hospital to Stephens' suite. There they soon arrested their man.

Stephens said he had been at the hotel, playing cards with two of his employees (who had been found there), from about an hour before the explosion until three quarters of an hour after it. Then he had gone to North Denver to receive payment from one Checkers Smaldone for a refrigerator he had sold him, and he had been returning when arrested.

While his story was still unshaken, the police got their first break. Jack Gilmore is a special investigator widely known for his splendid record. His wife, Wilhelmina, is a very good-looking and very observant young woman. It developed that shortly before the explosion she had entered her car, parked right behind the Barnes sedan. She had been unable to leave the curb because another car had come along and double-parked outside the sedan. Five men had jumped out and begun fumbling under the sedan's front seat. The features of one of them had been clearly visible to her. At Police Headquarters, she picked a photograph out of a stack.

"This is the man I saw," she said.

It was Checkers Smaldone. And, ten days before, Michel had picked out this same photo as that of the man who had hit him over the head.

If these identifications were correct, the police now had a definite hook-up between the burglary of Barnes' gambling house and the bombing of his car. Michel's evidence would establish the existence of a continuing feud between Barnes and the Stephens gang, and thus provide a reasonable motive for the attempted murder. It was at once apparent that the chief figure at the Barnes bombing trial would be Michel.

LIBERTY MAGAZINE VALOR IN CITIZENSHIP AWARD
FOR OUTSTANDING BRAVERY IN THE WAR OF CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS —

Liberty's Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship.

Chief Marland and his staff rounded up Checkers Smaldone and his brother Clyde—the owner of the other face Michel had picked out in the rogues' gallery. Both Smaldone boys had worked with Barnes in the Stephens organization. Each had a criminal record. (Barnes himself, by the way, was given a clean bill of health by the authorities, and is not involved in any violations of law.)

Then, on suspicion, the detectives brought in young Ed O'Hara, formerly Stephens' bodyguard. Stephens they already had under lock and key. The charges against these four were assault with intent to kill and conspiracy to commit such an assault.

If Michel's situation had been worrisome before, it was perilous now. To this day, he is not willing to talk about his experiences during the months preceding the trial. But the authorities admiringly tell the story for him. Attempts to take him out of the picture began with the offer of a much needed job. A smooth stranger, who said his only interest was to see the Smaldones get a break, found Michel unyielding.

"I knew I would be a member of the gang if I took the job," he confided to Detective Chuven, "and I want to be a free man, like all Americans are said to be."

Then, according to Chief Marland, Michel "was threatened on numerous occasions by supposed agents of Stephens. They offered him bribes, telephoned him threats, ran his car off the highway, and did everything humanly possible to intimidate him. Because of the many threats that had been made against him, we kept him under a constant police guard for three weeks previous to the trial."

When the trial opened, friends of the defendants were in attendance in overwhelming numbers. Because of their demonstrations, Judge Hicks threatened to clear the courtroom.

Barnes, Mrs. Gilmore, and Michel were the principal witnesses for the prosecution. Barnes repeated his story of the gang feud. Mrs. Gilmore told of what she had seen. Then came Michel—and the courtroom was immediately in an uproar.

It was the defense's contention that the defendants were not on trial as robbers of the Cottonwood Club, and that the State had no right to introduce testimony bearing on an "unrelated event."

Overruled on this point, the defendants' attorneys initiated a policy of objecting to practically everything Michel started to say. Overruled again and again, they would take an exception every time. The legal effect of this procedure was to lay the basis of an appeal to a higher court in case the decision went against them. The psychological effect was to embarrass as far as possible the witness and to weaken the effect on the jury of what he had to say.

FOR a witness totally unaccustomed to lawyers' ways, this continual barrage of interruptions must have been a terrifying ordeal. But Michel, the humble tenant farmer, kept on until he had told the jury everything he knew. And at the end of his testimony he stepped down from the chair, walked up to where the defendants sat—flanked by their attorneys and backed by a courtroom of their glowering friends — and unhesitatingly identified the two Smaldone brothers as participants in the crime.

"This," concluded Chief Marland, "in my mind, is one of the outstanding examples of citizenship in our section in recent years."

Detective Dave Chuven says, "When I think of that fellow out on that lonely farm, getting up at four thirty every morning and groping his way past the place where he was slugged before, not knowing when he's going to be slugged again, and figuring that this time it'll be for keeps, I take my hat off to him!"

O'Hara, against whom no real evidence had been introduced, was given a directed verdict of not guilty. Stephens and the two Smaldones were found guilty on both counts, and, pending appeal, are out on bail of $20,000 each—which means that Michel's vigil is not yet ended.

The higher court may reverse the jury's verdict of guilty. It may order a new trial, at which testimony in regard to the Cottonwood burglary will be barred. The convictions were affirmed by the Appellate Court, but as Liberty goes to press the defendants have obtained from the court additional time in which to file an application for a rehearing, and the application will undoubtedly be heard by the state Supreme Court almost immediately after it is filed. But whatever the court does, and whatever may be the ultimate decision, the record of Ernest Nicholas Michel's valor in citizenship is safe.

THE END

SORRY, JANE. LORD STAY-AT-HOME SAYS "NO"!
1. SO THE NEXT DAY AT BREAKFAST—
JUST IMAGINE, STAYING HOME EVERY NIGHT AT YOUR AGE. WHERE'S YOUR OLD-TIME PEP? AND THAT REMINDS ME —
2.
THEY SAY YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE VITAMINS FOR PEP — AND I'VE HEARD OF A DELICIOUS CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP THAT'S ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B AND D. YOU ARE GOING TO GET IT EVERY MORNING
3. SOMETIME LATER
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH BETTER I FEEL! THOSE VITAMINS ARE WONDERFUL THINGS, PEGGY!
IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP! IT'S A SUPREMELY DELICIOUS CEREAL — CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH EXTRA VITAMINS B AND D. EAT PEP EVERY DAY AND SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER!
Kellogg's PEP
VITAMIN (B-D) ENRICHED
30% BRAN FLAKES

Vitamins give you Pep!

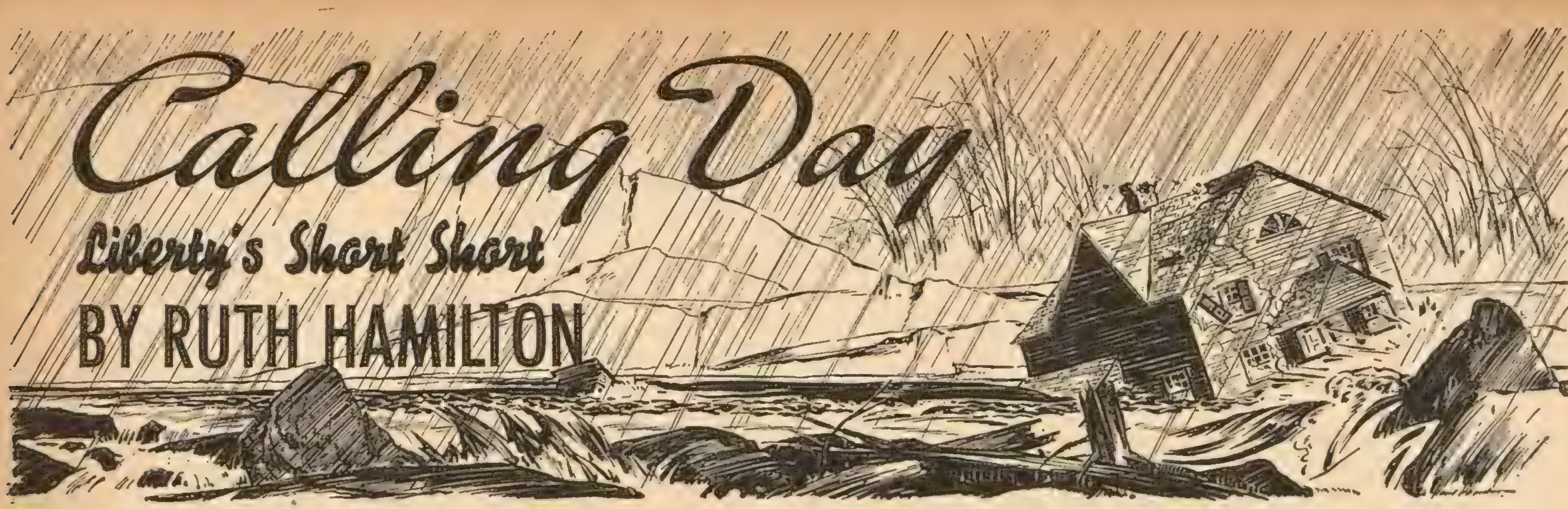
PEP gives you vitamins!*

**Vitamins B and D. Each 1 oz. serving of Pep gives 1/5 of an adult's and 1/2 of a child's daily requirement of Vitamin B—as much Vitamin D as a teaspoonful of U. S. P. cod-liver oil. These are not the only vitamins you need. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.*

Calling Day

Liberty's Short Short

BY RUTH HAMILTON



READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WELL, it does seem as though you might at least taste them," said Mattie indignantly, looking at a plate of untouched popovers. "And I'm not going to tell you the price I paid for the asparagus at this time of the year, but it was a caution. I know everybody feels choosy about eating when the end of a long winter rolls around, but there's such a thing as manners."

Grandma Sykes looked out of the window at the New England landscape. Her daughter and her son-in-law had rolled her bed up close to that window so that she could see what was going on. But today there was nothing whatever to see except driving sheets of March rain.

"Mattie," replied Grandma evenly, "I guess when a body's been bedridden for ten years she can mislay a manner or two now and then. I'm so sick of trays I'd take pleasure to kick one over . . . if I could use my legs. Do you think anybody's comin' to call today?"

"No, I don't," said Mattie. "Everybody's busy pumping out his cellar. Ours is drawing six inches of water already. And there's a big leak under the eaves trough."

"The house is too old, anyway," said Grandma. "It's as old as me and even homelier. Well, I wisht somebody'd come to call. Trouble is, people get tired callin' when their calls aren't returned. I found my cardcase today in the bottom of my writing case. Gave me a turn. I wisht I was walking down Main Street again, holding that cardcase in my hand. I used to make calls regular, first and third Tuesday of every month."

"You'd look nice walking down Main Street today," said Mattie, "even if you could. Mud would be over your gaiters. The snow's melted so fast the gutters can't hold it. And whatever are you looking at?"

"It's the chunks of ice floating down Sawmill Creek," said Grandma. "They go bumping and piling up against each other. It's kind of exciting to look at."

The following morning Grandma awakened to the sound of a gentle throbbing belowstairs.

"Jason!" she called to her son-in-law. "What the Sam Hill is that?"

"Pump," said Jason. "I sent the boys out early this morning to borrow it. Water's up to the coalbin. Sawmill Creek is rising, too."

"How far? Has it reached the butternut tree?"

"Not yet."

"Shucks," said Grandma, "you ain't seen anything."

It rained all day. The next day the furnace went out. Mattie put a kerosene stove in Grandma's room. "I'm sorry nobody's been to call," she said, "but the driving is very mean. The Sawmill Creek has overflowed in places on to the road. Telephone poles are down."

"Has it reached the butternut tree?"

"It's gone past. The last I got on the radio, everybody was ordered out of the Connecticut Valley."

"I wish," said Grandma, "that included us. I'd relish a little travelin'."

It rained all night. At breakfast Mattie thought the children ought not go to school.

"Nonsense," said Jason. "I'll take them in the car. They're safer at school than anywheres."

"Hurry back, then. I don't like being left alone. Funny things are beginning to float down the creek. Chicken coops and steps."

By two in the afternoon Jason had not come back and Mattie could not even reach Central on the telephone.

"Mattie, come here," Grandma said suddenly. "Seems to me things are moving *up* the Sawmill Creek instead of down!"

"That's right," said Mattie. "Here come the chicken coops and steps I saw this morning."

"Then," said Grandma, "go get in the skiff and bring help. There's a dam bust somewhere and the Connecticut is backing up Sawmill Creek. We're going to have such a flood as you nor I nor Noah ever see."

Down in the village, on Main Street, the flood had reached second-story windows by sunset. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bates had withdrawn to the attic of their home and were scanning the watery expanse when Mr. Bates gave a loud cry.

"Godfrey, here comes the Sykes house. Floating!"

"Can't be. Why, yes it is, too! Sam, there's Grandma Sykes settin' in the window."

"Hold on, Grandma!" yelled Sam. "Jason's been trying to get back to you all day. He's gettin' help. And there's a Coast Guard launch come up from the Sound. They'll save you."

"She's smilin'," said Mrs. Bates in awe. "What she sayin'? I can't make out."

Sam Bates swallowed. "She says how-do-we-do? and she hopes we keep well. She says it looks like an early spring. She says she's sorry she can't stay longer."

The Sykes house floated on.

By six o'clock the Coast Guard launch had rescued Mattie and her skiff, which had come to grief on a mudbank. Belle Brigham, previously rescued, was aboard the launch.

"Mattie," said Belle, "before I quit my house, your mother came sailing right past my door, and all she said was she'd meant to bring me a sample of your quince preserves."

The Sykes house grounded in a meadow, and Grandma, who had been carried down ladders, spent an interesting evening with the Red Cross.

"I almost saw her before she was rescued," Sarah Grissom told Mattie. "An hour after dark I was in my bedroom when something went slam against the other side of my house. By the time I got to the window it had gone. It was your house—I could see it floating away on the current—and it had bumped into mine. And some one had dropped this right through my window. Look!"

It was Grandma Sykes' calling card.

THE END

ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WBBM, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston; WBT, Charlotte; KNX, Los Angeles. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

▲

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

THE PHANTOM MILLIONS OF F. DONALD Coster

TRUE DETECTIVE EXPOSES THE STORY
BEHIND THE WORLD'S MOST
AMAZING SWINDLE!

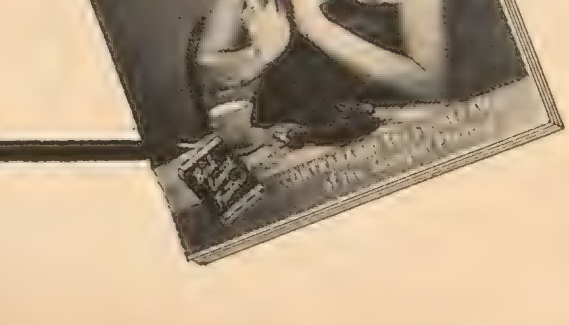
NEWSPAPER headlines from coast to coast recently blazoned the fantastic career of F. Donald Coster and the almost unbelievable manner in which he and his brothers prostituted a century-old chemical concern for their own uses. Rum running, deals in contraband munitions, fake warehouses, crooked records, blackmail—the sensational developments in a case involving millions upon millions of dollars exploded with breath-taking suddenness.

What was the story underneath it all? Were these Musica, alias Coster, brothers alone responsible for the crimes uncovered? Did they, in turn, pay tribute? Had their nefarious operations gone even further than the headlines intimated? Were there political tie-ups? What was the connection with the underworld?

True Detective assigned a special investigator with instructions to dig to the very foundations of the fraud no matter who was exposed or where the trail might lead. He was at work before the first shock of the scandal had subsided. And he found astounding things!

In the new March issue, now on sale, you can read the opening chapters of the most comprehensive record of the Musica-Coster operations ever compiled in print. Be sure to start this revelation today while authorities, accountants and prosecutors are still delving into the maze of twisted evidence. Understand this case from every angle so that you will know what to make of later developments. Look for the title Coster's Phantom Millions.

MARCH
ISSUE



Also **IN THIS GREAT ISSUE**

MISSING GIRLS, *the inside story of smashing California's vice racket* • ROBOT SLAYER, *cracking Michigan's strangest plot* • DEATH ON THE DUNES, *solving Long Island's wireless mystery* • ON THE TRAIL WITH THE NORTH WEST MOUNTED • WHEN BANDITS STRIKE • CLUE OF THE "GOLDEN HORSE" • CONTRABAND! THE STRANGE AFFAIR OF THE SHANGHAI PHANTOM • "THE PENALTY IS DEATH" • HOW WE TRAPPED THE KANSAS KILLERS • SMASHING NEW YORK'S "SECRET SIX." *Also* THE LINE-UP *and other departments crammed with information and interest..*

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

$2,000 Crossword Contest

THIS IS THE SEVENTH WEEK! YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO WIN

DON'T delay any longer! If you have a half-formed intention to capture one of Liberty's crossword cash prizes, get busy right now while there is still time. Read the Rules carefully so that you understand the requirements and then start by solving Puzzle No. 7 on this page. That will put you into the running. However, do not mail your solution. Hold it until your set of ten solutions is complete. This is important. Another point to check is the brief statement required in Rule 2. Each set of solutions must be accompanied by a statement. Now, if you need the earlier puzzles, here is how to get them.

THIS IS THE FINAL LATE-ENTRY OFFER!

For the convenience of late entrants who have not saved the first six puzzles, Liberty has prepared reprints which will be mailed upon written request to the address in Rule 4 if five cents in stamps is enclosed to cover cost of handling and mailing. This is the final late-entry offer and no requests can be filled after Friday, March 3. Therefore, if you require any or all of the first six puzzles, make sure that your request is mailed in time to reach us on or before that date.

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	**$500**
SECOND PRIZE	**200**
THIRD PRIZE	**100**
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	**200**
200 PRIZES, Each $5	**1,000**

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.

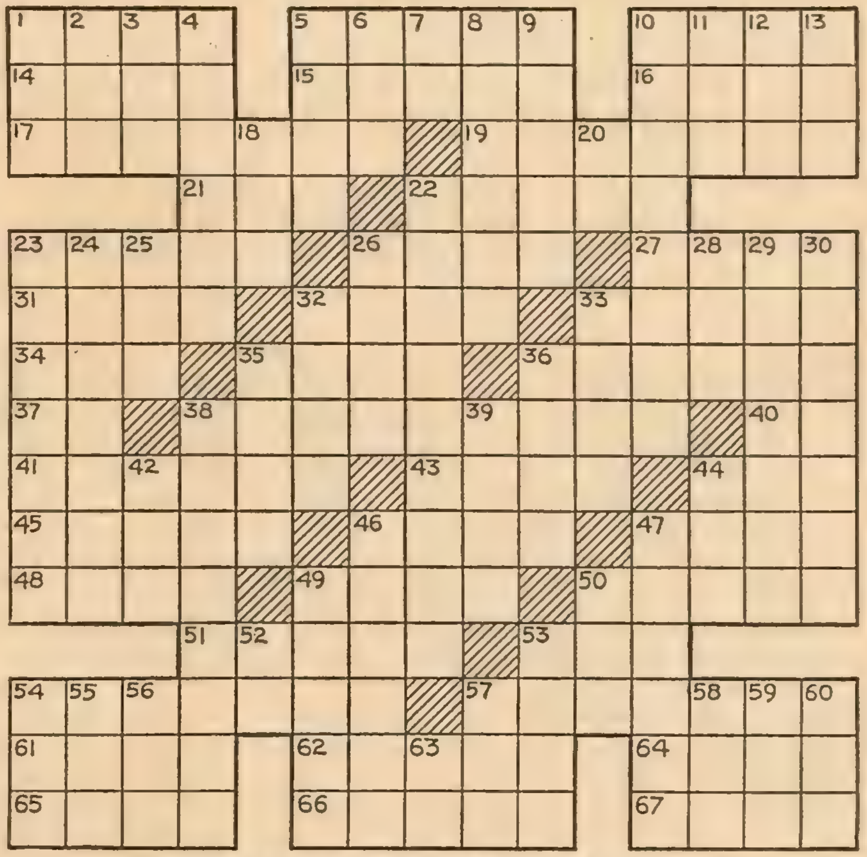
2. When you have solved all ten puzzles, enter them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words on the subject, "The Story, Article, or Feature I Have Enjoyed Most in Liberty During This Contest, and Why."

3. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The next best will receive the $200 Second Prize, and the next best, the $100 Third Prize. In the order of their excellence the next twenty will be awarded $10 each and the next 200 will receive $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORDS EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Thursday, March 30, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.



CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 7

HORIZONTAL

1 Pronoun
5 Prevaricators
10 Demonstrate
14 Effluvium
15 Hero of a poem by Tennyson
16 Ireland
17 To reinvest
19 Having rounded divisions
21 Incline or bend the head
22 More uncooked
23 To cleave
26 Wagers
27 A young fellow
31 Man's name
32 A massive staff
33 Part of to be
34 A color
35 German coin
36 Jewish quarter
37 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
38 Reinhabited
40 Exclamation
41 Goes into
43 Want
44 Male turkey
45 To invigorate
46 Unaspirated
47 Genus including frogs
48 Group of three
49 Saucy
50 Female
51 Wild animal (pl.)
53 Kitchen utensil
54 Nunnery
57 Frame for stretching cloth (pl.)
61 Musical instrument
62 Coin (pl.)
64 County in New York
65 Whirring noise
66 Slope
67 Entranced

VERTICAL

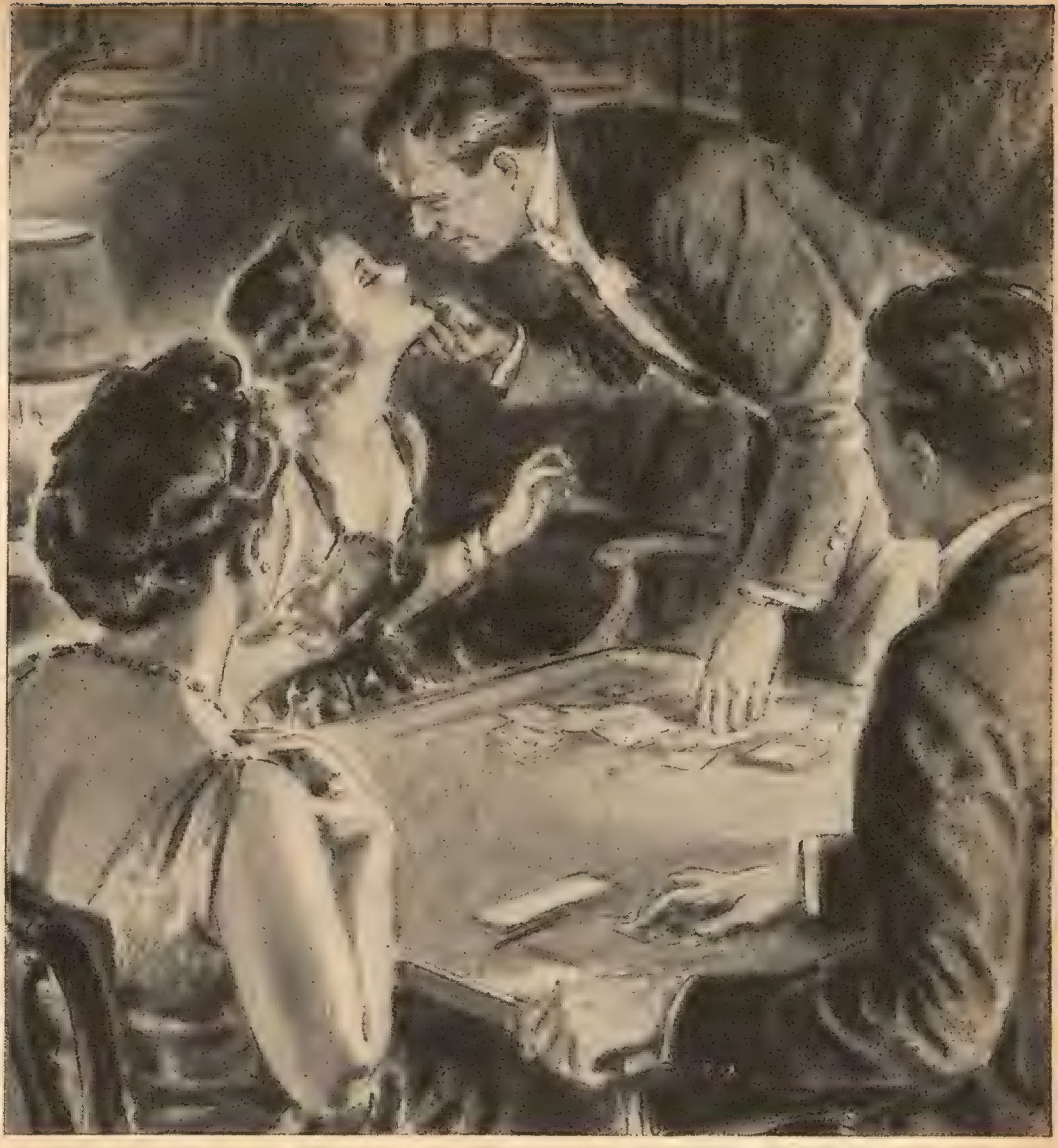
1 A thick viscous substance
2 Shade
3 Part of to be
4 Pertaining to an astringent
5 Praise
6 Anger
7 A notice in a public print (abbr.)
8 Tell
9 Frozen particles of vapor (pl.)
10 Sought for
11 Struck
12 Native metal
13 Married
18 A point
20 Exist
22 Figurers
23 Large snake
24 Primper
25 Cover, as for a pot
26 Unclothed
28 Head covering
29 City in Pennsylvania
30 A rustic
32 Plots
33 Outbuilding
35 Such and no more
36 Mirth
38 A kind of firearm
39 Shut up
42 Prefix: three
44 Kind of hat
46 A leguminous plant
47 A cad
49 A pool of standing water (pl.)
50 Earned
52 That is (abbr.)
53 A plague
54 A strong, thick-set horse
55 Kind of sash worn by Japanese women
56 Neither
57 Cardinal number
58 Period
59 Tear
60 Number of things of the same kind intended for use together
63 Female parent (colloq.)

The MAESTRO and the MISS

By the famous bridge maestro

SIDNEY S. LENZ

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 57 SECONDS



"My dear, it would probably have made no difference in the end."

VLADIMIR PETOSKI'S long, sensitive fingers danced over the strings of his violin. His emotional appeal was overwhelming and his audience sat moist-eyed and adoring.

A prodigy at nine, the Maestro, now over fifty, was tall and handsome, with the world's most beautiful hands. If he was slightly vain and exceedingly impudent, the ladies easily forgave him. They delighted in the tale of how he had squelched a *nouvelle riche* who gushingly invited him to dinner, and, when he accepted, coyly suggested that he bring his violin.

"As you wish, madam," the Maestro replied. "My honorarium will be five thousand dollars."

"Oh, very well," she replied coldly. "But, as you are so very commercial, please come *after* dinner."

"In that case," he answered, with a deep bow, "my fee will be only four thousand dollars."

AT the Vandeveens' magnificent home on Long Island Petoski was spending the week-end. He was really enjoying himself there.

For one thing, he felt that his hostess liked him and his playing; and for another, any artist loves to be in love, even if he feels himself too old for the girl who stirs him.

Beatrice Vandeveen was a sweet young thing of fifteen. Her mother just knew that Beatrice had great latent musical ability. Why, the girl could become a great artist if only the Maestro would take her under his wing! And, since it was well known that Petoski did no teaching at any price, the lady thought it would be a feather in her cap if she could induce him to accept her daughter as his one pupil.

A new, intriguing story problem for contract connoisseurs: A tale of seven hearts and a kiss

Beatrice played table tennis well, though she always lost to Petoski. With the Maestro as her partner, she played well nigh invincible bridge; against him, she couldn't win a single rubber. Whenever Petoski played the violin, Beatrice would sit gazing at him with her soul in her eyes.

On the evening of our story, the Maestro played Bach's C Minor Sonata. At the conclusion he was forced, as usual, to submit to lionizing. Suddenly Beatrice came to his rescue with a challenge to play table tennis.

"All right," said Petoski. "I'll give you a handicap of five points and play you for—a kiss."

"Oh, will you?" pouted Beatrice. "And if I beat you, I'll take that pin you refused to let me have."

The pin was a small decoration presented by royalty. Beatrice collected class pins from the boys she knew in the firm belief that the heart followed the pin. With the Maestro, she had encountered her first failure and it hurt badly.

Although she played her best game, she lost in straight sets. She waited expectantly as the Maestro walked over to her. He raised her hand chastely to his lips. It was disappointing.

At dinner the conversation turned to bridge. Mrs. Armitage, who played tournament bridge at the Regents Club, expressed regret that the Maestro should care to discuss that subject.

"Surely you find more enjoyment in psychical study and metaphysics," said the lady.

"But we have psychics in bridge," replied the Maestro. "Now I might be induced to make a fourth with very little coaxing."

Beatrice, Mrs. Armitage, Petoski, and Carrol Lowe made up the game.

Lowe was a young man who rather fancied his game. In reality, he averaged to lose a trick a hand. When he played with Beatrice as his partner, he was at his worst, and Carrol's "worst" was something weird and wonderful. He just could not seem to keep his mind on the cards. Petoski was an excellent player who flagrantly overbid and often won brilliantly hands that seemed impossible.

Cutting for partners after each rubber, Beatrice had Carrol for the third straight rubber, and their cause appeared hopeless. Petoski was playing in his usual good luck.

Mrs. Armitage and the Maestro were a game in, with the lady dealing this hand:

♠ A K Q
♡ Q
◇ A Q J 5
♣ A K Q J 10
(MRS. ARMITAGE)

N.

♠ J 10 9 6 5 4 2
♡ 9
◇ K 10 6
♣ 6 3
(BEATRICE)

W. E.

♠ 8 7 3
♡ K 6 4
◇ 9 7 3
♣ 8 7 4 2
(LOWE)

S.

♠ NONE
♡ A J 10 8 7 5 3 2
◇ 8 4 2
♣ 9 5
(PETOSKI)

Mrs. Armitage opened with a demand bid of two clubs. Lowe passed, and the Maestro went to two hearts. As Beatrice was not vulnerable, she ventured two spades, and Mrs. Armitage switched to three diamonds. Lowe passed. The Maestro bid three hearts, Beatrice passed, and Mrs. Armitage jumped to five no trumps. Lowe still passed, and the Maestro persisted to six hearts. Mrs. Armitage now decided that her partner must hold most of the hearts, with probably a hundred honors, so she went the limit—seven hearts.

Lowe, taking into consideration that his partner had entered the bidding at the two level, doubled, and the Maestro redoubled.

With an even chance to make the contract, a redouble is always sound procedure, because the score below the line is considerably more than a redoubled penalty trick.

In this instance, if the Maestro did not redouble, his partner might bid seven no trumps, which was the last thing he wished. As it turned out, seven no trumps would have been defeated by correct defense.

All hands passed the redoubled seven-heart declaration, and Beatrice led the jack of spades. Even before the dummy was exposed, the Maestro trumped with the low heart, as he remarked: "Well, that's one trick we have anyway."

Mrs. Armitage looked at him reproachfully as she threw the ace of spades on the first trick and then laid down her dummy. Petoski played a club to dummy's ten and then led the queen of hearts. Lowe hesitated for fully a minute, then covered with the king.

The Maestro spread his hand as he counted:

"Eight hearts and five clubs make thirteen tricks, to say nothing of a couple of good spades, the ace of diamonds, and—the boner I pulled on the first trick."

Beatrice looked at her partner's hand, holding a double guard to the king, and inquired ominously:

"Carrol, why did you cover the queen with your king of hearts?"

"Why, Bea," he answered, "you must cover an honor with an honor. Everybody says so."

"You are simply hopeless," said Beatrice. "I have told you dozens of times that there is no 'must' in bridge. Can't you see that with only one heart in dummy, the Maestro could never catch your king if you refused to cover and did not trump in? You are a geck and will always remain one."

Poor Carrol did not know exactly what she meant, but he had a faint idea that it was not complimentary.

"My dear," said the Maestro, "your partner played badly in covering the queen, but it would probably have made no difference in the end."

"Do you mean to say," she asked furiously, "that you would not have been set if Carrol had played properly?"

"I believe not," the Maestro replied.

"Will you let me play his hand?" she asked.

"Bet?"

"Anything."

"A kiss—against my pin?"

"Same brand?"

"Oh, no," he answered, "much higher quality."

Beatrice took Carrol's position at the table and the ace of spades was trumped as before, dummy put in with the club, and the queen of hearts won the third trick when Beatrice refused to cover. The king of spades was now trumped, the jack of clubs won, and the queen of spades was trumped. A diamond was next led and the jack finessed. The ace of clubs was trumped and a second diamond taken by the queen. The king of clubs was now trumped and dummy put in the lead with the ace of diamonds. At this point Beatrice was down to the king and six of hearts; the Maestro had the ace and jack, with dummy in the lead. By trumping five of his high cards, the Maestro had discovered the only method of making a grand slam against perfect defense.

"THAT'S the Ontario technique, known in the best circles as the Quintuplet Grand Coup," said the Maestro, as he affixed his decoration to Beatrice's dress and gallantly kissed her—on both cheeks.

The young lady appeared agitated as she arose, took the Maestro's arm, led him to the conservatory.

"Why did you kiss me on the cheek?" she asked.

"You are entrancing when you are angry," he answered.

She drew his head down and kissed him full on the lips.

"I love you, I love you!" she cried passionately. "You treat me like a child. I have never loved anybody else—that is, not really, and I want you to say you love me and we can be engaged."

"My dear child," said the astounded Maestro, "you don't know what you are saying. I am twice—more than twice—your age. It's only adolescence and your natural love of the artistic. You love my music—not me."

"I *hate* music!" she answered fervently. "I love you because you are you, and because you are the most wonderful bridge player in the world."

THE END

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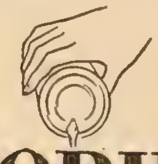

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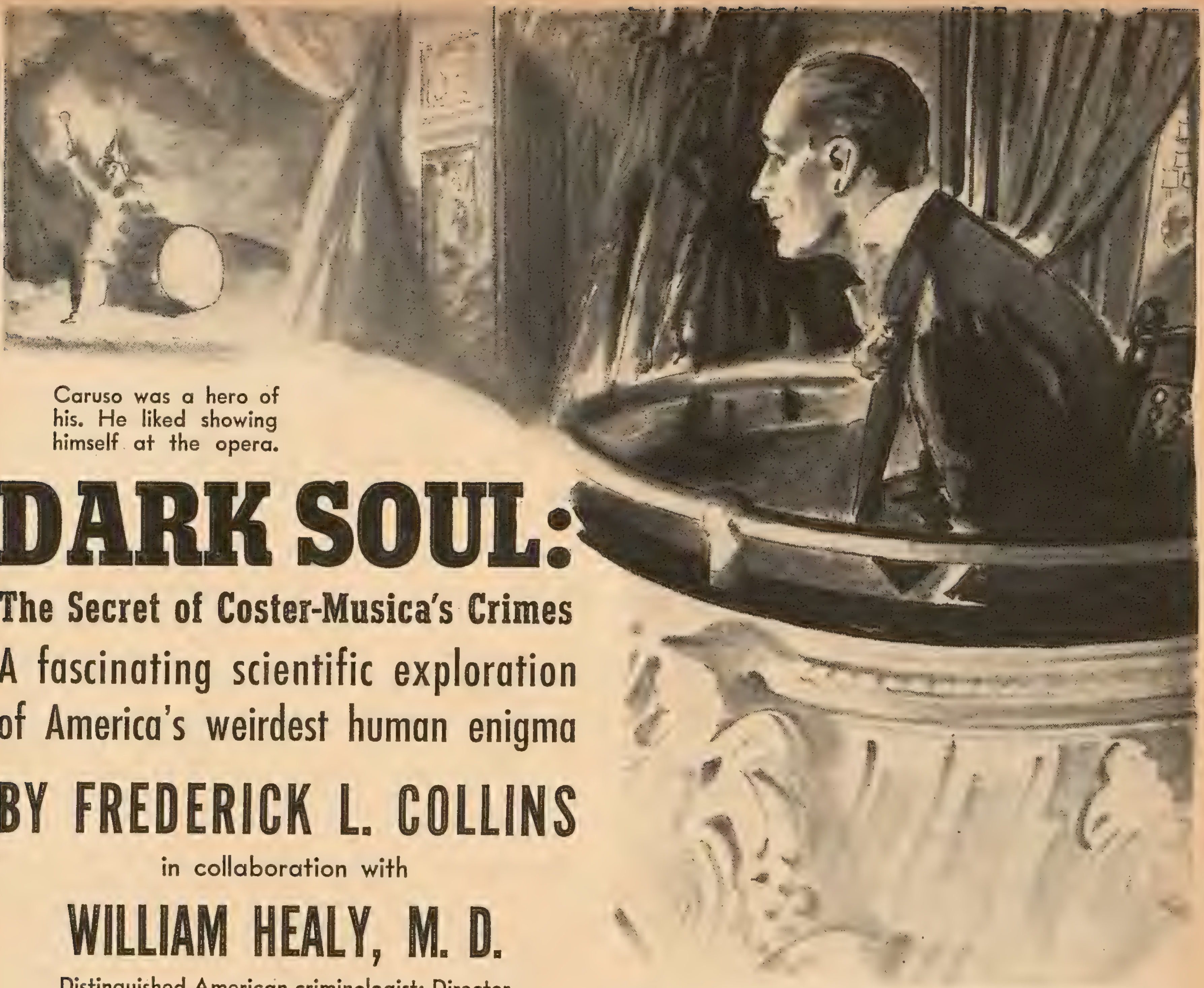

Caruso was a hero of his. He liked showing himself at the opera.

DARK SOUL:

The Secret of Coster-Musica's Crimes

A fascinating scientific exploration of America's weirdest human enigma

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

in collaboration with

WILLIAM HEALY, M. D.

Distinguished American criminologist; Director of the Judge Baker Guidance Center, Boston

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Deepening their scrutiny of Coster-Musica's formative background, the authors last week stressed these points: He was the oldest of seven children who lived beyond infancy. Criminality cannot have been truly hereditary with him, and the right parental influence could have counteracted bad effects of his inherited social surroundings. But he had an easygoing, easily influenced father, and a dominant, ambitious mother who looked down upon her husband and "kept after" him. It is known that the Musicas came to America expecting to get rich, and were always talking about rich people. It was his mother on whom Philip modeled himself, with whom he identified himself—so successfully that at eighteen he dominated the whole family, even the mother deferring to him. Like her, he was much interested in the social climb, but his master passion was for money. "He was always against those who defied constituted authority, unless their names were Coster or Musica." His attachment to his mother caused him to defer marriage until his forties, and then to make a sort of surrogate mother of his wife. In plain terms, all his life Philip was a "mama's boy with a swelled head."

PART THREE—A VILLAIN OF MANY VIRTUES

IN choosing a wife twenty-four years his junior, was Coster again assuming a father role, much as he did when as young Musica he became virtually the head of the family? Or did he see in his wife another mother figure with ability and ambition—a woman giving him abundant love and praise and upon whom he could bestow devotion?

There are good reasons to believe that the master crook went from one loving feminine domination to another.

There is absolutely no evidence of the wife's complicity in the deceit her husband was practicing. In fact, all of the Musica brothers seem to have concealed their real identities and real characters from their wives until after the recent crash. Neighbors and friends agree, however, that the man they knew as Coster had great faith in his wife's judgment. If he kept his secrets from her, it was out of desire to protect her, not out of disrespect for her abilities.

Carol had been married before, to Edward Hubbard, a broker who went broke. Coster seems to have helped his wife's former husband financially in his time of trouble, and may have continued to do so up to the time of his own death. Hubbard, who is now in Pennsylvania—he is also said to be a nephew of Elbert Hubbard—made the headlines when he was quoted as saying that he knew that Coster was Musica all the time—a secret which Mrs. Hubbard-Coster apparently did not share.

Residents of the Ridgewood section of Queens stated, according to the New York Herald Tribune, that the Costers became acquainted when he went to buy a dog at a pet shop she had opened in that vicinity. They said Coster was then vice-president of the Madison Pharmacy, 221 Jamaica Avenue, Queens Village.

Thereafter the courtship seems to have proceeded along rather novel lines. Ed Hubbard and his then wife, Frank Coster and Mrs. Hubbard's girl friend Irene Wolfe became a foursome. Mrs. Hubbard is now Mrs. Coster. Miss Wolfe is now Mrs. Hubbard.

Everything about the Coster case is a bit complicated!

Both Hubbard and his wife declare that Musica had "the greatest financial brain they ever had seen" and say they "have only the kindest feeling toward Musica's widow, who," they added, "is called Aunt Carrie" by Hubbard's children.

After the divorce from Hubbard, Miss Jenkins—she apparently reassumed her maiden name—seems to have deserted pet-shopping for typewriter pounding. At the time of her marriage to the erstwhile Musica she was a stenographer in the office of David L. Hardenbrook, a Queens real-estate operator, who acted as best man at the wedding.

"I scarcely knew Coster," Mr. Hardenbrook told inquirers. "Certainly I didn't know he had a prison record. Miss Jenkins was a bright and clever woman, quiet, keen, and sympathetic. I had then, and always have had, the highest regard for her.

"Coster visited her occasionally in my office, and in time it became apparent that Miss Jenkins was in love with him and wanted to get married. She asked me to be the best man. She said her fiancé did not have many friends. He was not well acquainted in Queens."

CAROL was apparently the one woman in Philip Musica's sex life. They were extremely congenial and devoted. Neighbors state that she often drove him to his office herself, although they frequently had two chauffeurs. When away, he wrote her every day, sometimes telephoned her several times each day. She invariably referred to him proudly as "my husband."

He named his 123-foot ocean-going yacht Carolita after her. A sailor on the Carolita stated that he had never before seen such a devoted couple.

"Late in 1936," he said, "Mrs. Coster had to have an operation, and Mr. Coster's fear was pathetic."

Perhaps the best evidence of the husband's devotion was the disposition he made of his estate. Although he had carried his own family through thick times and thin, and had even gone to jail for them, his will left everything to his wife.

Both were enthusiastic gardeners. The grounds at Fairfield were strewn with pools, ponds, fountains—very colorful. The entire Musica family has always shown a typically Italian interest in horticulture. Mother Musica also went in for it on a large scale at Westbury.

The suavity and lavishness of the Costers' life in Fairfield have been greatly exaggerated. They had everything necessary to their comfort, but many of the things were ugly; there was no elegance, in the best sense of that word. There were plenty of servants, too, who went by the traditional names of butler, chauffeur, etc., but they were of the rough-diamond variety.

Coster himself threw off no impression of being to the manor born. He was the familiar figure of a successful self-made man, but without any of the social bluff and bluster sometimes associated with the type. Although he spoke good common or garden English without accent, his conversation showed no signs of culture except knowledge of branches of science useful in his various enterprises.

He had a good deal of superficial knowledge of medical and scientific matters, apparently enough to satisfy the family doctor and to impress associates, some of them experts. His method of acquiring this knowledge was typical of him: he would find a man who knew all about a subject, put him at the head of a department, drain him of all his technical knowledge, and let him go.

He learned most things through the ear rather than the eye, although he did possess some medical and scientific books; which may have been for effect. In later years he purchased beautifully bound volumes of all sorts which he never read.

The books in his bedroom included Who's Who, The Sixty Families (which did not include the Costers), several books about successful financiers and manufacturers, Science and Health, and a Gideon Bible, presumably stolen from a hotel. In the adjoining dressing room was a volume called Treasures of the Bible; also books on navigation, books on medicine, and one on dentistry. In his pocketbook were found Catholic medals and card, a badge showing his membership in the International Association of Police Chiefs, and three dollars.

The man had several apparently genuine virtues which are commonly associated with the salt of the earth. He loved children, although he had none himself. He also loved dogs. It is said that he had a mongrel pup on the East Side that he nursed through several illnesses. When the family moved to Bay Ridge, he specialized in chows, which are among the most expensive of canines. On the Fairfield estate Coster had elaborate runs for his chows. He bred fine specimens but never exhibited them.

Love of dogs seems to have been a family trait. Mother Musica had nine chows on her Long Island place. Brother Vernard-Musica's chow fought off the police when they came to arrest his master. And, as we have seen, Coster's wife kept a pet shop before their marriage.

AS F. Donald Coster, country gentleman, employer of a large staff of servants, he showed a kindly interest in the latter's affairs. The records of the State Hospital at Fairfield show that in July of last year he interceded in behalf of his gardener's wife with a request to have her transferred from a more distant hospital so that her husband could more readily visit her.

There is the possibility, of course, that his real object was to reduce the amount of time that his gardener was spending away from his work—everything that the man did is now open to suspicion—but on its face his request seemed to reflect a genuine human sympathy.

On the credit side also should be put his maintenance of a heart clinic in Fairfield at a cost of $2,500 a year. His mother has heart trouble, a fact which probably accounted for his interest. It is said, too, that he conducted large research operations at the McKesson & Robbins plant in an effort to help the fight against other

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diseases. Of course, most of his beneficences were made possible by stolen money; nevertheless, they should be considered in any fair study of him.

He had a sense of humor, too, albeit a twisted one. He undoubtedly chuckled to himself when he gave, in the fake birth certificates, the site of the present Supreme Court Building as his birthplace, and when he set down in Who's Who, as the date of his earlier Heidelberg degree, the year when he was doing time in Auburn for his first swindle. His baffling of his slow-thinking father in the early years with long American words may have foreshadowed this same tendency to have a quiet laugh to himself at others' expense.

THERE is reason to believe he not only got a great kick out of hoodwinking his fellow men but deliberately exposed himself to the possibility of recognition and detection in order to indulge in the pastime. A writer in the New Yorker relates the experience of Mr. Leo Leventritt, who saw Philip Musica about as frequently as any one did over a two-year period beginning in 1913, when he, Leventritt, was assigned by the court to help untangle the famous human-hair mess. After telling how the young lawyer lost track of Musica after the latter pleaded guilty and received a suspended sentence, the writer continues:

"Next in the chronicle comes a day in the spring of 1936, over twenty years later. Leventritt had by then retired from his law practice because of ill health and opened a liquor store on Madison Avenue called the Cork & Bottle. Like many other men in the trade, he bought some of his stock from McKesson & Robbins, and one day a McKesson salesman asked him to accompany him to his office in New York to meet the president of the firm. It seems that Mr. Coster, checking up on retail outlets, had dropped in at the Cork & Bottle and had been favorably impressed, but had failed to find the proprietor in at the time. Leventritt went to the McKesson office. At the meeting, Coster went into a long, smooth sales talk, but Leventritt didn't listen much. He was thinking hard. After ten minutes he said, 'Haven't our paths crossed somewhere before? Your face looks awfully familiar.' Mr. Coster looked Leventritt straight in the eye and said, 'I don't remember you. It must be a case of mistaken identity.'"

Leventritt, the article concluded, is sure that Musica knew who he was. He "hasn't changed much in appearance: he's frequently recognized by people he hasn't seen since he left college (Columbia '06)."

The chances are all in favor of the assumption that the so-called drug king knew all along who was the proprietor of the Cork & Bottle, and wandered into the shop, in the first place, in the hope of running into his old legal adviser and enjoying the triumph of deceiving him with his new personality.

"Gee, Mom, Were They All Poor People?"

"Not exactly poor, Bobby. They had money. But they didn't have all the nice things that we have—a radio, and electric lights, and a vacuum cleaner. They didn't have electricity, or automobiles, or airplanes. Most of those things hadn't even been invented."

EVEN as late as 1900, only one American home in every seven had a bathtub; one in 13 had a telephone; one home in 30 had electric lights. There were only 8000 automobiles. Manufactured products were scarce and expensive.

Today there are 20 million bathtubs, 18 million telephones, 22 million wired homes, 25 million automobiles, and millions of other manufactured products which were unheard of in 1900 but are now plentiful and sell at a fraction of their former cost.

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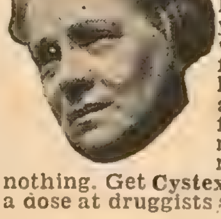

Back Pain and Kidney Strain

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, overwork and colds often put a strain on the Kidneys and functional kidney disorders may be the true cause of Excess Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, and Puffy Eyelids. Help your kidneys purify your blood with **Cystex**. Usually the very first dose starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids and this soon may make you feel like new again. Under the money-back guarantee **Cystex** must satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get **Cystex** (siss-tex) today. It costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

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PERTUSSIN

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This brazen action is not unprecedented in the history of crime. Some of our most infamous offenders have dearly loved to play with fire. During the wild excitement which followed the kidnaping and murder of the Franks boy, Dicky Loeb repeatedly evidenced this trait. On one occasion he insisted on accompanying a group of cub reporters who were searching for the place from which he and Leopold had sent the celebrated ransom message. After they were ready to give up, he urged them to keep on, and led them, street by street, to the very drugstore from which he had done the telephoning.

Perhaps Coster wasn't so clever as he thought. It is believed by many that his identity was known all along to many of his associates and in Wall Street, who shut their eyes to everything except the man's ability to roll up profits; and also in police circles. The federal District Attorney who prosecuted Musica in 1909 said that he had " protection " then and he cannot believe that he hasn't had it right along.

Philip Musica's offense in the cheese case was in violation of federal statutes and he should have been sent to a federal prison; but in 1909, as now, there weren't enough such institutions to go around; so Philip was lodged in the Reformatory at Elmira, a New York State institution for the criminal young. According to his own statement on the entry blank, he was twenty-six; according to the best police records, he was thirty-two.

The Musicas came to America in 1883. The twenty-five-year figure made Philip appear to be American born; the thirty-two-year figure would have made him Italian born. Was he looking forward even then to the day when he might wish to claim, as part of his scheme of deceit, an American birthright?

THE authorities at Elmira, who have kindly co-operated with our inquiry, remember him well. " He was bright, alert, aggressive, quite positive and sure of himself on all occasions." states one official. He told everybody he had been a bookkeeper —a statement which had some foundation, since he had helped his father with the books of the cheese enterprise. He was assigned to a class in stenography and typewriting and learned rapidly.

The most interesting thing he told the authorities was that he had had a college education. This we know to have been impossible. It is probable that he did not even graduate from high school. But can he have foreseen even then the day when he might wish to build up a bogus educational background against which to pose as cultured? Or was he having his little joke?

In any case, Coster's business career as well as his personal one suggests that he got a lot of " fun " out of his deceptions. All of his ventures—cheese, hair, hair tonic, McKesson & Robbins — were profitable without stooping to fraud. The man labored day and night to make these legitimate successes. He even paid a large sum to a firm of efficiency experts to help him organize McKesson & Robbins on a good business basis—then looted it.

Once his undertakings were on their legitimate feet, they apparently bored him. He had to add the excitement of breaking the law. This apparently influenced him quite as much as the love of money. None of his hauls was big really compared with what he might have made by navigating legitimate channels to a position where he could consolidate the advantages he had won.

Nobody knows just how much he stole. The estimates run from $3,000,000 to $11,000,000. Certainly his share of the family's $3,000,000 in withdrawals over a ten-year period is not beyond what he might have expected if he had given his great talents to legitimate business building. Several superexecutives get that much for doing no more than he was capable of doing.

He simply loved to fool people. Although cocky and aggressive in his youth, he later developed a personality which deceived by its gentleness and apparent harmlessness. " You couldn't imagine him doing anything dishonest," one business associate said. " You felt that if a chap like him had become head of a great corporation, it must have been through merit alone." This was the opposite of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford technique.

The three brothers copied Philip in this as in all other things. They made themselves even more drab. " Mouse-like men," one observer called them.

At the time of his death Coster was apparently readying another giant swindle: gunrunning on a scale never before attempted.

Readers who recall the striking article, published in Liberty long before the Coster debacle, entitled I Am a Munitions Bootlegger, will not be surprised that the huge financial rewards of that illicit calling should attract a man like Musica. But the so-called legitimate profits of gunrunning were obviously only a small part of the loot which he hoped to collect. The contract which he had drawn up undertook to deliver more guns of a certain type than exist in this country, including those in United States arsenals, and more than could possibly be produced without putting the country on an emergency war basis.

Who was to be swindled in *this* deal?

Did he figure that the foreign country, having engaged in an illegal transaction with a United States citizen, couldn't collect damages even if he gave them inferior goods? (That was always good bootlegging technique!)

Was he trying desperately to make one large clean-up before the McKesson & Robbins house of cards came tumbling around his head ?

Or did he actually envisage himself

as a second Sir Basil Zaharoff, for years the man of mystery behind the thrones of Europe?

Why shouldn't the last surmise be the correct one?

Whether or not he was as clever as he thought he was in concealing his identity, he certainly had a remarkable ability to change everything about himself, even his height. As Musica he wore high heels to make him more impressive, but he switched to ordinary ones when he came back as Coster. The change made a remarkable difference in appearance, gait, and carriage. He successfully changed his name, age, birthplace, background, religion, nationality, even his personal habits.

Mrs. F. Donald Coster—now widowed.

As Musica, he frequented the shiniest restaurants and the hottest night spots of the town, seldom with women in the party, usually with opera or theater people or the younger bankers in the institutions where he did business. A good companion, very generous with money, a quick wit, he was popular along the White Way.

A great hero of young Musica's during this period (1910 to 1913, between the cheese bribery case and the hair swindle) was his fellow Neapolitan, Enrico Caruso. In 1910 he left the family in Bay Ridge to live at the Knickerbocker Hotel, home of his idol. He palled around with Caruso and Scotti, loved to be seen with them. He was not especially musical. However, he took up operagoing as steady work, and apparently enjoyed displaying himself in the Golden Horseshoe.

As Coster he almost never appeared in public and avoided glitter and display. Although a vain man, his fear of recognition made him as hard to photograph as a Garbo on the wing.

But, with all his ability to change, he was curiously tied to certain traditions and formulas.

All of his ventures stemmed from the family trades of barbering and importing. He made a fortune out of human hair and later out of hair tonic; by merging his hair-tonic business with McKesson & Robbins, who also made hair tonic, he achieved his highest position.

All his ventures were based on the familiar Neapolitan custom of bribing public officials, either with money or with favors; and all of his coups were accomplished by forged or altered documents, customs invoices, false inventories, written-up assets, forged reports.

Most of his frauds were perpetrated by misrepresenting conditions in faraway lands—customers that didn't exist, phony foreign agents, padded bills receivable from foreign sources.

Finally, he invariably took all the blame on his own shoulders, and then talked himself out of any real punishment by co-operating with the authorities to clear up his own messes or by turning stool pigeon.

Although he wouldn't involve any member of his family in responsibility for his misdeeds, he had no scruples about turning state's evidence against other associates and helping to catch them.

When the government cracked down on the family for bribing customs men, the signed invoices implicated old Antonio as much as young Philip; but at the trial Philip took all the blame, making an eloquent speech. The court believed him and let the old man go.

This first time, Philip not only displayed his family loyalty—or was it love of the limelight?—in court, but actually went to jail and served half of his sentence. By 1913 he had improved his technique. He assumed the same sacrificial attitude in court and got both his father and his brother off; but, by doing the law's dirty work, he later succeeded in avoiding paying any considerable portion of the price either of his wrongdoing or of his self-sacrifice.

His death note in 1938, exonerating his brothers and blaming "others," was almost a repetition of his dramatic performance in court in 1909 and 1913.

The three remaining Musica brothers are now talking freely to prosecutors, in the hope of getting off as a reward. Their co-operative attitude, however, is more than a little due to adroit handling by Acting United States Attorney Gregory F. Noonan, whose conduct of the federal government's case deserves every praise.

The old Musica custom of piling up bills receivable with firms in foreign lands began early to crop up in the alleged export operations of McKesson & Robbins. Eight Scottish firms whose accounts on that company's books showed amounts due totaling $115,000 denied indignantly that they had ever received or ever ordered the shipments for which they were supposed to owe.

In fact, the resemblance between the Coster crude-drug scandal and the Musica human-hair swindle, each with its false invoices, dummy companies, and pigeonhole warehouses, was so close that the New York

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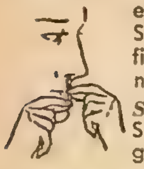

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World-Telegram published an article on the subject before Coster's identity as Musica was known even to the investigating authorities.

There was a paradoxical stability about the Musicas. Philip's father, although easily influenced in most things, stuck to his barbering under great pressure, and, when he was driven out of it, kept on in the hair business. His mother set her heart on having her man become a merchant and, with her son's help, completed the pattern to which she was committed.

Philip was always going back over his own trail and checking up. For example, as late as 1935 he was filing the fake birth certificates, and as late as 1929 presumably stealing the records of his indictment for subornation of perjury from the District Attorney's files. He repeatedly showed an almost ingenuous reliance on documents. Once executed, even though false, they became real to him.

Another example of Philip's sticking to the same track is that all of his frauds have been perpetrated and all of his widely different existences lived in or around Manhattan Island.

Flight and suicide seem also to have been the accepted ways out for the Musicas at all times. Philip had seemed always to envisage flight by sea from his own difficulties.

In his first big period, as head of the prosperous hair company, he invested $38,000 in a coastwise steamer for which there was no indicated use except as possible means of escape. (Incidentally, he called the boat Evelyn after his youngest sister.) When his frauds in the hair business were discovered, he jumped a United Fruit steamer for Honduras, taking almost all of his family with him.

As Coster he maintained at great expense his seagoing Carolita, although he personally disliked sailing, never went out very far, couldn't bear to bait hooks with worms or take fish off the hooks after he caught them. Besides being a symbol of success, possibly it, too, was intended as a means of escape; but when the big moment crept up on him unexpectedly, the Carolita was partially dismantled and of no use to him.

At least one other member of the family again conformed strictly to the Musica tradition. Vernard-Musica had his bags packed when the police nabbed him. The Disappearing Musicas—that is what they have always been!

The retreat idea entered into all of Philip's business plans. The only way he could possibly hope to get out of McKesson & Robbins with his profits and without having his fake crude drug department discovered was to buy that department from the company by turning in his common stock in payment, then retiring from the business. The only thing that kept him from doing this seems to have been that, like most racketeers, he couldn't stop. There were too many blackmailers who wouldn't let him.

Suicide, the only means of retreat that was finally open to him, had family precedent in his father's earlier attempt. That Philip had long contemplated it was shown by the fact that the gardener, on Mrs. Coster's orders, had tried to hide his three revolvers from him during the weeks before his death.

Mrs. Coster's first comment after the suicide was that he had promised not to do it.

It may develop that the Mafia methods of self-protection by killing others remained an influence with him through the years. Certainly, in the light of recent disclosures, the murder of Ben Cohen by three unknown men looks very suspicious. Cohen, whom Musica had almost sent to the chair by false testimony, not only knew his identity but had reason to hate him with a hatred that money could not offset.

Cohen's brother was also killed mysteriously a few weeks later. Both Cohens were too rich to reach by the usual bribery methods.

Did F. Donald Coster kill these two men?

And now—since nearly all its telltale pieces lie before you—now to put together this weird human jigsaw puzzle! Why had the decorous, pious Philip no scruples in money matters? What kept him repeating, instead of varying, his criminal tactics? Look into Dark Soul in Liberty next week!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 40

1—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

2—Insurance-company home office.

3—Four.

4—Sir Isaac Newton.

5—Nothing—this large antelope of South Africa obtains moisture by eating bulbous plants.

6—Rochester, Minnesota.

7—The Treasury Department.

8—Paul; Galatians 6:11—"See with how large letters I write unto you with mine own hand."

9—London, England.

10—The femur (thighbone).

11—Eleven.

12—About twenty (not counting second helpin's).

13—A thin glass.

14—Ten thousand dollars a year.

15—Three.

16—John Henry Newman.

17—The Siamese Twins.

18—Boiled.

19—"The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley."

20—

Marie Antoinette

PREVIEWING HOLLYWOOD

IT'S A TOUGH LIFE

In the cause of Art, Miss Dunne and Mr. Boyer face some stern rigors of realism

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
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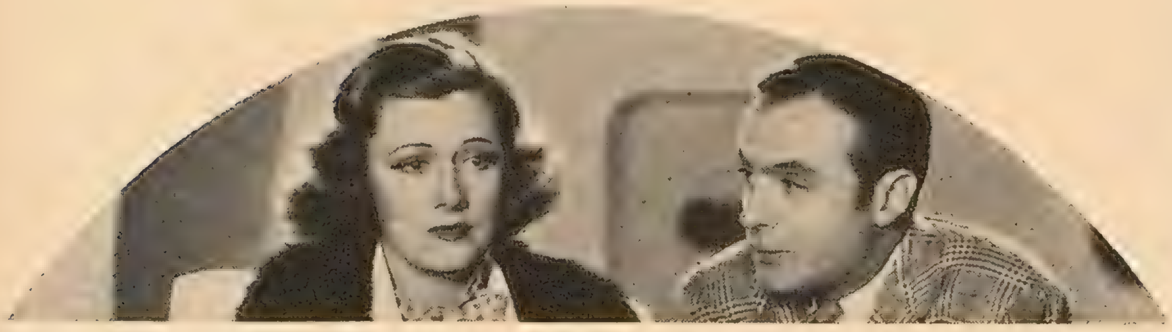

Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer in the sentimental Love Affair.

★ ★ ★ LOVE AFFAIR

THE PLAYERS: Charles Boyer, Irene Dunne, Lee Bowman, Maria Ouspenskaya, Astrid Allwyn, Fred Malatesta, Tom Duggan, Phyllis Kennedy, Maurice Moscovitch. Screen play by Leo McCarey and Delmar Davis from an original story by Mr. McCarey and Dore Schary. Directed by Mr. McCarey. Produced by RKO-Radio.

THE sentimental romance of the worldly-wise fiancée of a wealthy art collector and a Continental playboy already engaged to an heiress. They meet on a liner plying between Naples and New York, and by the time they pass Madeira they're madly in love. So they decide to throw over their respective and lucrative loves, set out to prove themselves—and they plan to meet six months later atop the Empire State Building at 5 P. M. on July 4. He turns to painting, she to singing in night clubs, but . . .

A pleasant little seriocomedy, with suave Charles Boyer as the heartbreaker and Irene Dunne as the spoiled lady of leisure. And Leo McCarey, a director who frequently catches that elusive human note, made the yarn.

There are only four kisses in Love Affair, but one is somethin' to study. Monsieur Boyer and La Dunne stand at the ship rail. The deck is bathed in silvery moonglow. In the distance the ship's orchestra plays a lovely waltz. There is a fervid kiss as the two worldly romancers plight their undying affection. The kiss, taken over and over again, lasted eight hours. And they say film acting is hard! That was not the toughest break for M. Boyer, either. He got a black eye from a premature champagne cork. Worse yet, they left the scene in.

★ ★ ★ THE THREE MUSKETEERS

THE PLAYERS: Don Ameche, the Ritz Brothers, Gloria Stuart, Pauline Moore, Binnie Barnes, Joseph Schildkraut, John Carradine, Lionel Atwill, Miles Mander. Screen play by M. M. Musselman, William Drake, and Sam Hellman, based on Alexandre Dumas' novel. Directed by Allan Dwan. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.

WITH batteries of unknown collaborators, Alexandre Dumas *père* ground out historical yarns in mass production. He was a veritable romance foundry, and his best known novel, The Three Musketeers, has had many productions on the stage and some in the films, but none as weird as this version, in which those zanies, the Ritz Brothers, steal the picture hats, the velvet pants, and the swords of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis and personally assist D'Artagnan (none

---

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, March 1.

The winner will be announced in the issue of April 8.

The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star on the screen!

Dear Fans—
This is a fan letter to you. I thank you from the bottom of my lion's heart for the way you have responded to this column.
—Leo

★ ★ ★ ★

Mickey Rooney, whose Hardy adventures have pressed him close to our collective bosom, is about ready for you in "Huckleberry Finn".

★ ★ ★ ★

Rally 'round! All friends of Mark Twain this way! Think of it! We're in for the delights of "Huck", Jim, the Duke of Bilgewater, the Lost Dauphin, the Widow Douglas, Captain Brandy.

★ ★ ★ ★

Shifting the scenery for the moment to Hawaii and the art of waving a grass skirt, there is Miss Eleanor Powell, the girl born to dance, in "Honolulu".

★ ★ ★ ★

Lest you think that "Honolulu" is a solemn treatise on Polynesian folkways, there is in the cast that female brain-trust Miss Gracie Allen.

★ ★ ★ ★

A few months ago a new glamour girl draped the American scene by the name of Hedy Lamarr. All the adjectives the novelists use have been applied to her—"lissom", "sloe-eyed", "limpid pools" (Oh dear, I'm getting so emotional), and now we will all have another glimpse of Hedy in "I Take This Woman".

★ ★ ★ ★

Spencer Tracy (can he be America's Sweetheart?) is the star of "I Take This Woman", which has been directed by none other than Frank Borzage. The celebrated Ina Claire is importantly in the film.

★ ★ ★ ★

Pause for Station Announcement: M-G-M broadcasting the news to watch impatiently for "Honolulu", "Huckleberry Finn" and "I Take This Woman".

★ ★ ★ ★

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

This game involves the use of your scissors—it is hence known as "Shear Nonsense." If you crave a photo of Mickey Rooney as "Huck" Finn, fill in name, address, and mail to Leo, M-G-M Studio, Box L, Culver City, Cal.

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★ ★ ★ ★

This is about the time when those New Year resolutions are beginning to feel the tug. But rest assured we'll keep to ours.

★ ★ ★ ★

Which is, to see that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer continues to lead the way in entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

See you on the screen.

—*Leo*

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores.

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other than Don Ameche) in outwitting Richelieu for queen and country.

Ameche's swashbuckling D'Artagnan is his first film role since his appendectomy in Holland last summer. Ameche sings three romantic ballads, one on horseback, makes fervid love to a newcomer, Pauline Moore, who is the Constance of this 1939 Dumas. Overlord Darryl Zanuck is so happy over Ameche's romantic moments that he promises you will adore the radio-film idol when next he gets more romantic, cinematically speaking, as the dashing inventor of the telephone in The Life of Alexander Graham Bell.

The Weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the January 14 issue of Liberty has been awarded to W. A. Ireland, 122 King George Road, Pennington, New Jersey, for a review of Zaza.

Ameche is so busy, what with his airway and studio activities, that he works seventy-five hours a week, has only one night off a week. Pauline Moore (a Philadelphia girl whose real name is Pauline Love) is really the wife of Jefferson Machamer, the comic artist.

★ ★ ★ THE MIKADO

THE PLAYERS: Kenny Baker, John Barclay, Martyn Green, Sydney Granville, Gregory Stroud, Jean Colin, Elisabeth Paynter, Kathleen Naylor, Constance Willis. Based on the Gilbert and Sullivan light opera. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Produced by Geoffrey Toye and released by Universal.

THIS elaborate British-made version of The Mikado, done in technicolor, will both please and displease those who view Gilbert and Sullivan as something a little untouchable and sacred from film tampering. For some liberties have been taken to screen and sound-track the operetta romance of the Mikado's son, Nanki-Poo, and Yum-Yum, one of the pretty wards of Ko-Ko. True, not enough liberties to give movement and cinema spontaneity to the satire of Sir William S. Gilbert and the melodies of Sir Arthur Sullivan but enough to irritate the true Savoyard.

Kenny Baker was imported from Hollywood to do Nanki-Poo and he sings the wandering minstrel well enough. John Barclay, familiar to our stage and radio, is the Mikado and a good one. Jean Colin, a pretty little blonde from Sussex, is the Yum-Yum. As for the others—Martyn Green as Ko-Ko, Sydney Granville as Pooh-Bah, and the rest—they are regular members of the D'Oyly Carte Company. And an experienced American director, Victor Schertzinger, handled the making of the film.

The Inside Dope: For all the color and all the effort at film adaptation, this remains a photographed light opera.

★ ★ ½ WOMAN DOCTOR

THE PLAYERS: Frieda Inescort, Henry Wilcoxon, Claire Dodd, Sybil Jason, Cora Witherspoon, Frank Reicher, Gus Glassmire, Dickie Jones, Joan Howard, Spencer Charters, Virginia Brissac. Screen play by Joseph Moncure March from an original by Alice Altschuler and Miriam Geiger. Directed by Sidney Salkow. Produced by Republic.

CAREER or family? You know the film story of the ambitious absorbed doctor who neglects home and marriage for the profession of caring for the ill. Here it is in reverse, with Frieda Inescort as a skillful woman surgeon kept from her husband and her child by her work. Just when it seems she will lose both hubby and kiddie comes the big moment. The child has been injured by a horse, and as a wait may be fatal, mama operates upon her own daughter in a fog-surrounded plane which is circling vainly to locate a landing field.

Miss Inescort, who played a lady attorney very well in Portia on Trial, does neat work as the mother who forgets matrimony and motherhood for medicine. Henry Wilcoxon, who plays the husband, was married to Joan Woodbury in real life during the making of this picture. Next day the scenes were shot of Wilcoxon being divorced--in the film. Claire Dodd, once a Ziegfeld girl, is the menace to Mrs. Surgeon.

The Inside Dope: Presenting the private life of a famous woman surgeon—and proving she hasn't any. Unless you're tired of the plot, this has a pleasant cast and moderate appeal.

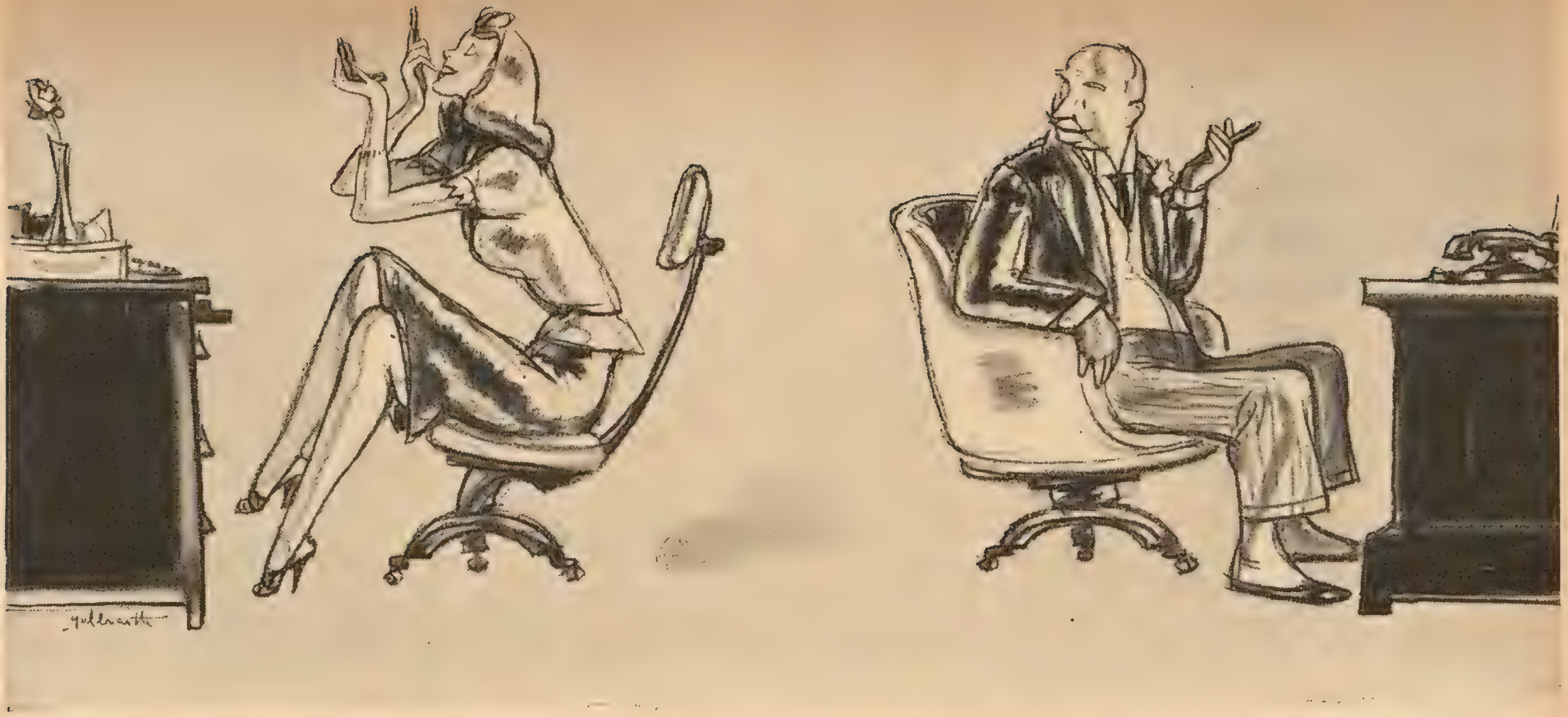
FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

The pictures are classified according to the reviewer's prediction. The figures in parentheses after a picture title show the final classification by Liberty's reviewer and the consensus of our readers' ratings.

★★★★—Idiot's Delight (4,—), That Certain Age (4, 4), Suez (3, 3½), You Can't Take It with You (4, 4), Men with Wings (3½, 3½).

★★★½—Jesse James (3½,—), Walt Disney's Shorts (3½, 3½), Sweethearts (3½,—), If I Were King (3½, 3½), The Great Waltz (3½, 3½), The Sisters (4, 3½), Spawn of the North (3½, 3½), The Lady Vanishes (3½, 3½), Four Daughters.

★★★—Café Society (3,—), Made for Each Other (3,—), Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy (3,—), Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber (3,—), Pacific Liner (3,—), Zaza (3, 3), Tail Spin (3, 3), Kentucky (3, 3), Stand Up and Fight (3, 3), Pygmalion (3,—), The Great Man Votes, Gunga Din, Christmas Carol (2, 3), Trade Winds (3, 3), Dawn Patrol (3, 3), Out West with the Hardys (3, 3), Submarine Patrol (3, 3), Dramatic School (3, 3), Just Around the Corner (3, 3), Angels with Dirty Faces (3½, 3½), The Shining Hour (3, 3), Sixty Glorious Years (3, 3), The Cowboy and the Lady (3, 3), Gangster's Boy (3, 3½), Brother Rat (3, 3), The Arkansas Traveler (3, 3), Mr. Wong Detective (3, 3½), There Goes My Heart (3, 3), Service de Luxe (3, 3), Room Service (3, 3), Garden of the Moon (3, 3), Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens.



This sort of thing may have got a girl somewhere back in the pre-depression era, but it's poison today.

WHY NOT VAMP the BOSS?

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

By CLARA BELLE THOMPSON and MARGARET LUKES WISE

authors of the widely read book, We Are Forty and We Did Get Jobs

WHY not vamp the boss? Yes, why not? For we are here, fresh from the hiring line, to report that feminine wiles have a more important place than ever in the business office of 1939. Never has the stamp of man's approval been more necessary or more final; and the femmes who make the grade are the ones who know how to win it. We talked to dozens of employers, not as earnest souls on research, but as plain, everyday job applicants, and we believe we have learned what it takes. Here, in brief, is the Vamp, 1939 model.

Remember the big chief still has the roving eye, the susceptible manner, the hungry look. But, ladies of the pay roll, do not let that fool you. The eyes rove not after slim ankles but because of slim budgets. The susceptible manner is not so much open to tea dates and evenings of whoopee as to eager application to the work at hand.

A 1939 code for every woman in business—which may not be precisely what you expect

And the hungry look is not for ardors but for orders with which to meet the expenses and handle the overhead. Indeed, sex appeal is practically ex-appeal in the present job market.

To come quickly to cases. Recently we attended a dinner party. It became known that a certain vivid-looking girl had gotten herself invited for a purpose. She wanted to meet the head of a large corporation who could give her a job and who was scheduled to be present. Once on the ground, she went to no end of trouble to have her place card moved next to this gentleman's at the table. Much animation and laughter during dinner, many merry quips throughout the evening. Then victory—he escorted her home.

Or was it victory? Shortly afterward the man mentioned her to us. "Nice amusing little thing," he commented. "Wish I could find her something to do. A couple of years ago I would have been able to take her on, let her scratch around a bit. She would probably have found a useful niche for herself. But no such luxuries today. Business is keyed too fine."

Then what is this new way to vamp the boss? We now have reason to think that we know. For behind us we have ten weeks of continuous job hunting, with activity spread over seven states, in cities of all sizes, with efforts directed toward many fields, and with a success score to report of seven jobs landed out of ten. Our first finding is that job getting takes a handful of Ps: *P*ep, *P*unch, *P*resence, *P*ersonality, and *P*urpose. Set that dish before the boss and watch him help himself.

Let's start with *Pep*—bright eyes, clear skin, elastic walk, the outward proof of inward health. How the gimlet eye of the employer searches for this, for he can afford to add no sick sister to his staff! If there are stairs to be run, he wants a runner. If there are clients to be satisfied, he wants a tireless throat and a glad right hand. And late in the afternoon he does not want to see his weary willows wilting under the strain. It is true that an indomitable will may lie buried under a fragile exterior. But in today's job-getting line-up it has a good chance just to stay buried.

Punch is another must, for punch means enthusiasm. Cheers for success, of course, yet a comfortable (not Pollyanna) optimism is strongly indicated in the face of business slowdowns. The viewpoint of the winner, not of the licked. When the head says: "Miss Jones, it looks as if we are going to have to cancel those last orders," Miss Jones, instead of remarking that the business is going straight to the bowwows, is entitled to believe and say: "We expect summer to be slack, don't we?" Or if a brash outsider announces: "I hear your firm lost three big accounts," no harm is done if the reply takes a turn like this: "Yes, those big accounts are always changing hands. Did you know we got a good new account yes-

$200 My First Week

... Now in my OWN Business.

L. A. Eagles took in $200 his first week. Harry Hill says: "Paid for home with Rug-Washer. Earned $86 first day." Another letter says, "Made $70 in 13 hours." Many others make $125 to $200 per week. Thousands earning quick, easy profits. Electricity does the work. Finishes rugs like new, on customer's floor. Hundreds of customers in your vicinity and nearby towns.

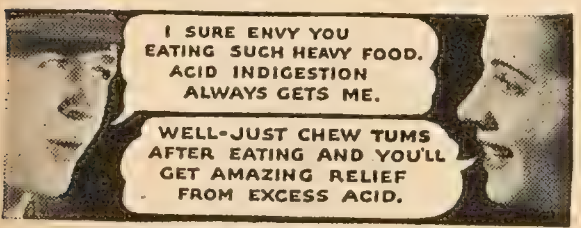
EASY TERMS

Inexpensive equipment. Pay part down—balance monthly. No shop necessary. Used by the United States Government and many of the world's largest hotels. Manufactured since 1918—every machine guaranteed.

FREE BOOK

Send today (no obligation) for booklet illustrating Rug-Washer and telling how you can earn large profits at prices below other methods, how you can build a permanent year-around business; and how you can pay on easy terms. Enjoy a larger income. Write today — NOW.

VON SCHRADER MFG. CO.
212 Pl., Racine, Wis.

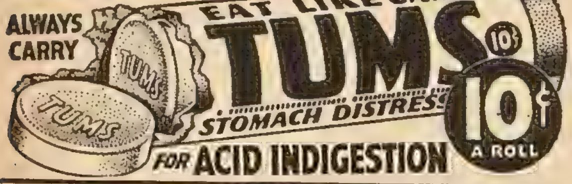


I SURE ENVY YOU EATING SUCH HEAVY FOOD. ACID INDIGESTION ALWAYS GETS ME.
WELL-JUST CHEW TUMS AFTER EATING AND YOU'LL GET AMAZING RELIEF FROM EXCESS ACID.

YES—TUMS bring amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. *TUMS are guaranteed to contain no soda.* Are not laxative. Contain no harmful drugs. Over 2 billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Get TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists.

You never know when or where

ALWAYS CARRY



Tums are anti-acid—not laxative. When you need a laxative get—

Nature's Remedy
NR-TABLETS-NR

This all vegetable laxative brings such gentle, dependable relief for conditions due to constipation.

ITCH

··STOPPED IN A HURRY BY D.D.D.··

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other externally caused skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and swiftly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

Soothes-Loosens Coughs *(due to colds)*

PISO'S

High Quality Cough Medicine

terday—Blank's Gadgets?" Indeed, no one is more popular in the business world today than the lass who thinks up, not down. For the boss does like his punch!

As for *Presence,* yours is definitely requested. Appearance is so important that one employment agency lent a promising applicant a fresh blouse and a simple sports hat. We have yet to deliver a lecture or conduct a round table and not have one employer after another urge: "Stress appearance more, will you? Much more. Shoes, heels, nails, teeth, hair-do, clothes—not costly but clean—and for heaven's sake, go gentle on the make-up!" Well, don't go blaming us. That's what *they* say!

And now *Personality* comes into its own. The boss wants to be surrounded by people that register first with him and then with others. Pleasant, likable people. A man who employs many thousands recently said to us: "When a girl with personality comes to us, we take her right on. We know that she would be out of circulation by the time we were ready for her. And we have had our complete fill of sourpusses." Tip: Always show to the boss a live, interested personality even if inside you feel like a small gray mouse.

The last word is *Purpose,* and that completes the platform. The applicant with purpose knows why she is sitting on one side of the desk talking earnestly to the boss on the other. And the answer is a reason sensible to the boss as well as to her. It is not just because she needs work and is willing to do almost anything for a little ready cash. It is not because the job is something to do until she marries or can find something better. Either or both of these eventualities may occur. But they will not land her the job if they happen to be in the top of her mind at the moment. No, the reason that lifts the boss out of the chair is her clear realization of the job's requirements, her special aptitude for it as put forth by herself, and her ability to give the impression that she could successfully take responsibility from his shoulders.

EASY vamping, isn't it? Easy but sure. We have seen it work times without number. In fact, when we put it into operation, it got us not one job apiece but dozens of jobs. But the big point here is that people whose lives followed the line of the five Ps got and are getting work. While others who are trying the old come-hither methods are coming out a poor second.

The returns are pouring in, so similar that the trend is unmistakable. Several years ago a man became president of a large corporation. In his office was a brilliant and attractive secretary—a woman who knew how to take responsibility from the executive. The new president had no hours, neither did the secretary. And presently she became indispensable to his sense of power and efficiency and took the center of the stage in his thoughts and attentions. Today she is out looking for work. "I can't be distracted during business," he decided suddenly, when faced with the overwhelming business problems of today. And he got a new secretary.

Another man, a *bon vivant,* so to speak, said casually: "I had enough worries at the office. At least I could eliminate the emotional ones."

And just one more for good measure: A gentleman who had been mixing business and pleasure for years, just this past month has cleaned out his office personnel and started over. "I'll not have another arch look around this place so long as I live," he vowed not piously but practically. "I can't handle anything but business. The tension is terrific, and I need all my wits about me to meet it."

THAT seems to be the keynote. Business has become such a jealous mistress that she declines to share honors. She is so coy, so uncertain, selfish, and demanding that she fills any need for office excitement. The damsel who fits into the picture, then, has less need for glamour, thrill, and electricity, and more for steadiness, adaptability, willingness, and good horse sense.

So there is our line-up, ready-made. And then, to make assurance doubly sure, we found it smart to tuck into our memories *three deadly don'ts,* to be dodged diligently. Here they come:

1. Don't look too expensive.

Feel like a million dollars but never look it. Neat not gaudy seems to be the job seeker's clothes slogan. The boss may be wearing last year's outfit and his business may be in the same suit. If your appearance is too rich, your prospect may be poor.

2. Don't be too darn smart.

If your forehead is high, lower it with the hair-do. Men want to think they have the brains—why undeceive them? It is no comfort to the boss to realize that you saw his mistake before he did. He needs a competent helper, not some one ready as rain to take over the business. If there is any extra smartness lying around, turn it into useful channels. Make the chief feel successful and comfortable. Show him your belief in him and in his methods. Let him see how snugly you fit into his precise requirements.

3. Don't be afraid.

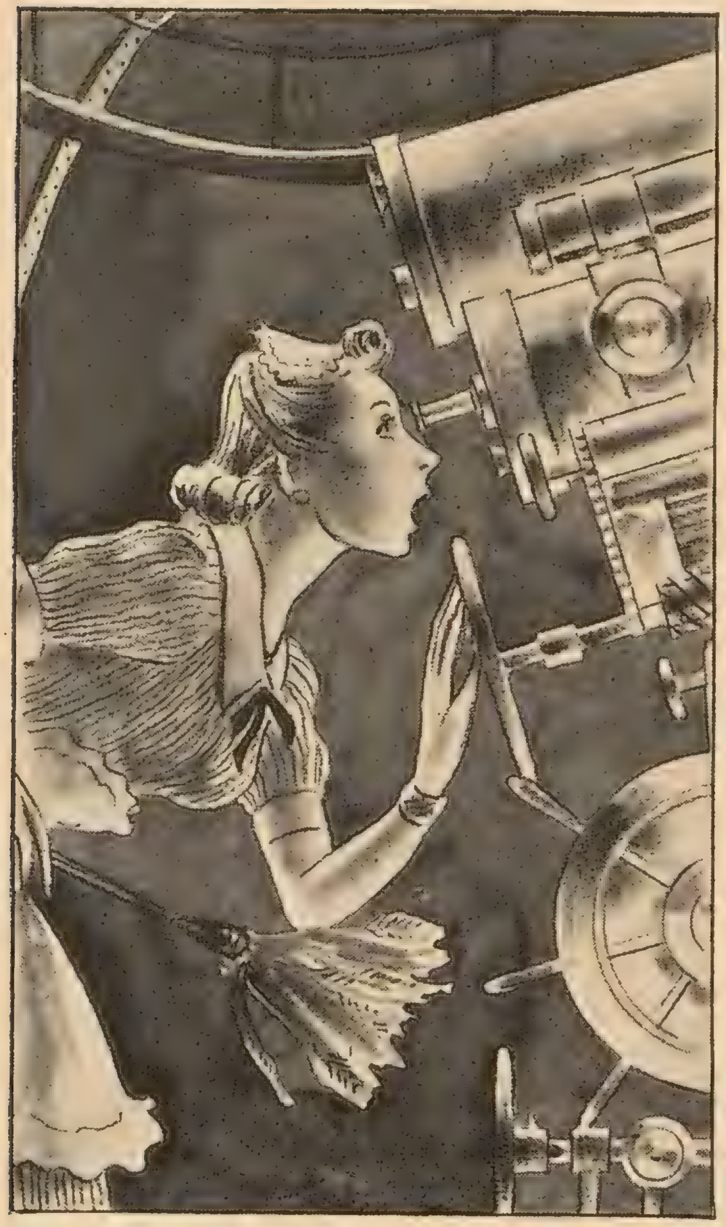
The boss is just another human being like yourself. He does not bite or throw things. The fact that he is talking to you must mean that he regards you as a prospect. Prove him extra right. If your getting the job should depend on such hair-trigger points as a single falter or a word left out, then keeping the job would be just as precarious, and you might as well know it at the start. Under such fragile circumstances, you would be out later on as fast as you were in. So walk in and do the selling job of your life.

Meanwhile, the best of luck!

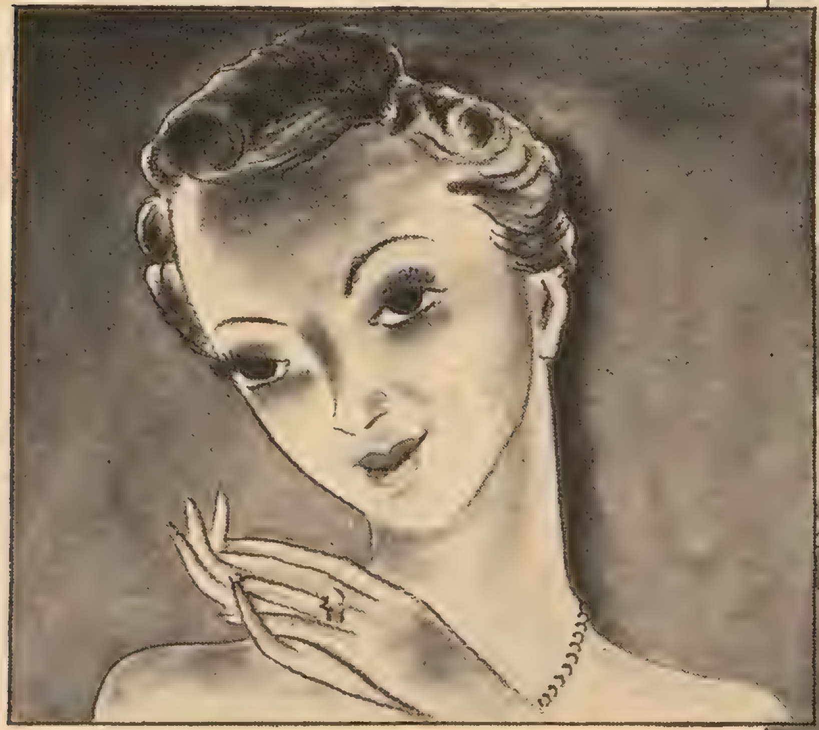
THE END

OUR VERY CANDID CAMERA

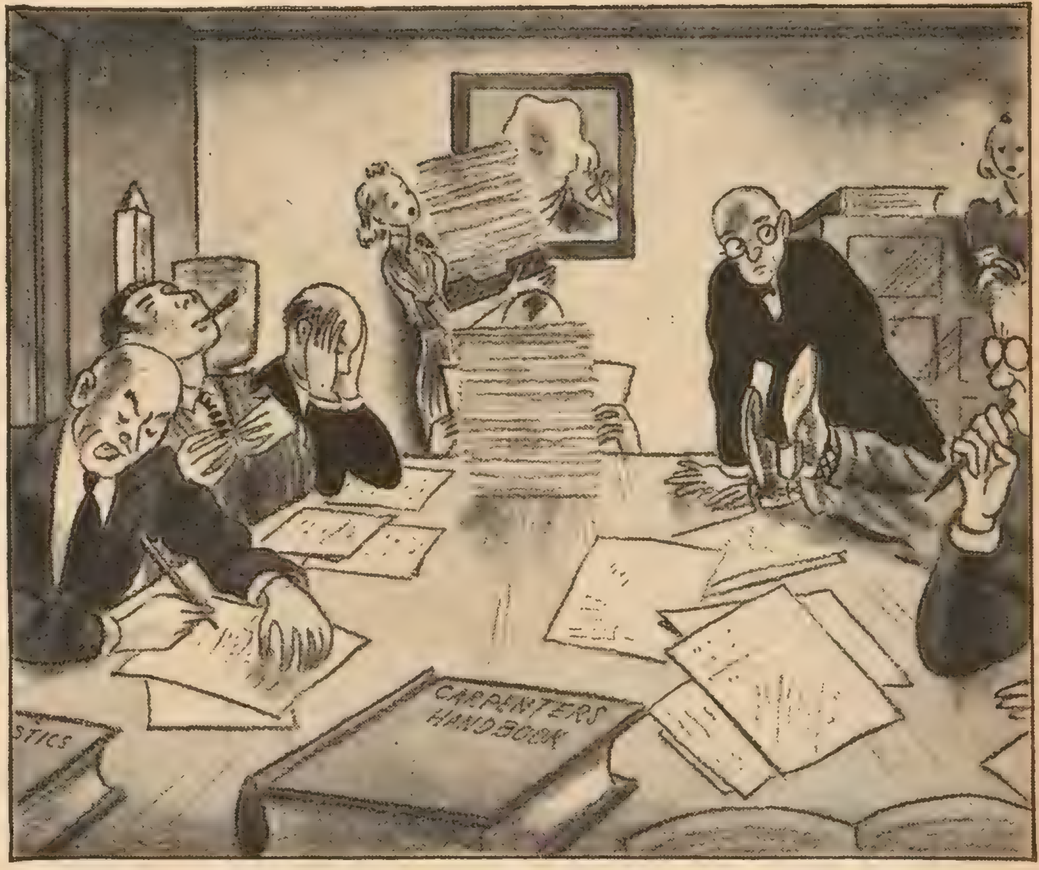
BY JACK SHUTTLEWORTH and F. E. SMITH



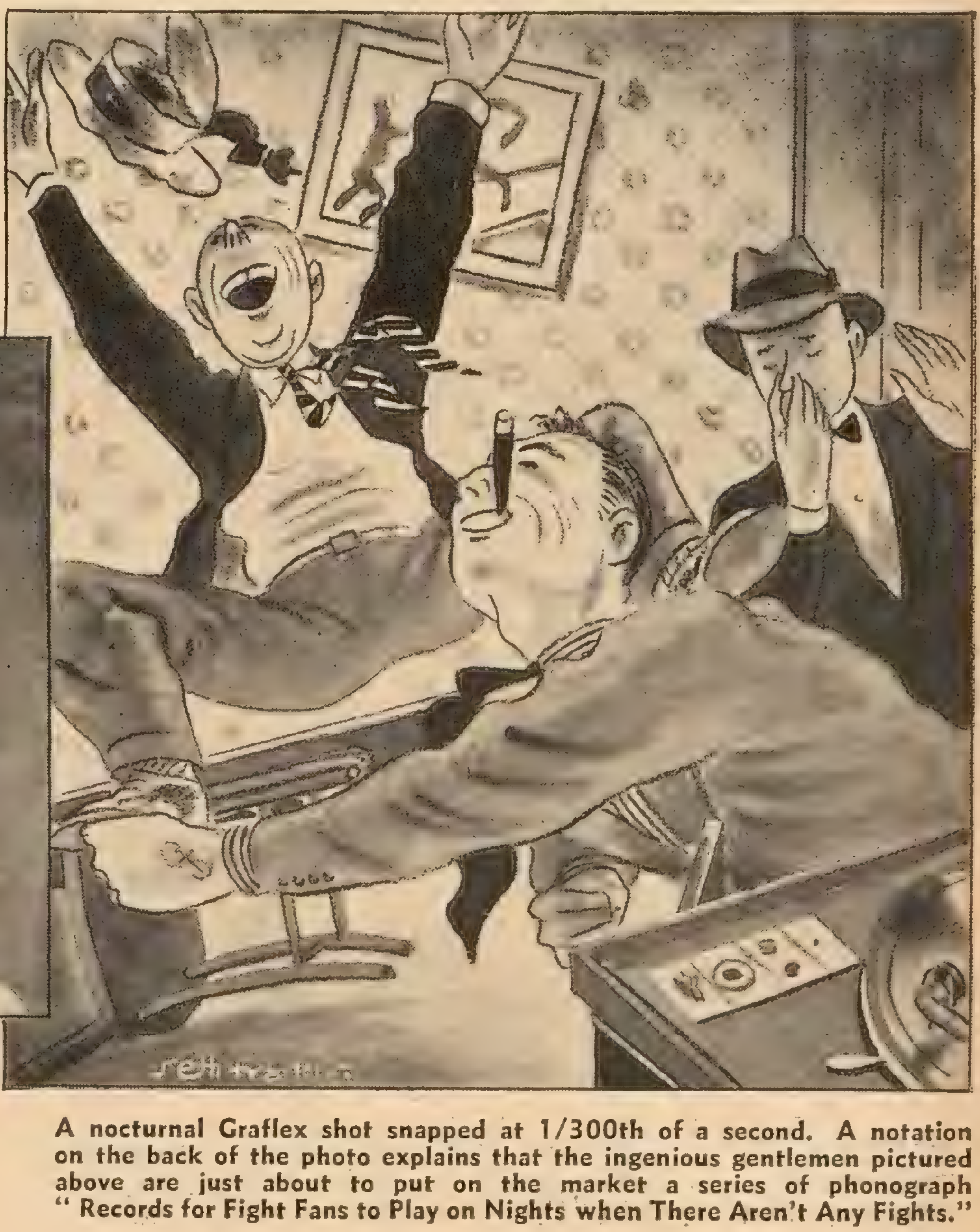
From Mount Wilson Observatory comes this candid shot of Olga Lolga, caught in the act for which she is continually reprimanded—of trying to focus the giant telescope on Denver so she can see what is playing at the movies.



This excellent portrait of Mrs. Camille Hilty of Long Beach, California, is especially interesting because of the two sketches which accompanied it. One sketch shows a necktie this talented young lady had made out of an old evening gown; the other an evening gown she had made out of an old tie.



Captioned, "I Think that I Shall Never See a Bunch as Worried as the CCC," this photo, according to the government clerk who took it, shows a quorum of CCC auditors trying to figure how many more trees will have to be planted to make up for the lumber used in building all those camps.



A nocturnal Graflex shot snapped at 1/300th of a second. A notation on the back of the photo explains that the ingenious gentlemen pictured above are just about to put on the market a series of phonograph "Records for Fight Fans to Play on Nights when There Aren't Any Fights."

VOX POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Kansas City Lives Up to Its Publicity

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Answering the plaint of Robert S. Seese of Detroit, Michigan, that Kansas City is hogging all the publicity (December 17 Vox Pop), may I say that we rate such fine advertising by always living up to the claims of our press agents. As proof thereof, I am enclosing herewith clippings from two Kansas City papers.

One story tells of the final dismissal of one phase of the far-famed Gargotta case by Circuit Court Judge Brown Harris after some five years and a matter of nearly thirty continuances. Gargotta, as you will remember from Thunder Over Kansas City (September 17—October 8 Liberty), was charged with trying to murder Tom Bash, then sheriff of Jackson County.

Yet another clipping tells of the start of the trial of one Joseph Beamel Arvin, labor organizer, on a charge of common assault, which happens to be a misdemeanor. This charge was substituted for a grand jury indictment on a charge of felonious assault. This charge is about all that remains of the famous Vandalism Grand Jury (composed almost entirely of wheel horses of the Pendergast machine) after a reign of terror that included over 450 window breakings, several sluggings, a few bombings, a little acid throwing, and several personal threats. And recent news stories from the Kansas City Star will show that vandalism has been booked for a return engagement.

A close inspection of the same files (the other Kansas City paper is frankly supporting the Pendergast regime) will show that murder is considered a lesser crime than purse snatching. One man drew a year for beating another to death, while young hoodlums who beat an unidentified man of seventy years to death were paroled after serving eight months of their sentence. On the other hand, to protect one's property is a major crime, if we use a recent South Side case for an example. A manager of an apartment, who carried no small bit of rent money at the time, shot to death a young boy who was quite evidently trespassing at an early hour in the morning. There has been no motive found that would give our brilliant P. A. foundation for a murder charge, but nevertheless the manager is out on bond under just such a charge, having remained in jail over the week-end.

While this case was still fresh in the minds of readers, two young Italians attempted to make off with the spare tire of a car belonging, believe it or not, to a police officer. The officer saw them, as did a neighbor, and apprehended them a few moments later and took them to headquarters, where the wheel lugs were found in the pockets of one of the "doughnut lifters." Yet these boys were not prosecuted.

We have a state law against gambling, yet the Star files will give you the names and addresses of places where housewives are dropping the family grocery money. The police know these things, but what can they do? True, they can arrest the offenders, but it takes prosecution to make the charges stick.

If Mr. Seese thinks Detroit has a city council, let him look upon ours for just a moment. Ours is the council that put into effect an "occupation license" upon cigarettes. Not a cigarette tax, mind you, for this is not possible under existing state laws—but an "occupation tax" of two cents upon each package of twenty. The stated purpose of this added "lug" was to prevent the annual pay cut of city employees, which was usually a 50-per-cent cut for four to six months, to balance our budget. However, after three months of the fag tax the news has been broken to "the boys" that the cut will be the same as usual, and from now until April.

I wanted Mr. Seese to know as quickly as possible that we have everything that we advertise here in Kansas City.—*Showdown Al.*

WELL, HERE'S THE PEEP!

FRANKLIN, OHIO—Of course I know that Vox Pop will never get a peep at this; but if Macfadden would only stick to his physical culture, Father Coughlin to his pulpit, and then if Dies would crawl in a hole and pull the hole in after him, we would all be better off.—*Harley B. Hipple.*

FUN IN MOVIE TITLES

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Among the amusing theater marquees seen in and around Los Angeles recently were:

There Goes My Heart—Up the River

Three Loves Has Nancy—She Wanted a Million

Four Daughters—Too Hot to Handle

Men with Wings—Angels with Dirty Faces

Mr. Doodle Kicks Off—Down on the Farm

—*Ruth E. Ferguson.*

FROM ONE WHO KNOWS CLAMS

BRIGHTON, MASS.—Mr. Walter S. Welton of Schenectady, New York, doesn't know his clams, as he claims (January 7 Vox Pop).

Littleneck clams are small quahogs—and that comes from one who has dug a great many. Quahogs, littlenecks, and cherrystones are one and the same fish, excepting for size.

Anyway, who ever heard of any one digging clams in Schenectady, New York?—*F. C. Horlachen.*

THE END CAME TOO SOON

DENVER, COLO.—With great interest I followed the stirring development of Mr. Owen Young (January 7 Liberty). I learned he was born in 1874, and attended law school under great difficulties; further, of his first employment at starvation wages, and how finally, in 1922, he was made chairman of the board of the General Electric Company.

Admiration was the only term for what I felt over his contributions during the war. I learned he felt unemployment ridiculous, was a great philosopher, and thought, economically, in the middle of the road.

I was finally informed he was the "economist with a heart." Amazement was my next reaction, for I found the nifty words THE END.

I still feel you should run a second installment of the article and answer the title of this story, Is There a Future for *Today's* Young Men? Note my italics. Liberty has a habit of mal-titling articles.—*James O. Arnett.*

PRIZE SONG

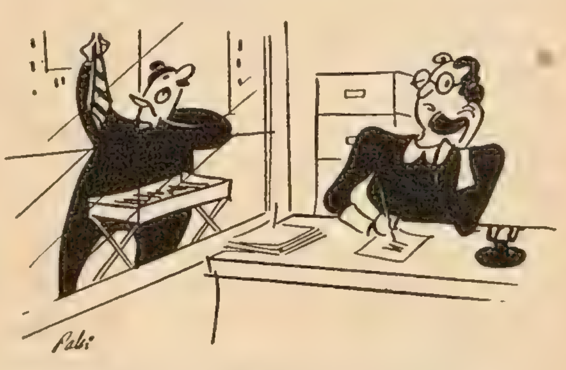
BROOKLYN, N. Y.—

It seems to me
That Liber-T-
Is partial to the hicks;
For every prize
Of any size
Goes right into the sticks.

—*Bill Evans.*

WOMEN IN, MEN OUT

PORT ARTHUR, TEX.—Today woman's place is in the business world and man's place is out in the street. Deny it if you can!—*T. W. Feuge.*



"JUST PLAIN DAMN FOOLS"

BECKLEY, W. VA.—Having become so accustomed to reading the articles from the lucid pen of Mr. Macfadden, we become more or less callous to their merit. But his editorial Just Plain Damn Fools (January 7 Liberty) is an American masterpiece which should be framed and hung on the walls of every home and school.

Furthermore, every foreign-born man in this land of liberty and opportunity should be required to recite it from memory before he is permitted to purchase food from either stores or restaurants.—*B. B. Gunnoe.*

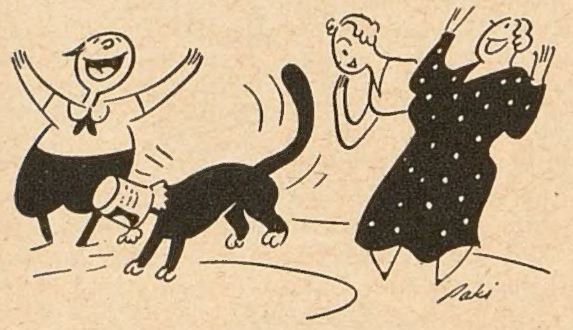
CAT CAUGHT IN CAN

AKRON, OHIO—You've had red-face stories. How about some of our funniest sights? Mine:

It was the morning of Christmas—4 A. M., to be exact—and I was awakened by a strange noise in our house. After looking around I called my son and daughter to our cat's rescue.

She was a funny sight, running over the cellar floor with her head caught in a tin can.

The cat was none the worse for her experience. And we could laugh—and still do—at this misadventure.—*Mrs. Nellie Spain.*



HERE IS ONE OF THE BEST FISHING CALENDARS

ROCKFORD, ILL.—As I never fail to read Vox Pop, I ran across a letter by William Underwood of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, asking for moon phases to go fishing by (January 7 issue).

An ardent angler myself, I would like to offer him some assistance. I have always used astrology to go fishing with, and have had results.

Does Mr. Underwood know that the planetary rulers of fishing are the good old moon and Neptune?

According to Astrology (a publication), the best fishing days for June, July, and August, 1939, are June 5, 15, 19, 23, 27, July 2, 12, 16, 20, 25, 29, August 8, 13, 17, 21, and 26. These are the days when the moon and Neptune dominate.

So just put rings around these days on the Liberty calendar and you will have one of the best fishing calendars ever. — *Harold Hines.*

FIRST LIBERTY WAS DATED MAY 10, 1924

MCKEESPORT, PA. — I have been buying Liberty since the first issue was sold at the newsstand. Will you please tell me when the first issue was printed—in 1926 or 1927?

Lots of people would like to know.—*Michael Hlivka.*

SAN DIEGO IS 2,860 MILES FROM PANAMA CANAL

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—I trust you will not deem me unduly curious, but I could bear to know where your Twenty Questions Department obtains its amazing data.

In January 7 Liberty the answer to question 6 states that San Diego, California, is the nearest city in the United States to the Panama Canal.

This is indeed news to us down here in Florida, where we have been led to believe for generations that Key West held that distinction.

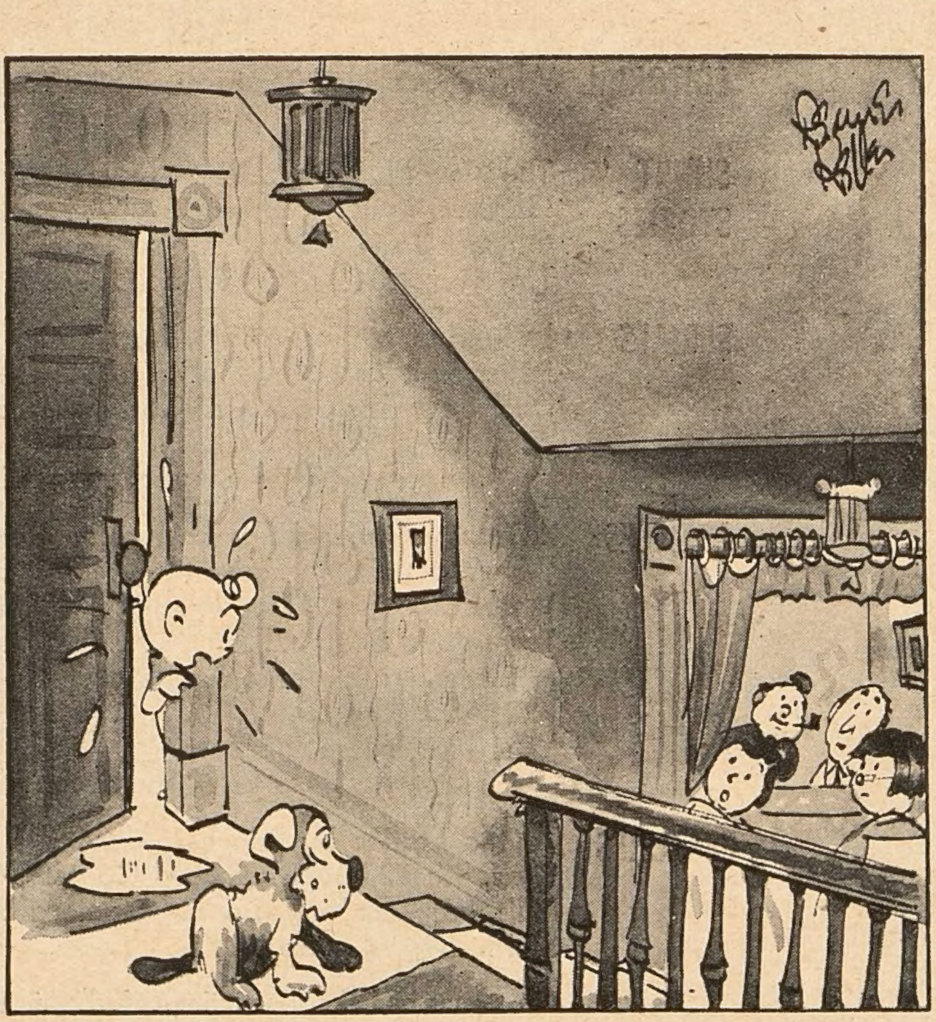
Evidently we have been grossly deceived. Our maps and globes down here show San Diego, California, to be 2,860 statute miles from the canal, Montreal, Canada, 2,750 miles away, New Orleans 1,490 miles, St. Petersburg 1,290 miles, and Key West about an even 1,100 miles.

We surely owe you a debt of gratitude for putting us right on this matter, and no doubt Rand McNally and Pan American Airways will be equally grateful.—*Lester Keene.*

VERY CANDID CAMERA HUMOR IS GREAT ADDITION

SUMMERVILLE, S. C.—I feel that a new page deserves new comment, and am sure Our Very Candid Camera will bring not only comment but new subscribers. That bit of humor is a great addition to the magazine and seems to grow funnier every week. My favorite to date is the stylish coiffure at the Waldorf-Plaza.

"HARDTACK"



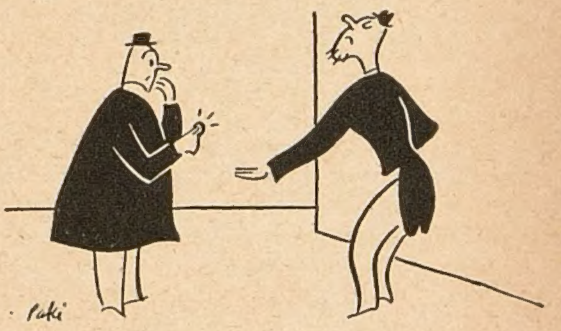
" Is this clean towel in the bathroom for me, ma, or are those people stayin' all night? "

As a matter of fact, the entire December 31 issue suited me to a T.—*Mary Anne Sawyer.*

SCORNED ANYTHING LESS THAN A QUARTER

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—If beggars can't be choosers, how about this horselaugh at an old adage? Richard Wakefield, itinerant beggar, received a sentence of fifteen days and a ten-dollar fine for refusing to accept a nickel offered him by a passer-by.

The judge was told that Wakefield would take nothing less than a quarter. —*Sam Sutherland.*



LINDBERGH EXERCISES HIS UNALIENABLE RIGHT

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Let me say, Mr. Edwardian (January 7 Vox Pop), that whatever Lindbergh has said or has not said about certain European countries and their questionable war power has probably arisen purely from the God-given and unalienable right of free speech as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States.

Moreover, I think that any American citizen such as Mr. Edwardian who desires to live abroad, and who understands as little of the Bill of Rights as he presumably does, can hardly be expected to articulate accurately the expressions of American citizens abroad.

Regardless of whether or not this letter is printed, I want it to go on record: Vox Pop in Liberty is the most interesting and most constructive two pages of any publication in the United States.—*Mark Brady.*

DO CHICAGOANS GO TO HEAVEN?

WEIMAR, TEX.—It is difficult to imagine how any one can concentrate on prayer in a big city, with so many things to divert and distract the mind from spiritual things.

It is also difficult for us Texans to imagine any one going from Chicago to heaven.—*Maud McLeary.*

[And how about New Yorkers and Bostonians?—VOX POP EDITOR.]

SWASTIKA OVER CANADA

THE AIR these days is full of rumors. Wherever one goes, a new one pops up. " Do you know what I heard? Some one in the know told me that the Communists are getting ready to poison all the apples the children take to their schoolteachers." Run as fast as you can from the rumors about Communists. As soon as you stop, you will hear more about the Fascists. " I heard only today that the Fascists are planning to blow up the Bronx on April 22 at 8 P. M." We are living in a time of wild stories, and the devil of it is that some of them turn out to be true. There *are* Communist plots in the United States and in Canada. There *are* Fascist plots on both sides of the border. " Envoy," that well informed writer on foreign affairs, who has written some stirring pieces for Liberty, recently visited in Canada; and next week you will hear a report from him in a notable article called SWASTIKA OVER CANADA. " Envoy's " report to you is not a piece of rumor. It is a factual report, and as such is likely to astonish. It raises the question, Can we really be free? . . . That question, which many are asking these days, is also answered in Liberty next week in another dramatic and thoughtful article by H. G. WELLS. This is another article we can warmly recommend. . . . We think you will find the March 4 Liberty exceptionally interesting and exciting. Among the features we especially recommend are two short stories, PILOTS DON'T CRY, by Richard Powell, and LOVER, COME BACK . . , by Devery Freeman. But be sure not to miss INCLUDE LOVE OUT, A NEW HOLLYWOOD POLICY, by William C. de Mille; BARGAIN BASEMENT FOR THE SOUL, by Sylvia Dreyfus; SEND BRAINS TO PRISON! by George E. Hargrave; MINORITY REPORT ON THE " WHITE PERIL," by Jay Franklin; HOW THE MEDICAL TRUST VICTIMIZES THE AVERAGE MAN, by Frederick Lewis; CUPID GETS THE GONG, by Fred Allhoff; and SAVED BY A MIRACLE, the astonishing story of what happened to a dying baby girl. . . . From an editor's mail: Harry Schneiderman, of The American Jewish Committee, calls our attention to the Jewish Federation to Combat Communism and Fascism. We do not think this organization meets the requirements of today's situation. The Jews have suffered from Fascism so much that the emphasis would be bound to fall that way, to the detriment of the war on Communism. We believe there should be two Jewish leagues—one to concentrate against Fascism, and the other against Communism. A Jewish league against Communism should out-Dies the Dies Committee. With such positive and affirmative action, they can squarely meet the charges made against them by the enemies of their race—charges that Communists are Jews. . . . Harriett Ransom sends us a clipping from a Florida paper. It reads as follows: " ADVICE Saves Many Dollars and Untold Worry. Before making any changes, consult me at once. This gifted medium will not only advise but will give you help on all affairs of life. I will give you names, dates, and facts about your problems that will amaze and help you. Visit me today, as tomorrow may be too late! Don't go through life unhappy. I'll show you the way to success and happiness. Your greatest wish can be realized by consulting Professor ———. All readings one dollar. Licensed by city, county, state. White and colored waiting rooms." Is it not incredible that any city, county, and state today will license any supernaturalist? Think of it! Here is a man licensed by city, county, and state to make your greatest wish come true just for one dollar. We think we shall start on this page a Can Such Things Be? department. Send in your contributions. . . . We were saddened to read of the death of our old friend Zona Gale, one of the finest of American novelists. Her last novel, Light Woman, appeared as a serial in Liberty. . . . Poets who would like to win a thousand-dollar prize by writing the official poem of the new World's Fair should send their entries to the Academy of American Poets, at 435 East 52d Street, New York City, the envelope to be postmarked not later than March 15, 1939. . . . H. W. (" Bunny ") Austin, the tennis player, sends us a booklet, Moral Rearmament, the Battle for Peace, which tells the growth of this campaign since it was first suggested in the birthday message of Frank Buchman, leader of the Oxford Movement, last June. . . .

The Columbia Broadcasting System has issued an interesting book. It is called Crisis and shows how the United States was kept informed through radio while Europe tore up the map of Czechoslovakia. Hour by hour, for twenty days, the news was forecast or analyzed for American audiences eager to hear and understand what was taking place in central Europe. . . . Our own quiz game: Guess who this is!

When he was a young man he ran for the Legislature and was overwhelmingly defeated. Next he went into business. The business failed and he spent the next seventeen years of his life wiping out the debts of a worthless partner. His only consolation was the love of a beautiful young woman. She agreed to marry him, and then she died. He went back to politics and ran for Congress. He was decisively defeated. In desperation, he tried to get an appointment to the United States Land Office, but he was turned down. Next he became a candidate for the United States Senate. This time he was badly defeated. Again he ran for public office, this time as candidate for Vice-President. Once more he went down to dismal defeat. Sounds like the story of a failure, doesn't it? The gentleman's name: Abraham Lincoln.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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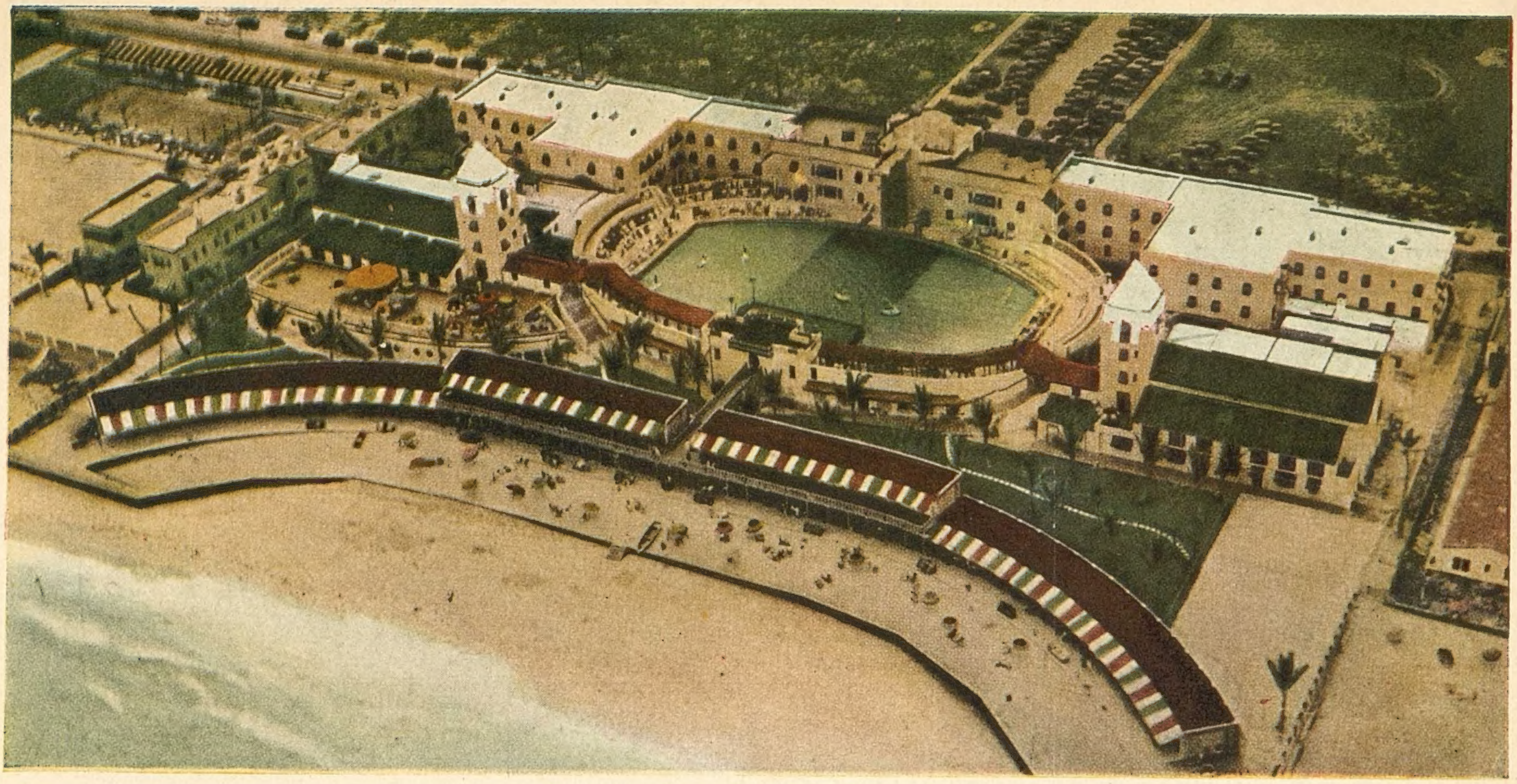
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

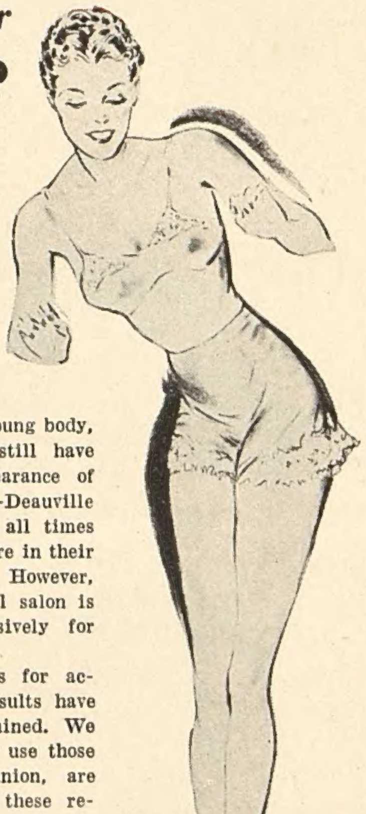
COVER BY MONTE CREWS



Macfadden-Deauville, Miami Beach, Florida

MAKE YOUR WINTER VACATION PAY RICH DIVIDENDS IN HEALTH

—but how about your **FACE?**



One may have a young body, yet the face may still have the lines and appearance of age. The Macfadden-Deauville organization has at all times recognized this feature in their physical activities. However, this season a special salon is in operation exclusively for Facial Culture.

All modern methods for accomplishing best results have been carefully examined. We have selected for our use those which, in our opinion, are qualified to obtain these results.

The remarkable possibilities of Facial Culture should be highly pleasing to our patrons. If you are especially interested in our new Facial Culture Salon, simply write for detailed information.

Address all inquiries to either our Florida or New York address.

Florida climate and human ingenuity have combined to make Macfadden-Deauville a veritable paradise not only for the pleasure seeker but also for the seeker after renewed health.

To vacationist and health seeker alike Macfadden-Deauville offers the ultimate in luxury and opportunity for enjoyment—richly appointed quarters, unsurpassed cuisine, 500 foot private beach, the largest outdoor circular swimming pool in the world, nearly 100 of the finest cabanas in Florida, golf, tennis, fishing, sailing, riding practically at the door—everything to make your vacation happy and utterly enjoyable.

In addition to presenting every facility for making your visit an ideal experience from the vacationist's viewpoint, Macfadden-Deauville makes available the most complete Physiotherapy departments in this country. Here you can enjoy sun-bathing, hydrotherapy, electric, steam and cabinet baths, massage, corrective dieting, calisthenics and many other features of Physiotherapy on a scale unexcelled.

Where Getting Well is a Happy Game

This is not a sanitarium but a luxurious hotel amid glamorous surroundings where health building has been developed to an extraordinary degree. At Macfadden-Deauville getting well is a happy and pleasant experience under skilled supervision and with the help of the finest, most modern equipment that money and science can provide. Write for rates and details of our system as adapted to your individual needs.

Macfadden-Deauville

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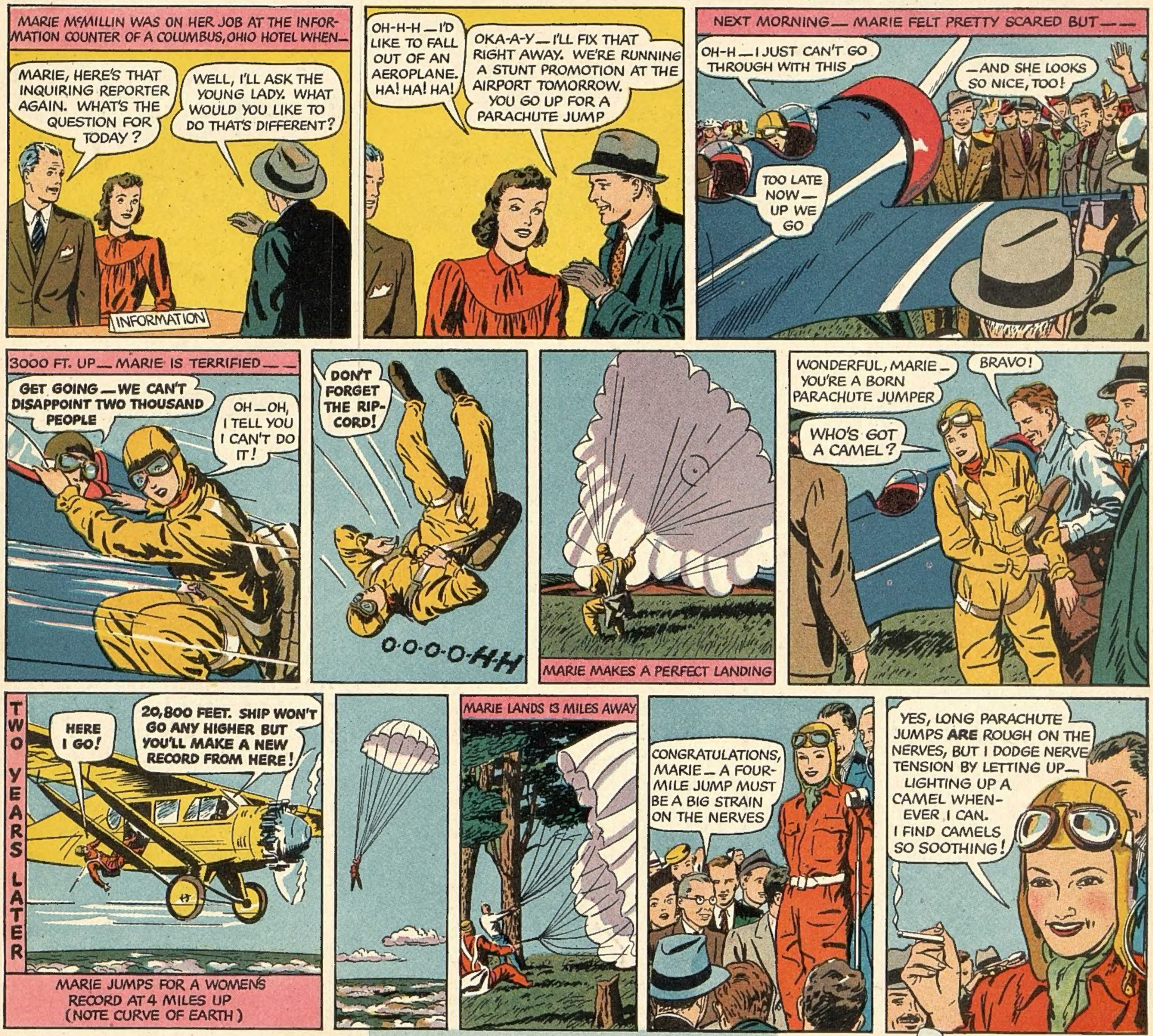
OR ROOM 718, 205 EAST 42ND STREET • NEW YORK, N. Y.

STEPPING INTO THIN AIR
4 MILES UP!

HOW A FORMER INFORMATION CLERK JUMPED 20,800 FEET TO A NEW RECORD

MARIE McMILLIN, RECORD-HOLDING WOMAN PARACHUTE JUMPER


MARIE McMILLIN WAS ON HER JOB AT THE INFORMATION COUNTER OF A COLUMBUS, OHIO HOTEL WHEN—
MARIE, HERE'S THAT INQUIRING REPORTER AGAIN. WHAT'S THE QUESTION FOR TODAY?
WELL, I'LL ASK THE YOUNG LADY. WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO THAT'S DIFFERENT?
INFORMATION
OH-H-H—I'D LIKE TO FALL OUT OF AN AEROPLANE. HA! HA! HA!
OKA-A-Y—I'LL FIX THAT RIGHT AWAY. WE'RE RUNNING A STUNT PROMOTION AT THE AIRPORT TOMORROW. YOU GO UP FOR A PARACHUTE JUMP
NEXT MORNING— MARIE FELT PRETTY SCARED BUT——
OH-H—I JUST CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS
—AND SHE LOOKS SO NICE, TOO!
TOO LATE NOW—UP WE GO
3000 FT. UP— MARIE IS TERRIFIED——
GET GOING—WE CAN'T DISAPPOINT TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE
OH—OH, I TELL YOU I CAN'T DO IT!
DON'T FORGET THE RIP-CORD!
O-O-O-O-HH
MARIE MAKES A PERFECT LANDING
WONDERFUL, MARIE—YOU'RE A BORN PARACHUTE JUMPER
BRAVO!
WHO'S GOT A CAMEL?
TWO YEARS LATER
HERE I GO!
20,800 FEET. SHIP WON'T GO ANY HIGHER BUT YOU'LL MAKE A NEW RECORD FROM HERE!
MARIE JUMPS FOR A WOMEN'S RECORD AT 4 MILES UP (NOTE CURVE OF EARTH)
MARIE LANDS 13 MILES AWAY
CONGRATULATIONS, MARIE—A FOUR-MILE JUMP MUST BE A BIG STRAIN ON THE NERVES
YES, LONG PARACHUTE JUMPS ARE ROUGH ON THE NERVES, BUT I DODGE NERVE TENSION BY LETTING UP—LIGHTING UP A CAMEL WHENEVER I CAN. I FIND CAMELS SO SOOTHING!

(*left*) **WHEN BUSY, STRENUOUS** days put your nerves on the spot, take a tip from the wire fox terrier pictured here. Despite his almost humanly complex nerve system, he quickly halts in the midst of any activity, to relax—to ease his nerves. So often, we humans ignore this *instinctive urge* to break nerve tension. We may even take pride in our will to drive on relentlessly, forgetting that tiring nerves may soon be *jittery nerves!* Yet the welfare of your nerves is vital to your success, your happiness. Make it your pleasant rule to pause regularly—to LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL. Start today—add an *extra* comfort to *your* smoking with Camel's costlier tobaccos.

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COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE **SOOTHING TO THE NERVES**